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new MUSICAL EXPRESS

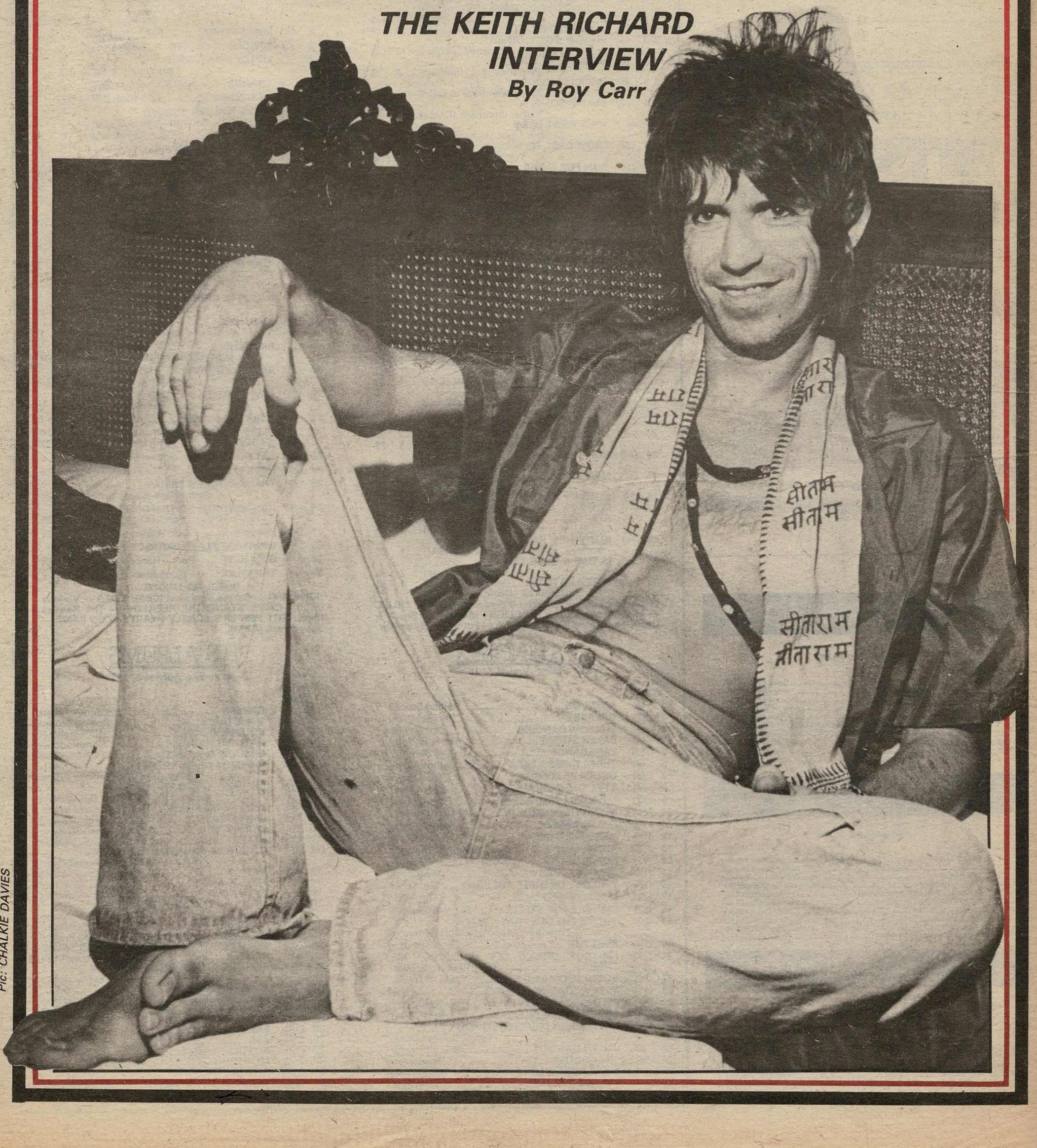
JIMMY SHAM goes to the dogs

LEEDS, YORKS — this week's Akron

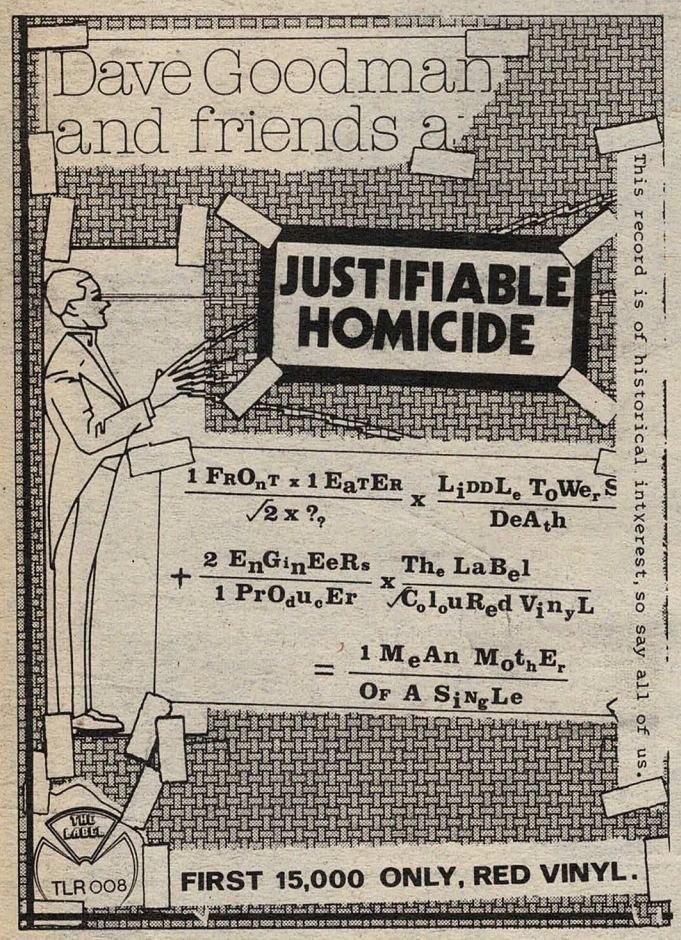
Keef Comes Clean

THE KEITH RICHARD INTERVIEW

By Roy Carr



Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES


Dave Goodman and friends a
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This record is of historical intxerest, so say all of us.
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CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending August 5, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Highest position	Weeks in chart
1	(1)	**YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT**	John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John (RSO)	11	1
2	(2)	**SUBSTITUTE**	Clout (Carrere)	6	2
3	(5)	**BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE**	Taste Of Honey (Capitol)	6	3
4	(3)	**DANCING IN THE CITY**	Marshall Hain (Harvest)	8	3
5	(6)	**LIKE CLOCKWORK**	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	7	5
6	(4)	**SMURF SONG**	Father Abraham (Decca)	8	2
7	(7)	**WILD WEST HERO**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	6	7
8	(21)	**FROM EAST TO WEST**	Voyage (GTO/Hansa)	6	8
9	(16)	**RUN FOR HOME**	Lindisfarne (Mercury)	5	9
10	(23)	**STAY**	Jackson Browne (Asylum)	4	10
11	(8)	**A LITTLE BIT OF SOAP**	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	6	7
12	(15)	**FOREVER AUTUMN**	Justin Hayward (CBS)	4	12
13	(9)	**THE BIGGEST BLOW**	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	5	4
14	(12)	**USE TA BE MY GIRL**	O'Jays (Warner Bros)	7	12
15	(13)	**5-7-0-5-**	City Boy (Vertigo)	3	13
16	(10)	**AIRPORT**	Motors (Virgin)	8	3
17	(—)	**THE KIDS ARE UNITED**	Sham 69 (Polydor)	1	17
18	(17)	**LIFE'S BEEN GOOD**	Joe Walsh (Asylum)	3	17
19	(—)	**HOW CAN THIS BE LOVE**	Andrew Gold (Asylum)	2	19
20	(—)	**BABY STOP CRYING**	Bob Dylan (CBS)	1	20
21	(19)	**RIVERS OF BABYLON**	Boney M (Atlantic)	15	1
22	(14)	**COME ON DANCE DANCE**	Saturday Night Band (CBS)	5	14
23	(—)	**THREE TIMES A LADY**	Commodores (Motown)	1	23
24	(27)	**NORTHERN LIGHTS**	Renaissance (Warner Bros)	2	24
25	(11)	**MAN WITH THE CHILD IN HIS EYES**	Kate Bush (EMI)	8	5
26	(29)	**IDENTITY**	X Ray Spex (EMI INT)	2	26
27	(—)	**COME BACK AND FINISH WHAT YOU STARTED**	Gladys Knight & The Pips (Buddah)	1	27
28	(—)	**STUFF LIKE THAT**	Quincy Jones (A&M)	1	28
29	(26)	**IS THIS A LOVE THING**	Raydio (Arista)	2	26
30	(—)	**SUPER NATURE**	Cerrone (Atlantic)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

WHO ARE YOU — The Who (Polydor); DON'T BE CRUEL — Elvis Presley (RCA); YOU LIGHT MY FIRE — Sheila B Devotion (Carrere); COLD AS ICE — Foreigner (Atlantic).

ALBUMS

Week ending August 5, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Highest position	Weeks in chart
1	(1)	**SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER**	Various (RSO)	15	1
2	(4)	**STREET LEGAL**	Bob Dylan (CBS)	7	2
3	(5)	**20 GOLDEN GREATS**	Hollies (EMI)	4	3
4	(2)	**LIVE & DANGEROUS**	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	9	2
5	(10)	**GREASE**	Original Soundtrack (RSO)	4	5
6	(8)	**KICK INSIDE**	Kate Bush (EMI)	22	1
7	(9)	**TONIC FOR THE TROOPS**	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	12	7
8	(3)	**SOME GIRLS**	Rolling Stones (EMI)	8	3
9	(6)	**OCTAVE**	Moody Blues (Threshold)	8	4
10	(17)	**NIGHT FLIGHT TO VENUS**	Boney M (INT Hansa)	3	10
11	(14)	**AND THEN THERE WERE THREE**	Genesis (Charisma)	18	2
12	(27)	**"BUT SERIOUSLY FOLKS . . ."**	Joe Walsh (Asylum)	3	12
13	(16)	**OUT OF THE BLUE**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	33	3
14	(24)	**20 GIANT HITS**	Nolan Sisters (WEA)	2	14
15	(7)	**WAR OF THE WORLDS**	Various (World Records)	15	7
16	(28)	**NATURAL HIGH**	Commodores (Motown)	3	16
17	(19)	**RUMOURS**	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	74	1
18	(15)	**PASTICHE**	Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	23	7
18	(25)	**BACK & FOURTH**	Lindisfarne (Mercury)	4	18
20	(12)	**NEW BOOTS & PANTIES**	Ian Dury (Stiff)	27	5
21	(11)	**ABBA THE ALBUM**	Abba (Epic)	28	1
22	(—)	**MORE SONGS ABOUT BUILDINGS & FOOD**	Talking Heads (Sire)	1	22
23	(13)	**BAT OUT OF HELL**	Meat Loaf (Epic)	20	6
24	(22)	**ROCK RULES OK**	Various (K-Tel)	4	16
25	(29)	**THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY**	Soundtrack (Casablanca)	2	25
26	(—)	**HANDSWORTH REVOLUTION**	Steel Pulse (Island)	1	26
27	(—)	**IMAGES**	Don Williams (K-Tel)	1	27
28	(—)	**EVERYONE PLAYS DARTS**	Darts (Magnet)		8
29	(—)	**SUNLIGHT**	Herbie Hancock (CBS)	1	29
30	(20)	**THE STUD**	Soundtrack (Ronco)	16	2

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

SONGBIRD — Barbra Streisand (CBS); EVITA — Various (MCA); CAN'T STAND THE REZILLOS — The Rezillos (Sire); SGT PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND — Soundtrack (A&M).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending August 5, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(3)	**MISS YOU**	Rolling Stones
2	(7)	**GREASE**	Frankie Valli
3	(2)	**SHADOW DANCING**	Andy Gibb
4	(1)	**BAKER STREET**	Gerry Rafferty
5	(6)	**LAST DANCE**	Donna Summer
6	(8)	**THREE TIMES A LADY**	Commodores
7	(5)	**USE TA BE MY GIRL**	The O'Jays
8	(4)	**STILL THE SAME**	Bob Seger
9	(12)	**LOVE WILL FIND A WAY**	Pablo Cruise
10	(10)	**BLUER THAN BLUE**	Michael Johnson
11	(9)	**IT'S A HEARTACHE**	Bonnie Tyler
12	(16)	**LIFE'S BEEN GOOD**	Joe Walsh
13	(14)	**RUNAWAY**	Jefferson Starship
14	(17)	**COPACABANA (AT THE COPA)**	Barry Manilow
15	(18)	**MY ANGEL BABY**	Toby Beau
16	(15)	**TWO OUT OF THREE AIN'T BAD**	Meat Loaf
17	(22)	**HOT BLOODED**	Foreigner
18	(21)	**MAGNET AND STEELE**	Walter Egan
19	(20)	**YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT**	Olivia Newton-John/John Travolta
20	(24)	**KING TUT**	Steve Martin
21	(23)	**I'M NOT GONNA LET IT BOTHER ME TONIGHT**	Atlanta Rhythm Section
22	(26)	**BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE**	Taste Of Honey
23	(11)	**TAKE A CHANCE ON ME**	Abba
24	(11)	**FM (NO STATIC AT ALL)**	Steely Dan
25	(28)	**SHAME**	Evelyn "Champagne" King
26	(—)	**HOPELESSLY DEVOTED TO YOU**	Olivia Newton John
27	30	**STAY/LOAD OUT**	Jackson Browne
28	(13)	**THE GROOVE LINE**	Heatwave
29	(—)	**EVERLASTING LOVE**	Andy Gibb
30	(—)	**I'VE HAD ENOUGH**	Wings

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending August 5, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	**GREASE**	Various Artists
2	(2)	**SOME GIRLS**	Rolling Stones
3	(4)	**DOUBLE VISION**	Foreigner
4	(5)	**NATURAL HIGH**	Commodores
5	(3)	**SHADOW DANCING**	Andy Gibb
6	(6)	**SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER**	Bee Gees and Various Artists
7	(7)	**STRANGER IN TOWN**	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
8	(9)	**"BUT SERIOUSLY FOLKS . . ."**	Joe Walsh
9	(12)	**WORLDS AWAY**	Pablo Cruise
10	(8)	**CITY TO CITY**	Gerry Rafferty
11	(15)	**STREET LEGAL**	Bob Dylan
12	(10)	**DARKNESS ON THE EDGE OF TOWN**	Bruce Springsteen
13	(14)	**OCTAVE**	Moody Blues
14	(13)	**THE STRANGER**	Billy Joel
15	(16)	**EVEN NOW**	Barry Manilow
16	(17)	**LIFE IS A SONG WORTH SINGING**	Teddy Pendergrass
17	(11)	**SONGBIRD**	Barbra Streisand
18	(22)	**PYRAMID**	Alan Parsons Project
19	(—)	**SGT PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND**	Soundtrack
20	(20)	**SOUNDS . . . AND STUFF LIKE THAT**	Quincy Jones
21	(25)	**TOGETHERNESS**	L.T.D.
22	(26)	**COME GET IT**	Rick James
23	(18)	**FEELS SO GOOD**	Chuck Mangione
24	(28)	**BAT OUT OF HELL**	Meat Loaf
25	(19)	**EARTH**	Jefferson Starship
26	(27)	**AJA**	Steely Dan
27	(23)	**SO FULL OF LOVE**	The O'Jays
28	(—)	**NIGHTWATCH**	Kenny Loggins
29	(—)	**A TASTE OF HONEY**	
30	(21)	**THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY**	Various Artists

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending July 31, 1973

Last Week	This Week		
2	1	**I'M THE LEADER OF THE GANG**	Garry Glitter (Bell)
3	2	**ALRIGHT ALRIGHT ALRIGHT**	Mungo Jerry (Dawn)
1	3	**WELCOME HOME**	Peters & Lee (Philips)
4	4	**LIFE ON MARS**	David Bowie (RCA)
5	5	**GOIN' HOME**	Osmonds (MGM)
7	6	**SATURDAY NIGHT'S ALRIGHT FOR FIGHTING**	Elton John (DJM)
15	7	**YESTERDAY ONCE MORE**	Carpenters (A&M)
8	8	**GAYE**	Clifford T. Ward (Charisma)
25	9	**48 CRASH**	Suzi Quatro (Rak)
9	10	**RANDY**	Blue Mink (EMI)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending July 31, 1968

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	**MONY MONY**	Tommy James & the Shondells (Major Minor)
5	2	**FIRE**	Arthur Brown (Track)
3	3	**I PRETEND**	Des O'Connor (Columbia)
10	4	**MRS. ROBINSON**	Simon and Garfunkel (CBS)
9	5	**THIS GUY'S IN LOVE WITH YOU**	Herb Alpert (A&M)
2	6	**BABY COME BACK**	Equals (President)
6	7	**MacARTHUR PARK**	Richard Harris (RCA)
11	8	**HELP YOURSELF**	Tom Jones (Decca)
12	9	**I CLOSE MY EYES AND COUNT TO TEN**	Dusty Springfield (Philips)
6	10	**YUMMY YUMMY YUMMY**	Ohio Express (Pye)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending July 31, 1963

Last Week	This Week		
3	1	**SWEETS FOR MY SWEET**	Searchers (Pye)
1	2	**I'M CONFESSIN'**	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
2	3	**DEVIL IN DISGUISE**	Elvis Presley (RCA)
5	4	**TWIST AND SHOUT**	Brian Poole and the Tremeloes (Decca)
4	5	**DA DOO RON RON**	Crystals (London)
8	6	**TWIST AND SHOUT (EP)**	Beatles (Parlophone)
7	7	**ATLANTIC**	Shadows (Columbia)
13	8	**SUKIYAKI**	Kyu Sakamoto (HMV)
6	9	**I LIKE IT**	Gerry and the Pacemakers (Columbia)
9	10	**IT'S MY PARTY**	Lesley Gore (Mercury)

NEWS Edited: Derek Johnson DESK

The Who: — autumn gigs plan

THE WHO at Shepperton Studios: this is the cover of their new album.

THE WHO have at last got down to the serious business of discussing concert appearances later in the year. The band's spokesman told NME: "They won't be doing a tour as such, but they're certainly talking about playing a few concerts". The most likely time would be shortly before Christmas, which would coincide with the opening of their film "The Kids Are Alright" (spanning the 14 years of their career) and the double soundtrack album of the movie.

Meanwhile their new studio album "Who Are You", their first in almost two years, is now finally set for August 18 release by Polydor. The nine tracks are **New Song, Had Enough, 905, Sister Disco, Music Must Change, Trick Of The Night, Guitar And Pen, Love Is Coming Down** and **Who Are You.** Three of the songs — "Had Enough", "905" and "Trick Of The Night" — were penned by John Entwistle, and the rest by Townshend. The Who are augmented on some tracks by Andy Fairweather-Low (backing vocals) and Rod Argent (keyboards).

BLONDIE VENUES

BLONDIE have now confirmed plans, reported by NME last week, to fly in for a series of six British dates next month. After opening a photographic exhibition in London on August 14, they undertake a string of European concerts, returning here on their way back to America for these gigs:

London Hammersmith Odeon (September 9), Newcastle City Hall (12), Manchester Free Trade Hall (14), Birmingham Odeon (15) and a second Hammersmith Odeon show (16). A Scottish venue on September 13 has still to be finalised. Tickets are £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50, on sale now at Hammersmith, and from tomorrow (Friday) elsewhere. The band will also be appearing in TV's "Top Of The Pops" and "Revolver". Promoters are Straight Music.

Blondie's third album, recently completed in New York, is due for release in early September. And a new single is planned for the last week of August.

BAEZ FOR WEMBLEY

JOAN BAEZ headlines a one-off concert at London Wembley Arena on Sunday, August 20, as the opening date of a short European tour. It will be her only gig in Britain this year, and she will play the entire show herself, without a support act. Promoter Harvey Goldsmith announces that tickets priced £4 and £3.25 are on sale at Wembley, his own box-office at Chappells (50 New Bond Street, London W1.) and through the usual agencies. The concert starts at 8 pm.

Knebworth II is ON!

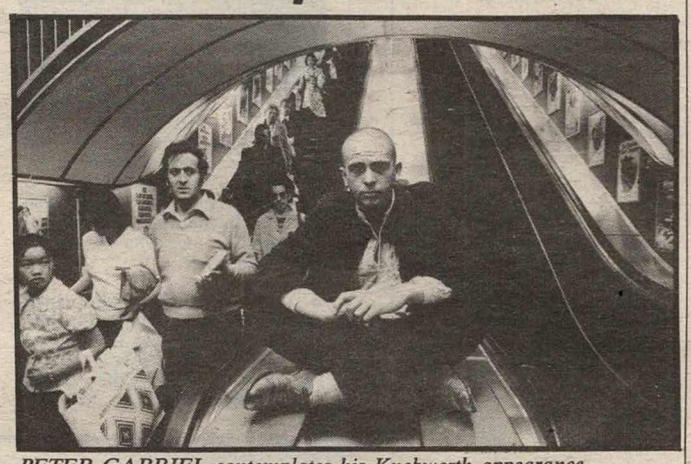
IT'S NOW virtually certain that there will be a second open-air concert at Knebworth this summer — on Saturday, September 9. Last week promoter Frederick Bannister could only give the event a 50–50 chance of happening, but now it's suddenly all come together and is expected to be tied up later this week. And as revealed by NME three weeks ago, Frank Zappa and Peter Gabriel seem sure to be on the bill.

Bannister is still finalising negotiations for three or four other acts, and NME understands from America that one of these is likely to be The Tubes. Also believed to be signing this week are two major new-wave acts, one British and one American.

Official announcement of Knebworth II has been delayed a couple of days, while Bannister attempts to secure a special surprise act. But it's known that tickets are already being printed and, unless something goes drastically wrong at the last minute, NME will be able to print full details of the show next week.

The first of this year's Knebworth concerts was on June 24 with Genesis, Jefferson Starship, Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers, Devo, Brand X and the Atlanta Rhythm Section. The stage erected for that event has not subsequently been dismantled, and is ready and waiting for the second show.

TUBES MAY JOIN ZAPPA, GABRIEL



PETER GABRIEL contemplates his Knebworth appearance

LIZZY CHANGE

Robertson out, Gary Moore in

BRIAN ROBERTSON, one of Thin Lizzy's two lead guitarists, has finally left the band — and this time it's for good. After speculation concerning his future had been buzzing in music circles for some time, an official announcement of his departure was made this week — and at the same time, it was confirmed that Gary Moore has replaced him in the line-up.

The change takes effect right away, which means that Robertson won't be going on Lizzy's upcoming U.S. tour. It was Moore who stood in on the band's last U.S. visit, when Robertson was unable to travel because of a hand injury — but this time Gary goes to the States as a permanent Lizzy member.

A spokesman said that illness is one of the factors that contributed to Robertson's decision to quit, as he recently sustained three broken ribs and a fractured cheek bone in an accident — which, in any event, would have prevented him from touring. Under the circumstances, he felt that this was an ideal time to consider his future career, including the formation of his own band — which, apparently, is something he's wanted to do for some time.

The choice of Gary Moore to replace him will not come as a surprise, not only because of his U.S. stint with Lizzy last year, but because he was a member of the band for a period in 1974. And of course, Moore — who recently split from Colosseum II — played with three members of Lizzy in a pick-up band called The Greedies last weekend.

It's understood that this upheaval in Lizzy's ranks is the main reason why they rejected the offer of playing a free gig in London's Hyde Park this month (see separate story, page 5).

GARY MOORE

BRIAN ROBERTSON

PATTI'S SHOW IN EDINBURGH

PATTI SMITH is now officially confirmed for a concert appearance in Edinburgh later this month, as part of the city's Rock Festival — which, as previously reported, runs concurrently with the full Edinburgh Festival.

She headlines on Wednesday, August 30 at the Odeon, the venue forecast by NME two weeks ago. Tickets go on sale from tomorrow (Friday) at the Odeon box-office priced £3.50, £3 and £2.50. The support act has still to be named.

Patti is coming over primarily to close the Reading Festival on August 27, and it now seems that this and Edinburgh will be her only British appearances on this occasion. She will, however, do a second date in Edinburgh confined solely to poetry reading — though time and place are being kept secret until 24 hours beforehand, as it will be at a small venue.

It was originally thought that Patti would tour here after Reading, but apparently that isn't now happening.

Two new gigs have been confirmed for the Edinburgh Rock Festival — Merger supported by The Monos (August 26)) and "psychedelic love-in" for which bands have still to be named (September 4), both at Tiffany's. Already set for gigs at Clouds are Siouxsie & The Banshees (August 18), The Rezillos (25) and Sham 69 (September 1), and more are being lined up.

NEWS WAVES

SHAM 69 — previously announced for an appearance at Edinburgh Clouds on September 1, as part of that city's Rock Festival — are to play Cleethorpes Winter Gardens on August 31, on their way up to Scotland. And another gig is being booked for them on September 2, on their way back to London.

PENETRATION, already set to headline at London Lyceum (August 20) and to play the Reading Festival (25), are now confirmed for three more gigs this month. They are at Middlesbrough Rock Garden (18), Lincoln A.J.'s Club (19) and Hull Tiffany's (21).

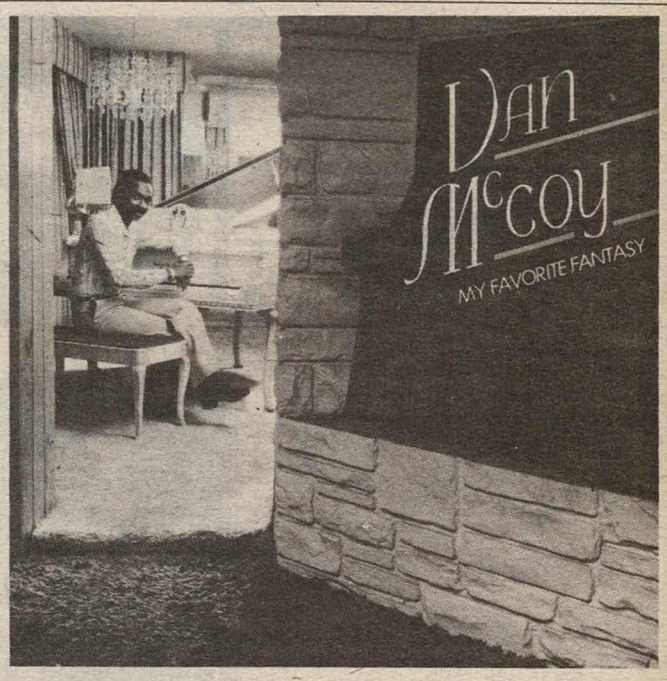
THE JOLT bassist Jim Doak was knocked cold, when he took the full blast of an electric shock during the band's gig at Exeter Routes last week. Bram Tchaikovsky of The Motors — The Jolt were supporting — revived him with heart massage and, apart from a few side effects, he has since recovered fully.

TANZ DER YOUTH follow their recent sell-out Nashville gigs with a show at London Camden Music Machine on Thursday, August 10, supported by Patrik Fitzgerald and Cabaret Voltaire. And they join Annette Peacock and Mick Ronson at London Lyceum this Sunday (6). Their debut single is now confirmed as "I'm Sorry I'm Sorry", for August 25 release by Radar.

THE BOYFRIENDS play London Kensington Nashville (tomorrow, Friday) and London Marquee (August 17), in addition to their two dates — reported last week — on August 19 and 20 in London Hammersmith Red Cow's farewell festival.

Turner's London season

NIK TURNER, the former Hawkwind singer and flautist, and his new band Sphynx are to play a residency at London's Riverside Studios in Hammersmith throughout the last week of August. And early next month, they're planning to visit Egypt to play an open-air concert with the Grateful Dead in the shadow of the Pyramids and the Sphynx — an idea which may sound far-fetched, but which we're assured is currently in course of negotiation. And Turner's dance group Zeros will be going on the road to support Hawkwind in their autumn tour, details of which will be announced shortly.



My Favorite Fantasy

MCF 2843

Van McCoy, newcomer to MCA but certainly no newcomer to the music business. He has written music for such musical giants as Gladys Knight, Aretha Franklin and David Ruffin and produced for several artists culminating recently in his own hit single "The Hustle."

On "My Favorite Fantasy," his latest album, he has written every track and also co-produced it with Charles Kipps.

"My Favorite Fantasy" already available as a single. MCA 370.

MCA RECORDS

MCA Records, 1 Great Pulteney Street, London W1

Studio 54 taking shape

STUDIO 54, the exclusive New York disco, now hopes to commence operations in Britain in the autumn — probably October or November. As previously reported, it's proposed to convert London's New Victoria Theatre for this purpose. And a Studio 54 spokesman told NME this week: "Our plans are now with the council and we don't anticipate any problems. Our technicians arrive from the States next week, and we expect to be ready to open within three months." Meanwhile in the North of England, Batley Variety Club is closing as a theatre-restaurant, and will re-open as a Studio 54-type disco.

Dubliners' concert tour

THE DUBLINERS are set for an early autumn concert tour, taking in 14 major venues — Croydon Fairfield Hall (September 28), Hatfield Forum (29), London Royal Festival Hall (30), Leeds Grand (October 1), Ashton-under-Lyne Tameside Theatre (3), Oakengates Town Hall (4), Middlesbrough Town Hall (7), Nottingham Theatre Royal (8), Oxford New Theatre (9), Slough Thames Hall (11), Chatham Central Hall (12), Portsmouth Guildhall (13), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (14) and Birmingham Town Hall (15).

Test case for buskers

A TEST CASE comes before Bow magistrates next Tuesday (8), when busker David Mahon appears there charged with obstruction, after being arrested while singing in London's Rupert Street. He apparently applied to Equity for legal aid, but they decided he was not eligible, so he is now defending himself — and he intends asking to do his act in court, to prove its inoffensive nature. And many of London's other buskers are supporting him, by staging a workshop performance outside the court!

Five Mistresses, all 21

MISTRESS, the Lancashire all-girl rock band who write all their own material, have now finalised their new line-up with the addition of a keyboards player. They comprise Denny Gibson (bass), Joan Bimson (lead guitar), Lyndsey Crawford (rhythm guitar), Kitty McLaughlin (drums) and Donna Darlow (keyboards). All the girls are 21, all but the drummer alternate or combine on vocals, and three of the members are songwriters. They'll be rehearsing solidly for the next two months, prior to setting out on an extensive series of gigs.

Tchaikovsky's serenade

BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY has been lined up for another series of ten gigs with his own band, while The Motors take a break from touring and recording. They play Sheffield Limit Club (August 10), Kirklevington Country Club (11), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (12), Dumfries Stage Coach (13), Edinburgh Tiffany's (14), Nottingham Sandpiper (15), Newport Stowaway Club (16), London Camden Dingwalls (17), Burton 76 Club (18) and Bristol Granary (19). Bram will also have his own single out shortly on Criminal Records, and re-joins The Motors in time for their next gig — the Reading Festival on August 26.

Birch's band branch out

THE RECORDS — the band launched by former Kursaal Flyers drummer Will Birch together with John Wicks (guitar), Phil Brown (bass) and Huw Gower (guitar) — are lined up for a string of dates this month, the first four as support to Wilko Johnson and the rest in their own right. They are Exeter Routes (August 7), Penzance Garden (8), Plymouth Woods (9), London Camden Dingwalls (10), London Islington Hope & Anchor (11, 23 and 24), London Hammersmith Red Cow (14), High Wycombe Nags Head (17), Leeds 'F' Club (19), London Kensington Nashville (20 and 27), Kirklevington Country Club (25), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (26), Guildford The Junction (28) and Newport Stowaway (30). More are being added, and the band are also formulating recording plans.

■ ALBUM·THE JOLT
● SINGLE·I CAN'T WAIT
▲ OUT NOW

polydor

Record News

RONSTADT'S ALBUM DATE

LINDA RONSTADT'S sixth album for Asylum, "Living In The USA", is now officially scheduled for September 9 release. As previously reported, tracks include Elvis Costello's "My Aim Is True", Little Feat's "All That You Dream" and Elvis Presley's "Love Me Tender". Linda isn't planning a British visit to promote it (aaah!).

● **Johnny Rotten's** first single with his new band Public Image, the line-up of which has already been exclusively reported by NME, is set for September 8 release by Virgin — and that also is called "Public Image". Their debut album is scheduled for late autumn release, and they'll be playing a series of British dates at the same time.

● **David Essex** has his new single out tomorrow (Friday), his first for Phonogram with whom he recently signed. It features two of the songs he performs in the hit musical "Evita", re-arranged and produced by Mike Batt — "Oh What A Circus" and "High Flying, Adored".

● Manchester new-wavers **The Fall** have their debut single issued by Step Forward on August 11. Titled "Bingo-Master's Break-Out!", it comprises three tracks — "Psycho Mafia", "Bingo Master" and "Repetition". They were recorded last autumn, and two of the band's members have now changed.

● August 11 singles on Polydor include "Hong Kong Garden" by **Siouxsie & The Banshees** and "Down In The City Street" by the **Steve Gibbons Band**, while the same day RSO release "Hopelessly Devoted To You" by **Olivia Newton-John**. Out this week on RSO is "Savannah" by **Yvonne Elliman**.

● EMI International have signed five-piece North London band **Shooter**, and release their debut single "Money Maker" this week.

● **Crystal Gayle's** new album "When I Dream", out this weekend, is to be the subject of an intensive advertising campaign by United Artists. Crystal, who is expected to headline some British concerts in the autumn, also has her own 25-minute show on BBC-2 next Tuesday (8).

● A new Birmingham label called Alligator Records, devoted mainly to rockabilly material, is launched this month. First single is "Fallin' For You" by **Johnny Key & His Kool Kats**. Enquiries to 021-777 7519.

● **Platinum Hook**, the seven-piece U.S. band from the same stable as The Commodores, have their first single issued this weekend by Motown with whom they've just signed. It's a 12-incher called "Standin' On The Verge" and taken from their debut album, released two months ago with their name as its title.

● **John Spencer's** first single "Natural Man" comes out this week on Beggars Banquet. Backing is by his original band The Louts, which includes Johnny G.

● The second in MCA's "Extended Play" series is released on August 11. Titled "Rock!", it features four **Bill Haley** tracks — "Caldonia", "R.O.C.K.", "Piccadilly Rock" and "The Saints Rock-'n'Roll" — and is available in both seven and ten-inch form. Next in the series will be four-track releases from **Len Barry** and **Brenda Lee.**

● **Peter Sarstedt's** new single "Hollywood Sign" is out on Ariola-Hansa tomorrow (Friday). It will be followed by an album in October, when he'll be going on tour to promote it . . . and **The Real Thing** are in a similar position, with a single called "Raining Through My Sunshine" out this weekend on Pye, and an album to come in October.

● **Van Morrison's** new album "Wavelength", recorded in America and mixed in Britain, is due for September release by Warner Bros. Backing includes such well-known names as Garth Hudson of The Band (organ), Bobby Tench (guitar) and Pete Bardens (keyboards).

● **Jenny Darren's** third album for DJM "Queen Of Fools" is set for mid-September release, and she starts a six-week tour at the same time (details expected shortly). A new single "Heartbreaker" will be issued simultaneously.

● Wolverhampton new-wavers **Neon Hearts** have signed with Satril Records, who release their debut single "Answers" this week, with an album following in September. Also out this week on the same label is the 12-inch since "Voodoo Woman" by **Vince Cadillac** — it's taken from his first LP "Modern Boy", issued simultaneously.

● A new label based in South-East London, Can't Play Records, makes its bow this week with an EP by local band **The Proles**. It contains five self-penned songs (though the fifth runs only 20 seconds), retails at 70p and is titled "The Proles Go To The Seaside". Label address is 45 Greenvale Road, London S.E.9.

● The second single from Eel Pie, Pete Townshend's label, is out this week. It is "Work On Her" by **No Sweat**, a five-piece rock band from Hounslow. Price is 85p, obtainable from Eel Pie, The Boathouse, Ranelagh Drive, Twickenham, Middlesex.

● **Bethnal** are currently recording their second album at London's Abbey Road Studios, with Pete Townshend acting as musical adviser. It's planned for release in October, when the band will begin a major British tour lasting for six weeks. The LP will be preceded in September by a new single.

First picture of THE EAGLES since Tim B. Schmit (extreme right), formerly of Poco, joined the line-up. Other members (from left to right) are Glenn Frey, Don Felder, Don Henley and Joe Walsh. The band are currently engaged in a three-month U.S. tour, and will subsequently finish mixing their sixth Asylum album, which they've already recorded in Miami. It's a double set, still untitled, and release is expected for the pre-Christmas market. But contrary to persistent rumours, there are no plans at present for them to visit Britain. Joe Walsh has just attained Gold Disc status with his solo album "But Seriously Folks . . ."

UPCOMING ON TV

SID VICIOUS has a solo spot on the box this Saturday (5), when he performs his version of "My Way" in ATV's "Revolver", screened in most ITV regions. Also appearing in this edition are Elvis Costello, Nick Lowe, The Motors, The Rezillos and Matumbi. But producer Mickie Most is up in arms about the late-night spot allotted to the show, and says he won't make any more programmes after the current series ends.

Elvis Presley's 1968 NBC special is to be screened by BBC this month, either on August 16 (the anniversary of his death) or during Bank Holiday weekend. Both BBC and ITV will be covering memorial activities in Memphis on August 16, and London Weekend's "South Bank Show" is preparing a Presley special for screening soon.

Bette Midler's own TV special, recently screened and widely acclaimed in the States, is to be seen in Britain. The Divine Miss M. will be seen on the full ITV network on September 2.

Emmylou for London stint

EMMYLOU HARRIS & The Hot Band make a surprise visit to Britain later this month to play a five-day engagement at the London Palladium commencing on Tuesday, August 22. There are two performances on the Wednesday and Saturday (23 and 26), making a total of seven shows in all.

They have apparently been invited as special guests of Roy Orbison, who's already been announced as headlining at the Palladium during this period. The last time Emmylou was in Britain was February this year, when she played a short tour, including two nights at London Royal Albert Hall — but on this occasion, she won't be doing any dates apart from the Palladium.

The Hot Band's line-up now comprises John Ware (drums), Hank DeVito (pedal steel) and Ricky Scaggs (guitar, fiddle, mandolin), plus new members Frank Reckard (lead guitar), Tony Brown (piano) and Mike Modin (bass). Emmylou's current Warner Brothers album is "Quarter Moon In A Ten Cent Town".

Tammy: 20 concerts

TAMMY WYNETTE'S September concert tour of Britain has now been confirmed. She'll visit 12 cities, playing two shows at many venues, making a total of 20 concerts in all. Support acts are Raymond Froggatt, whose new album "Southern Fried Frog" is released by Jet this weekend, and The Duffy Brothers.

Dates are Southampton Gaumont (September 6), London Hammersmith Odeon (7), Coventry Theatre (8), Ipswich Gaumont (9), Norwich Theatre Royal (10), Peterborough ABC (11), Liverpool Empire (13), Middlesbrough Town Hall (14), Glasgow Kelvin Hall (15), Aberdeen Capitol (16), Oxford New Theatre (18) and Stoke Jollees (19). There are two performances everywhere except Southampton, London, Liverpool and Stoke.

Tammy was originally going to play her Glasgow date at the Eglington Toll Odeon which, as previously reported, the Rank Organisation is converting from a cinema to a concert venue. But Ranks have not yet secured their music licence for the hall, and although this only a formality, it was necessary to finalise the itinerary — so Tammy's gig is switched to the Kelvin Hall.

● Conn is also lining up a country package tour, headed by Billie Jo Spears, to tour Britain in late October and early November. Titled "Nashville Cavalcade", it also features Vernon Oxford, Lloyd Green, Ronnie Prophet and support band Frank Yonco & The Superglades. Details will be announced shortly.

Sham and Gen X nix A.N. rally

GENERATION X say they are now unlikely to appear, and Sham 69 insist they definitely won't be taking part, in the Anti Nazi Carnival in Southampton on Saturday, August 12.

● Gen X confirmed that they'd been approached to do the show, but they're now being lined up for a few gigs around that time, and the chances are that Southampton will not fit into their schedule. The gigs are a warm-up for an autumn tour, and details are expected next week, but it's already known that they'll be playing Leeds Fan Club (formerly the 'F' Club) on August 9.

● Sham 69 say they never had any intention of playing the carnival, as they will be busy recording their new album at the time, and they weren't even aware of their alleged appearance until they read about it. Commented singer Jimmy Pursey: "We're fed up with our name being used to attract people, when we haven't even been approached."

● Chelsea are, however, confirmed for the Southampton event — along with Merger, Here And Now, reggae outfit Raaw and several local bands. Chelsea also play London Acton White Hart on August 23.

61-gig tour by Harding

MIKE HARDING sets out early next month on one of the longest concert tours ever undertaken in this country, totalling 61 dates. He'll be supported throughout by Hedgehog Pie, and several of his shows will be recorded with a view to Phonogram releasing live material next year. There are some admission price variations, but tickets at most venues are £2.50, £2 and £1.50, and they go on sale next week. The full itinerary is:

Southport Theatre (September 3), **Barnsley** Civic Hall (5), **Winsford** Civic Hall (7), **Manchester** Middleton Civic Hall (8), **Barrow** Civic Hall (9), **Wolverhampton** Civic Hall (10), **Bridlington** 3B's Theatre (11), **Colne** Municipal Hall (13), **Belfast** Grosvenor Hall (15), **Douglas I.o.M.** Royal Hall (17), **Rawtenstall** Astoria (19), **St. Helens** Theatre Royal (21), **Newark** Palace (22), **Scarborough** Floral Hall (23), **Hull** New (24), **Leicester** De Montfort (25), **Blackburn** King George's Hall (26), **Ashton** Tameside Theatre (27), **Oxford** New (29), **Peterborough** ABC (30), **Norwich** Theatre Royal (October 1), **Hemel Hempstead** Pavilion (4) **Croydon** Fairfield Hall (5), **Cambridge** Corn Exchange (6), **Blackpool** Operal House (8), **Sheffield** City Hall (11), **Newcastle** City Hall (12), **Middlesbrough** Town Hall (13), **Leeds** University (14), **Edinburgh** Usher Hall (21), **Glasgow** Pavilion (22), **Aberdeen** Capitol (23), **Inverness** Eden Court (24), **Stirling** Albert Hall (25), **Carlisle** Market Hall (26), **Bradford** Alhambra (27), **Llandudno** Astra (28), **Liverpool** Empire (29), **Bradford** Alhambra (November 7), **Lancaster** New Planet City (10), **Hanley** Victoria Hall (13), **Coventry** Theatre (14), **Birmingham** Hippodrome (15), **Derby** Assembly Rooms (16), **Doncaster** Gaumont (17), **Stockport** Davenport (19), **Cardiff** University (24), **Swindon** Oasis Centre (25), **Plymouth** Guildhall (26), **Exeter** venue to be set (27), **Chatham** Central Hall (30), **Crawley** Leisure Centre (December 1), **London** Rainbow (2), **Hastings** White Rock Pavilion (3), **Portsmouth** Guildhall (5), **Bristol** venue to be set (6), **Halifax** Civic Hall (7), **Manchester** Apollo (8 and 9), **York** Theatre Royal (10) and **Preston** Guildhall (11).

HYDE PARK: BUZZCOCKS MISS OUT!

ALTHOUGH THE projected free open-air concert in London's Hyde Park — planned for this month — was announced last week as having been cancelled, a flurry of activity this week led to it being reactivated and then scrapped again. For 24 hours, it looked as though there would be a gig in the park on August 19 with The Buzzcocks topping, but subsequent developments caused it to be called off once and for all.

As reported in our last issue, The Stranglers were forced to withdraw from the event — much as they wanted to do it — because they were in America, thereby preventing them from raising the sum needed instantly to cover advance expenses. Several other bands rejected the gig, including Thin Lizzy — who, said their spokesman, turned it down after two days of deliberation.

Virgin, who hold the sole concession for presenting rock gigs in Hyde Park, had estimated that the headliner's expenses would be £25,000. But The Buzzcocks approached Virgin with a drastically reduced estimate, made possible by several independent companies involved in staging and PA volunteering their services free of charge, and this estimate was duly accepted.

So an announcement was made stating that The Buzzcocks would be topping in Hyde Park on August 19, and adding that "a full and varied bill" was being lined up to support them.

Then came the big blow. On checking with the Department of the Environment, it was discovered that they had already reallocated the date to another event (non-rock) in the park, after Virgin had told them the previous week that they couldn't get a show together. And since only one free concert per month (of any description) is allowed in Hyde Park, and September is already spoken for, The Buzzcocks' plans were aborted.

Bands flock to play Windsor

DESPITE THE risk of confrontation with the police, bands and artists are queueing up to volunteer their services for the Windsor Free Festival, which this year returns to its original home in Windsor Great Park for three days over August Bank Holiday weekend (26-28).

Organiser William Ubi Dwyer said this week that NME's story three weeks ago, exclusively revealing plans for the festival, had been responsible for trebling the number of acts already committed.

Among the latest batch set are The V.I.P.'s, Dogwatch, Drug Squad, Killer, Graffiti and Skroo. The authorities have not given any indication as to whether they propose taking any action to halt the festival, and arrangements are progressing smoothly. But more artists, helpers and equipment are still needed — write to UBI, BM-Circle, London WC1V 6XX.

NEWS IN BRIEF

THE ENID play three nights at London Marquee Club this weekend — tonight (Thursday), Friday and Saturday. This is the prelude to a 24-venue concert and college tour by the band in September, currently being finalised, to tie in with the release of their third album.

SIOUXSIE & The Banshees are to headline a full British concert tour in October and November, and Loudon Wainwright III will be touring here in the late autumn. Both tours are being set up by Dave Woods, former manager of CBS Agency Division, who has just launched his own company London City Entertainments.

THE BISHOPS have recovered four of their five guitars stolen after their London Nashville date in June, and the venue's manager David Young has been charged with theft — he appears in court on August 10. All the same, the band return to the Nashville on August 13, and have other London gigs at Covent Garden Rock Garden (18) and Hammersmith Red Cow (23). Their new single "I Want Candy" is due out shortly.

SUPERCHARGE play two special gigs this weekend, prior to leaving in mid-August for an extensive six-week tour of Australia. They are at Bedford Civic Centre (Saturday) and London Camden Music Machine (Sunday). Their next British gigs will not be until late autumn.

CHELSEA set out on the road in September to head a full-scale "Urban Kids Escape Tour". This relates to their new single titled "Urban Escape", written by vocalist Gene October with guitarist Dave Martin, which Step Forward release on August 25 — two days before their appearance in the Reading Festival.

FISCHER-Z, the London-based four-piece newly signed worldwide by United Artists, have London gigs at Stoke Newington Pegasus (August 7 and 21), Kensington Nashville (8 and 15), Chiswick John Bull (17) and Covent Garden Rock Garden (20 and 27). They've recenly been in the studio recording tracks with Blondie producer Richard Gottehrer.

COUNTRY JOE McDonald is the latest attraction to be confirmed for a headlining appearance at London's Lyceum Ballroom in the Strand. He flies in for a one-off concert there on Sunday, August 27, when he'll be co-starring with Meal Ticket.

THE PIRATES are to play a three-night season at London Marquee Club on Bank Holiday Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, August 28-30. This follows their appearance in the Reading Festival on Friday evening, August 25.

SORE THROAT add to their gigs reported last week by playing London Stoke Newington Rochester Castle (August 10), London Kensington Nashville (14, 21 and 28), London N.15 Stapleton Hall (15), London Camden Dingwalls (19), Sheffield Limit (24), Wolverhampton Lafayette (25), Dudley J.B.'s (26) and Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (27).

DOCTORS OF MADNESS play three gigs in the West Country in mid-August — at Exeter Routes (14), Penzance The Garden (15) and Plymouth Woods Centre (16). These are the only dates confirmed for them so far, but it's understood there are more in the pipeline to follow.

THE ALBION BAND return to London's National Theatre to appear in two plays — they perform in "The Passion" (starting August 8) and "Lark Rise" (through September). Sunday dates include the Reading Festival (August 27), London Hackney Town Hall (September 17) and a gala with "friends" at London Olivier Theatre (October 1).

Radio Stars' massive tour

RADIO STARS headline a massive British tour in the late summer and early autumn, for which 41 dates have so far been confirmed, with more to follow. The band's new LP "The Radio Stars' Holiday Album" is scheduled for release by Chiswick on August 25, the same day they appear in the Reading Festival, and a new single is planned for about the same time.

A special guest act has still to be announced for the tour which, not surprisingly, goes out under the banner of "The Radio Stars' Holiday Tour". Dates set so far are:

Aylesbury Friars (September 2), Chelmsford Chancellor Hall (3), Lincoln A.J.'s (7), Newcastle Mayfair (8), Wakefield Unity Hall (9), Exeter Routes (11), Penzance The Garden (12), Plymouth Woods Centre (13), Doncaster Bircote Sports Centre (16), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (17), Yeovil Johnson Hall (20), Bath Pavilion (22), Slough College (23), Blackpool Imperial Hotel (24), Hull Tiffany's (25), Huddersfield Polytechnic (29), Hatfield Polytechnic (30), St. Andrew's University (October 5), Dundee University (6), Stirling University (7), Aberdeen Ruffles (8), Edinburgh Tiffany's (9), Glasgow Strathclyde University (10), Coleraine Ulster University (11), Belfast Ulster Hall (12), Cork Arcadia (13), Dublin Belfield University (14), Leicester University (17), Liverpool University (18), Salford University (20), Bradford University (21), Saltburn Philmore (22), Sheffield Top Rank (25), Malvern Winter Gardens (26), Aberystwyth University (27), Birmingham University (28), Colchester Woods Centre (29), Canterbury Odeon (31), Keele University (November 1), Manchester Middleton Civic Hall (2), Bristol University (3) and London Chalk Farm Roundhouse (5).

QUEEN DATES IN NEW YEAR

QUEEN are likely to make a string of British concert appearances at the beginning of next year, possibly as early as January, a spokesman said this week. This will follow an extensive American tour by the band, which will occupy most of the autumn. Meanwhile Queen are busy at work in Montreux, Switzerland, recording their new album — they are co-producing it with Roy Thomas Baker.

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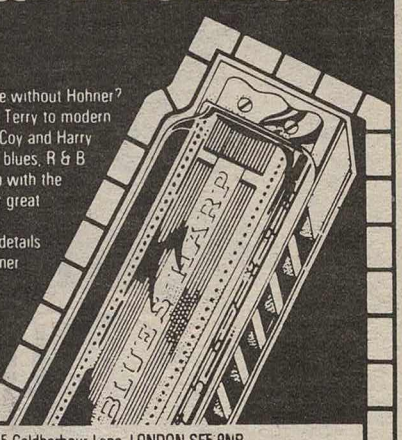

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"Once you have your name in a music paper they're not listening to the music, they're listening to what you're saying. We don't want to be a resident Devo, all elitist and trying to keep everything obscure, it's just, it's just . . . what's so special about *us?*"

Well, at the current rate of inflation they're worth a six-figure recording contact, but that's not the reason that The Mekons are unique.

The reason is *this*. While the vociferous majority of Those Who Were There At The Start view the rise and rot of the punk phenomenenon with bitter cynicism (the inevitable commercial assimilation of the bands, the ingratiating fan-scenes, the gullible tyros — God, it all seems so futile), The Mekons — the idealistic, naive, feisty Mekons — are striking out for the last exit to Garageland, (though in the red-and-white spotted handerchief tied at the end of that long wooden pole they have wisely stashed a sizeable dollop of post-punk awareness: which is why I believe The Mekons are not doomed to the same failure as all the others).

"One of the positive things about 'punk' or 'new wave' or what have you was that instead of consuming the amount of units produced for their market, people were making their *own* music, clothes, magazines, etcetera out of their *own* resources — and for themselves!"

Ah, yes, the eternal punk pit-fall . . . home-made music that all too soon went off searching for a mass-market appeal.

"For the brief time it lasted, that was potentially the most subversive thing of all: that it was done for yourself, and it upset the conditions for a small but nasty part of capitalism — the music/entertainment industry."

I understand the message, but the multi-billion showbiz industry is no "small part" of capitalism, it's more the favourite son. There's no business like rock business like no business I know. You should get a gander at a record company reception, Mekon. Lavish ain't the word.

"Anyhow, no-one seems to talk about this phenomenon much these days, if at all, but as far as we are concerned it was the reason we started and why we're still doing it. That's why we weren't keen on names and photos because that's on the way to making us a product for consumption.

"When we started we just thought we'd like to have a go ourselves and borrowed instruments and equipment — and even now we actually *own* a tiny amount of gear we try and make it clear we're not setting ourselves up as something special for people to look *up* to. A set group."

MILL CITY, U.K.

(i.e. This week's Akron, Ohio)

NEVERTHELESS, The Mekons they are a changing. When they first drifted together in Leeds earlier this year, they were more of a gang than a band: no fixed line-up, with new faces showing up on stage at every gig; no specifically assigned instruments, gear swapped around in the middle of a gig; no heart-failures if a Mekon or two didn't turn up for the gig, just redistribute responsibilities and curtains up, light the lights . . .

These days the outfit is, of necessity, more cohesive. The Mekons, scattered across the floor of the *NME* reviewing room, agree that, practically, they can no longer remain a gang.

"But *ideologically* we're still a gang . . ."

There's six of them: Mary Mekon on bass, Jon Mekon on drums, Tom and Kevin Mekon on guitar, Mark and Andy Mekon on vocals along with everybody else. One of them resembles Howard Devoto with a sense of humour. Apart from him, they look like any young kids you could queue next to at a bus-stop without an iota of double-takes. They're intelligent, pleasant, witty, nervous in their first interview situation and, most of all, skint.

They've hitched down from Leeds.

"It's fine on a small level, anyone could get involved, but when it gets to more than that it brings an immense number of problems and contradictions which we've never really articulated . . . as you can see!

"For example, as the range of songs increases it gets harder to be fluid in terms of the music and the amount of people performing at any one time."

When they began, The Mekons were musically more primitive than neanderthal man, though they never strayed into the sub-Ramonic quagmire of corn favoured by the *Lumpenpunks*.

Bob Last, manager of The Rezillos and quality independent label Fast, caught The Mekons' third gig and the result was an *NME* single of the week: "Never Been In A Riot"/"32 Weeks"/"Hearts And Soul".

Since then they've developed to a level where their newer songs sound like out-takes from "Spiral Scratch": titles like "Dance And Drink", "Garden Fence Of Sound", "Letter's In The Post" and "Trevira Trousers" *("You've got Trevira trousers/N.H.S. know about this/You've got new Stanglers LP/You got more money, United Artists")* are all short and sharp, snappy ideas executed just too fast for fingers fumbling to keep up with more fluid minds, while the doomy, depressed "Lonely Twet" and "Rosanne" find The Mekons redolent of half-a-dozen Yorkshire Nicos.

But it's on the totally ineffable "Where Were You?" (imagine the Velvets impersonating Buzzcocks. GO ON!) that The Mekons reveal the finest exposition of their hamfisted genius. On "Rosanne" they resemble Roxy Music with Duane Eddy on lead instead of Phil Manzanera and that's good, too.

THEY PLAY as many benefits as they can, "because we despise all the fucking rat-brains who are stupid enough to stand under a right-wing banner," though they are well aware of the limitations this inevitably involves.

They've had more than their share of unorganised benefits. They've been booed off stage at Gays Against The Nazis gigs because they're straight, they've been attacked by Nazis (Leeds has far more than its fair share of NF members), they've had their road crew beaten up by black London reggae band The Tribesmen when the latter arrived several hours late for a Rock Against Racism gig and were peeved that their promised £120 cheque wasn't waiting for them, they've . . . ah, the beat goes on, y'know?

"Anything special or different about our music comes from small scale political reasons, not 'artistic' ones.

"It's the 'small level' thing that's crucial. The things we want to do only seem to work on this scale, but that means you're kept at the amateur stage. If we just wrote songs, worked out a set and performed for half an hour this would be okay, but we try to take responsibility for as many aspects as we can, and that means if we want to carry on we've got to make a living out of it."

So whatcha gonna *do?*

"That means we've got to change the scale, and economic/business pressures start coming in. This is where the contradictions come in — and we don't pretend they don't exist.

"We're aware of the ease with which the music industry can absorb anything that threatens its structure."

Then the Mekons chuckle. "But . . . we *should* tell you that we actually *enjoy* being in a group, writing songs and stuff.

"People have been seen *dancing* at Mekons gigs."

The Mekons shall inherit the earth. It is written.

GETTING SEVERE grief from these big, white doughy balloons that bounce around inside my head like brass ping pong balls in a bath tub every time I close my eyes and try to think like a journalist, I sit on the floor, all hunched and tense over a crummy typewriter.

Anxious thoughts cramp my creative flow and disturb me through a billion cigarettes as I mentally pace the floor like Sherlock Holmes on a big case,

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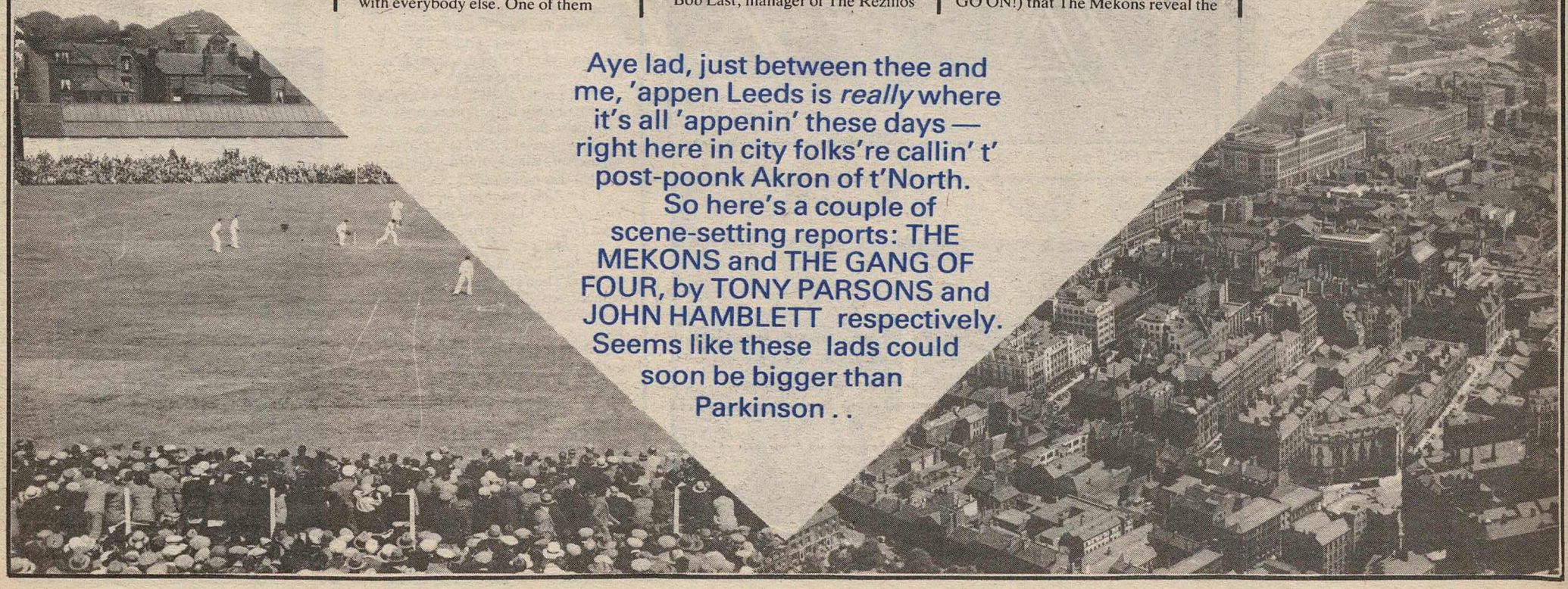
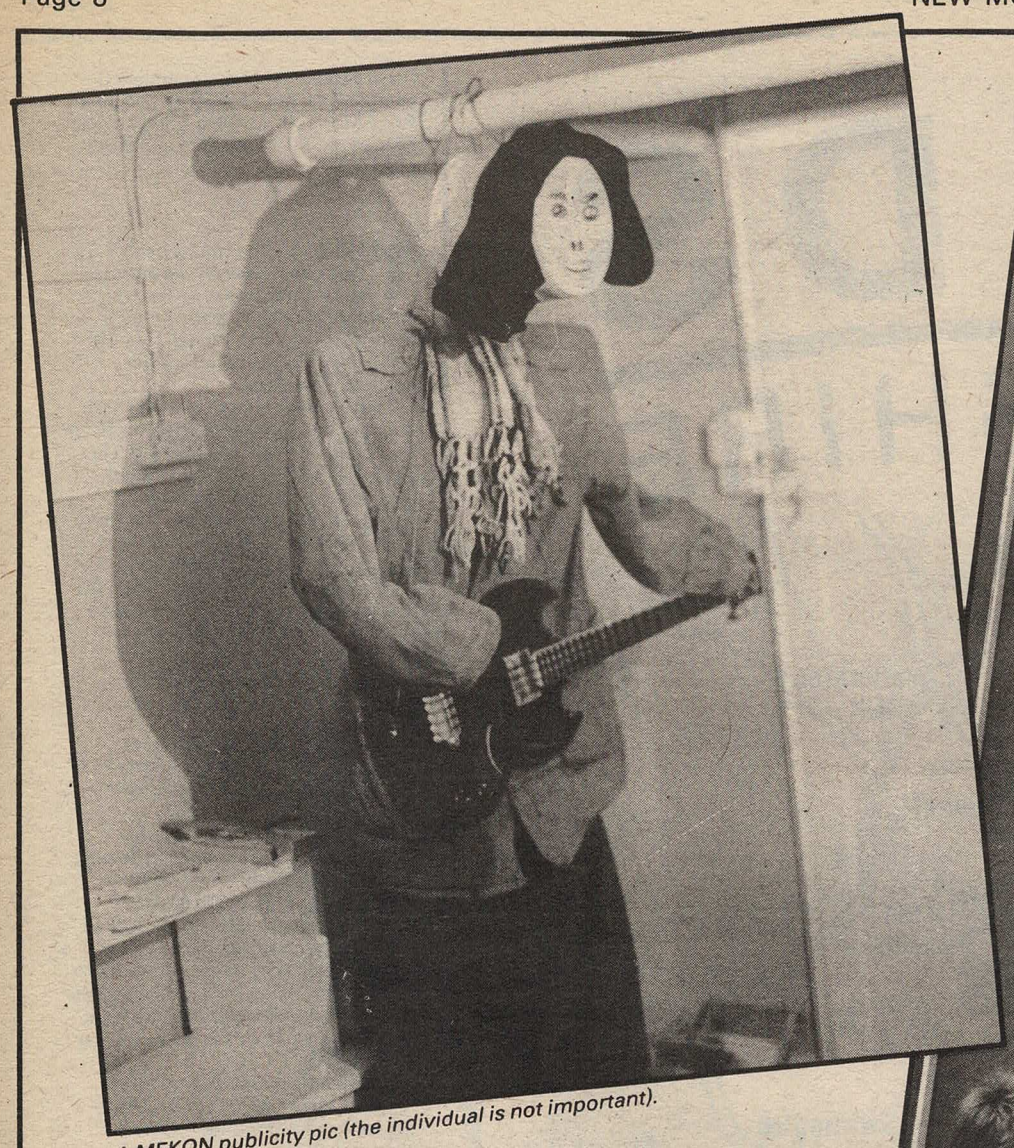


Aye lad, just between thee and me, 'appen Leeds is *really* where it's all 'appenin' these days — right here in city folks're callin' t' post-poonk Akron of t'North. So here's a couple of scene-setting reports: THE MEKONS and THE GANG OF FOUR, by TONY PARSONS and JOHN HAMBLETT respectively. Seems like these lads could soon be bigger than Parkinson . .



A MEKON publicity pic (the individual is not important).

THE GANG OF FOUR. Pic: STEVE DIXON.

● From previous page

when all I really want to do is tell anybody who's willing to listen how good The Gang Of Four are.

Thing is, it's such a genuinely uplifting experience (buzz) finding a band in your home town who can listen to and just feel positive vibration and physical grins. There's really nothing negative to be said. It feels so honest to God refreshing and exciting, it's almost embarrassing. And so it seems the only way for me to make any kind of progress on this thing is to get straight down to cases and let it ride from there.

The Gang Of Four, along with the sadly defunct S.O.S., were one of the first new wave bands to crawl out of the closet in the Leeds area. I saw them for the first time not long ago doing a benefit gig at the university, which on balance is probably a good thing as rumour has it they've improved out of sight since their early days.

They opened the first regular new wave venue in Leeds, down in the old cellar bar. The teddy boys closed it; it seems they objected to the kids taking over what had been, up until then, their rock 'n' roll night. Maybe they had a point.

Andy Gill (lead guitar): "We were very into the whole punk thing at that time. It was all so exciting, though our best song then ("IQ Past I") was written more as a response to the Feelgoods. I've always admired their sound, nothing's superfluous, really sparse. Me and him (he indicates vocalist John King) were in a band together when we were 16. Bourgeois Brothers we were called . . ."

"Holy Joe," corrects John.

"Oh yeah, but that only for one gig," concedes Andy.

John King: "As far as musical influence goes I think it would be fair to say that we were all aware of Tamla Motown and that skinhead reggae sound, which has probably had as much or maybe more of an effect on the music we're creating now as bands like The Clash and The Sex Pistols."

Are The Gang of Four a political band?

Andy Gill: "Yes."

Hugo Burnham (drummer): "No."

"I think what Hugo and I disagree on is the definition of 'political' in this context," says Andy. "Whereas Hugo's notion of a political band is someone like Tom Robinson — somebody who just churns out cliched political slogans the kids can chant without really having to think about the subject matter — I believe that all art is political. Whether it's a painting, a movie or a song, you're making some kind of political statement."

Hugo nods in agreement. Feeling vindicated, I suppose.

John King: "We believe sloganising is implicitly reactionary."

Andy Gill: "Going against the dominant musical practise, that's the way."

It's around about this time that I ask a dumb question about presenting an image . . .

"Do we look like a group with an image?" John gestures around the room.

"Do we play like rally jackets?" asks Hugo, deceptively reasonable.

"Huh?" say I, certain I must have misconstrued.

"We were once thinking about playing in red rally jackets," Hugo clarifies.

I ADMIT it was a dumb question and talk moves on. All except bass player Dave Allen (who used to play jazz and C&W in a Lake District showband) have been or still are at university.

"Okay, do you think it's possible to be a university student and a punk?" I ask, controversial as ever.

Andy: "Who wants to be a punk?"

Not me, brother. I was just asking out of curiosity, you understand.

Time for the photographs. We leave the rehearsal room, which smells of rats, and goof around looking for likely places. In between shots I ask about songwriting. But the streets are noisy and crowded and, what with the photographs and all, conditions are hardly ideal for another question and answer time.

This much, however, I am able to suss. John King writes most of the lyrics, though he's open to any suggestions anybody else might come up with. I guess most of these come from Andy Gill, though nobody comes out and says so. The music is generally a group effort.

"Just say all songs by Gang Of Four, to avoid the whole personality thing," John King advises.

Musical ideas are bandied back and forth, and Andy tells me that they are working on a disco number.

"We're all into funk, y'know, Parliament and stuff like that," says John, "but the thing is, most of it is so mindless." ("All icing and no cake," I say, which is the type of thing I tend to say at the drop of a hat.) "The thing is, to make people dance and think: a case of using the dominant musical trend to put a message across . . ."

Andy Gill: "To subvert . . ."

Dave Allen: "The most important thing is to get people thinking for themselves . . ."

GANG OF FOUR plus two. Pic: STEVE DIXON.

MEKONS caught unawares ... Pic: STEVE DIXON.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN, we make our way to Dave's flat in order to listen to the tapes of three-track single the band have just finished recording at Cargo Studios in Rochdale for Fast Records (same label as their good buddies The Mekons, with whom they also share the ratty rehearsal room).

Now, I don't want to make any kind of rash or unqualified predictions with regards to the possible success of this single, but what I will say is that if the single don't make some big splash, I will eat this typewriter . . .

". . . Blow your head off / blow your guts out / I disapprove of them / and so does John . . ." ("Armalite Rifle").

The song is heavily rhythmic with an up-front bass line that reminds me of "And Then He Kissed Me" without actually sounding like it — if that makes any sense — and a screechy, hypnotic guitar break in the middle that you hope will last forever, but probably goes on just long enough.

". . . And I feel like a beetle on its back" ("Love Like Anthrax").

"Sounds a bit like the Plastic Ono Band, y'know, 'Cold Turkey' and that heavy bass line and sparse metallic guitar," says photographer Steve 'Big Smile' Dixon, grinning all over his face and tapping his feet, obviously full of glee. Meanwhile I figure a closer parallel would be a very funky Velvet Underground, but don't feel inclined to argue my case, not at least until the music stops anyway.

"Armalite Rifle" and "Love Like Anthrax" are the single's B-side. Over is "Lust", which could end up as "Damaged Goods" as they haven't decided which title they like best yet. I am absolutely not about to tell you how good this song really is as no doubt somebody will be reviewing it when it's released later this month and I don't want to queer anybody's pitch. Besides, you wouldn't believe me anyway. Just buy it and do your own thinking.

By the time you all read this The Gang Of Four will be on tour with The Rezillos and, whatever you may think about The Rezillos, I would strongly advise you — one and all — to get off your ass and jam with Gang Of Four. Be the first kid on your block, etc.

"I was really shocked. I had no idea they were so good," says Steve Dixon on our walk to the trains. "They've really got it right, y'know what I mean?"

Yeah, I know exactly what he means.

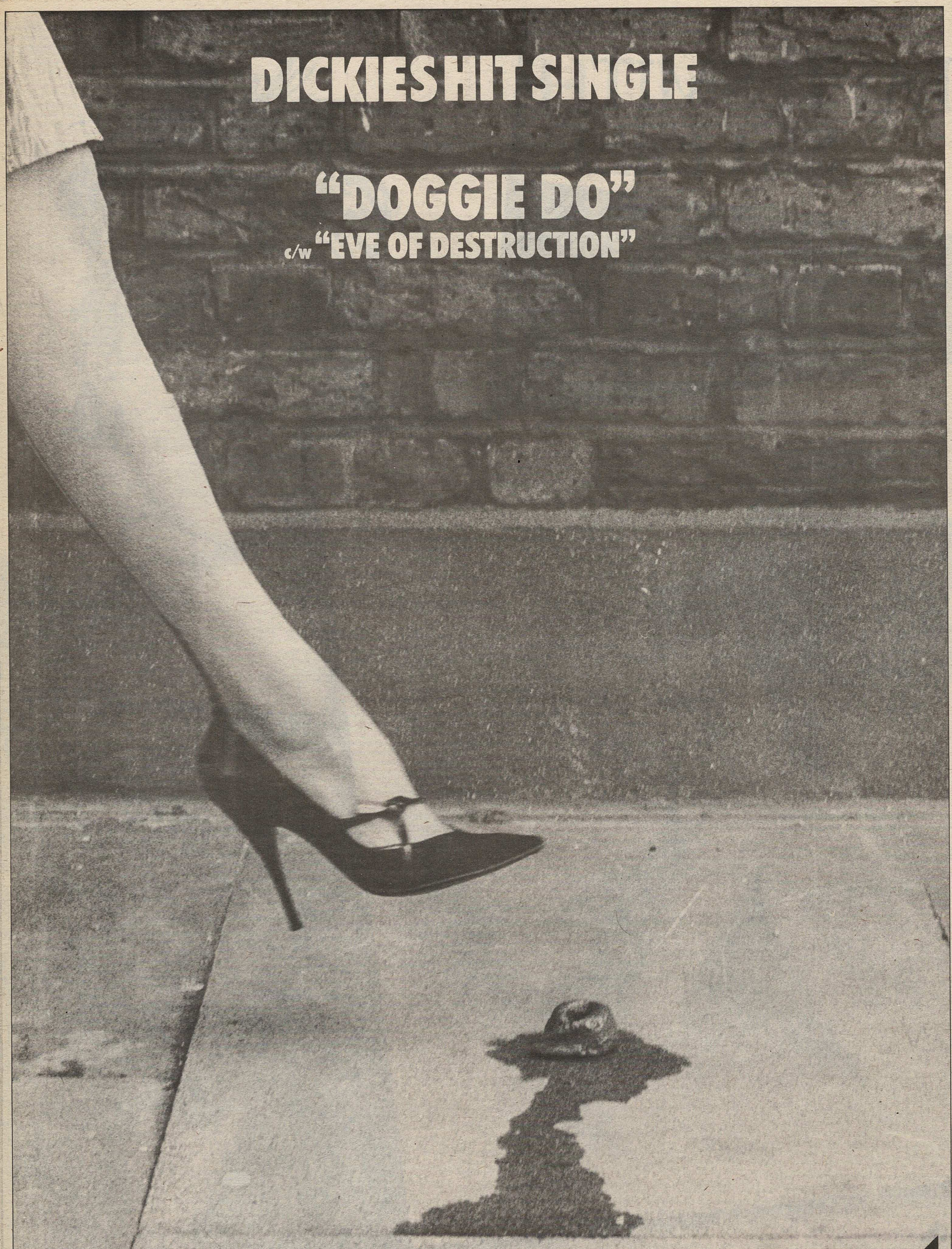
PATTI SMITH SET FREE:

ARISTA

'SET FREE', the title of Patti Smith group's new single featuring **'Privilege (Set Me Free)'** and **'Ask The Angels'** is now on release in a special sleeve. A limited 12 inch edition also includes two previously unreleased tracks: a live version of **'25th Floor'** and a poem, **'Babelfield'**, both of which were recorded on her last European Tour. ARIST 12197

DICKIES HIT SINGLE

"DOGGIE DO"
c/w "EVE OF DESTRUCTION"



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SCRATCH 'N' SNIFF

THRILLS

WHO MAKE AN EXHIBITION OF THEMSELVES (So what's new?)

DESCRIBED AS the fans' tribute to The Who, an exhibition called Who's Who opened a month's run at London's ICA gallery on Tuesday.

Recorded rarities, dismembered Gibsons belonging to Townshend, posters, clothes and even an ancient Lambretta are all on display. And the standard ICA admission fee of 25p (absolutely no extras) will get you into the corrugated-iron pens to view of all these artefacts commemorating 15 years of strained togetherness for the band.

Besides a press-clipping history pasted all over the walls, there's a stage of Who equipment, live performances slides, a laser show and (scoop scoop) tapes of the new album, "Who Are You". Of course, the lot's nailed firmly down, just in case Paul Weller fancies scarpering off with the Union Jack jacket kindly loaned by Entwistle.

With £25,000 extorted from The Who's publishing and record companies, the exhibition has been staged by three second-generation fans — Steve Margo, Pete Johns and Simon Platz — along with Irish Jack Lyons, an original Goldhawke Mod. If successful in London there are plans to tour the exhibition, or possibly show it in Europe and New York.

"This isn't an obituary," said Margo, "It's a tribute to the world's greatest rock band by their fans."

TONY STEWART

THRILLS

RECOGNISE the gent above? Here he poses for the illustration to an everyday tale of dole queue love that appears in this month's *19* magazine. She was. . . unemployed, footloose, wore a medieval blow wave, and smelt as clean as a spring morning. He was. . .arrogant, frustrated, handsome, but he had dirty fingernails.

They met over rock cakes and ham rolls. He gave chase and she willingly complied. He looked. . . not unlike one P. Simonon. "He's quite nice really," she thought, wondering all the while how she could ever explain it to her parents.

Pete Shelley, where are you when we need you?

THRILLS

A SCOOTER & GREGG REUNION??

". . . So Gregg grassed on Scooter and then traipsed off after Cher and broke up the band . . . Heck, we all mistakes. Sure I'd play with him again. . ."

CHUCK LEAVELL Pic: PENNIE SMITH

WHEN SEA LEVEL — the band formed by half of The Allman Brothers Band — arrived in Britain last week, one person was missing from their entourage.

Scooter Herring.

Herring, who now roadies for Sea Level, was sent down a couple of years ago for 75 years on a narcotics conviction after his boss Gregg Allman testified against him. His conviction was subsequently dropped on the grounds that the jury were prejudiced by press coverage of the trial.

Herring now awaits re-trial.

Amazingly, after Allman's double-cross, Herring still maintains he would work for Gregg the Grass again. Said Sea Level's leader, Chuck Leavell: "I think Scooter would eventually work for Gregg again. Gregg knows he made a mistake, but I think he finds it hard to admit it.

"We all make mistakes, and I'm not going to hold it against him for the rest of his life. And being a musician, I must confess that Gregg is an immensely talented musician and singer. It goes beyond that."

S'pose you could call it brotherly love.

Leavell — formerly the Allman Bros' pianist — admits that Allman's action did change his opinion of him, but given the right circumstances he too would give his thumbs up for any Allmans reunion in the future.

In fact, last month the Allmans — Allman, Richard Betts, Butch Trucks, Jai Johnny Johanson, Lamar Williams and Leavell — were summoned to their record company H.Q. in Macon, Georgia by Capricorn Records boss Phil Walden for a meeting.

Although the six played together, and — in Leavell's words — it felt "okay", Leavell maintains that an Allmans reunion is still nothing more than a possibility.

He told me: "It's not at all for certain. We're just discussing the possibilities at the moment."

Sea Level remains his number one priority. After all, the band was formed largely because of Allman and Betts' part-time attitude towards the Allman Brothers. Leavell, Williams and Johnson found themselves playing together when Gregg and Betts were out shopping — or just not turning up on time for gigs, a not unusual state of affairs during the group's latter stages.

So does he agree that messers *(sic)* Betts and Allman are prima donnas? "I think that's a little strong," he drawls. "They just have intense personalities. And anyone with an intense personality is sometimes a bit difficult to deal with.

"Please don't print that I'm blaming Gregg and Dicky for all the faults of The Allman Brothers Band. I'm not. I was as much at fault as anybody for the break-up."

Another factor which contributed to the split was Gregg's on-off romance with Cher.

"It's a bit difficult to deal with somebody who's flying out to Hollywood to see their girlfriend all the time," Leavell comments drily.

And how does he defend Allman's betrayal of Scooter Herring? (Allman, facing narcotics charges himself, was offered immunity so long as he testified against Herring, his personal roadie).

●*Continued over page*

● *From previous page*

"If he hadn't testified he would have been in contempt of court. Theoretically they could have put Gregg in jail. Gregg being what he is got a little scared about the situation.

"They were asking him questions about a period of time when he was a heroin addict, so, to me, any answer he gave could not be reliable. Regardless of Gregg's being under the influence of heavy narcotics, they accepted his testimony.

"I think perhaps he over-reacted to the whole situation. I think he got a bit paranoid. You can never say what you would do in somebody else's shoes until you're in them.

"I think he could have handled it a bit more gracefully."

Is it true that Gregg was on some kind of 'death-trip' at the time? There were stories that Allman was a junkie because he wanted to be reunited with his brother Duane — who, of course, had been killed in a motor cycle accident. . .

"I think that's a bit exaggerated. I don't think he had any death wish. He was just going through a lot of emotional changes and he let it get to him. But at this point now he's away from that. He's cleaned up: he's not an addict anymore. He knows how to deal with it. Thank God for that.

"Usually you don't see people get over that kind of thing. They usually wind up in a grave."

As for Sea Level, a group which combines the Southern swing of the Allmans with a more sophisticated jazz-rock approach, Leavell appears confident, despite the band not taking off in a big way Stateside.

"Sea Level is where all the elements meet. The shore, the mountains, the beach, the water.

"That's what it's all about and what we're trying to do musically."

If that's what you say, Chuck.

STEVE CLARKE

THRILLS

SUICIDE ON BLOOD TRACK

ON THEIR FIRST tour of Britain, Suicide have been beaten up by skinheads, busted by the police, and slagged off by Johnny Rotten in the *NME*.

How are they enjoying it so far?

"One day, it's been a high," says singer Alan Vega. "The next day, it's been a real low. That is what makes it great."

One of the great, real low days was when Suicide supported The Clash at Crawley New Town. Clash support acts can usually expect a vigorous reception from the fans.

Suicide's reception was more vigorous than most.

"It got a little annoying at times," says Alan. "Particularly when you see a knife flying past your head. It was like 3-D movies. I thought — wow man, let's stop the action. It was really *beautiful*."

It was at the same gig that Alan got the skinhead treatment.

"I got the shit kicked out of me," he says. "A broken nose. A chain in the face. Broken glass. Kicked in the ribs."

They jumped you after the gig?

"No, this was *during* the gig. There were 25 to 30 of them down the front. I was expecting them to come forward all the time.

"Then one of them did. I could have kicked him or punched him. He'd got a barricade to get over. But then they would all have come. It would have been a total riot.

"So, in that case, I had to take the punishment. Then the security moved in and stopped it.

"We played for another five minutes. I was dripping blood. Nose was like a balloon. I was pissed off. We went off."

So how do you like The Clash?

"They're great."

Aren't you just saying that to be diplomatic?

"No," says Alan, "they're authentic, man. Whatever you say about them quality-wise, as people they're incredible."

After another Clash gig — at Blackburn — Suicide were arrested. They woke up the next morning to find police in the room.

It seemed that staff at the hotel — the Saxon Inn — had seen other members of the touring party allegedly sharing exotic cigarettes, and tipped off the fuzz.

Alan Vega and his partner Martin Rev were each fined £200 — for a first offence.

"People here don't know what's what," says Alan. "I've heard of people getting fined less here for smack — and not first offence."

As if that wasn't enough, Suicide have also come under attack from the punk establishment, in the shape of Mr John Lydon, who wrote in the *NME* that Suicide's single "Cheree" was like "Je T'Aime" with tape hiss.

Undaunted, Alan Vega thought it was "a great review."

But Martin Rev says: "I think Johnny Rotten's becoming a parody of himself — becoming a critic. It's not as heavy as some of our other songs. It's not meant to be. If he can't see that, fine."

For a two-man band, Suicide have a lot of power.

With a little help from a computer, Martin Rev puts put the sort of wall of sound that Phil Spector got with entire orchestras. The combination of keyboards and a drum machine are enough to blow many other bands offstage.

As for Alan Vega, he's an aggressive stage presence, with a booming, shrieking voice and a swaggering, butch image.

If you've only heard the album, you won't be prepared for the sheer vicious attack these two guys muster.

Alan Vega says: "British audiences are a hundred times better than American audiences. A hundred times more intense. American audiences are bored.

"Americans aren't as committed. In Britain and the rest of Europe, music's that much closer to everyday life."

He's scornful about new wave bands in New York.

"A lot of people come to New York with bucks in their pockets. Oh, I'm gonna live in the Bowery. I'm gonna play CBGBs. Oh, I'm poor. I'm therefore a punk.

"That's a majority of the scene in New York. Nice, comfy people with college degrees — going through the Rimbaud thing. Oh, I'm suffering. I'm suffering.

"English bands are so different. Fourteen year old kids, just picking up a guitar and really wailing . . ."

Suicide have some strange, menacing songs, but many people think the weirdest thing about them is that there are only two people in the band. How does Martin justify the use of a drum machine?

"Why play drums, when you can play a drum machine?" he responds. "If you're playing a keyboard you're pressing buttons. If you're playing a saxophone, you're pressing buttons. It doesn't matter what the buttons are. What matters is where the head is that's pressing the buttons. If a musician is bullshitting, it'll come out anyway."

In the reporter's view, Suicide are among the most important bands in recent years. As far as I know, they're the first to use rock's sophisticated electronic technology and stay true to the original anarchic, aggressive spirit of the music. By comparison, The Clash are fighting the revolution with popguns.

Into the bargain, Suicide have written sinister little epics like "Ghost Rider" and "Frankie Teardrop" — but why I wonder, are there as many as two people in the band?

"It's two too many," Alan agrees.

So why not just play a tape?

"We've given that a great deal of consideration," says Martin. "It's almost what we're doing.

"The problem is, though, you need somebody there to play the tape."

BOB EDMANDS

THRILLS

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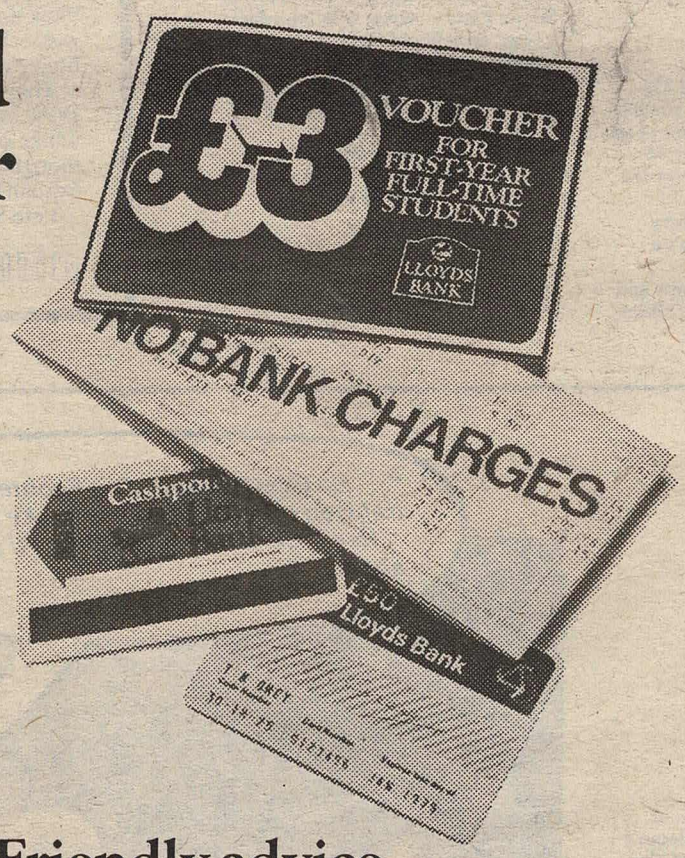

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OODLES OF FUN, DEAR!

THEY ALL MEOW about the ups and downs of all their friends . . . but, thank God, there were no boys at this party.

Shaboodle, a four-girl PR firm, celebrated their first anniversary last week by inviting along to Bond Street's plush Embassy Club just the powers *behind* the muse-biz thrones. Naturally, it was all terrifically unemancipated — we were all encouraged to play-act at being men for a mid-day, waited on by bronzed boys in white shorts and nothing more, entertained by a go-go boy in an identical state of undress working wearily upon a pedestal (that's him in Pennie Smith's memento snap), pressured to mingle, get drunk and slobber shop.

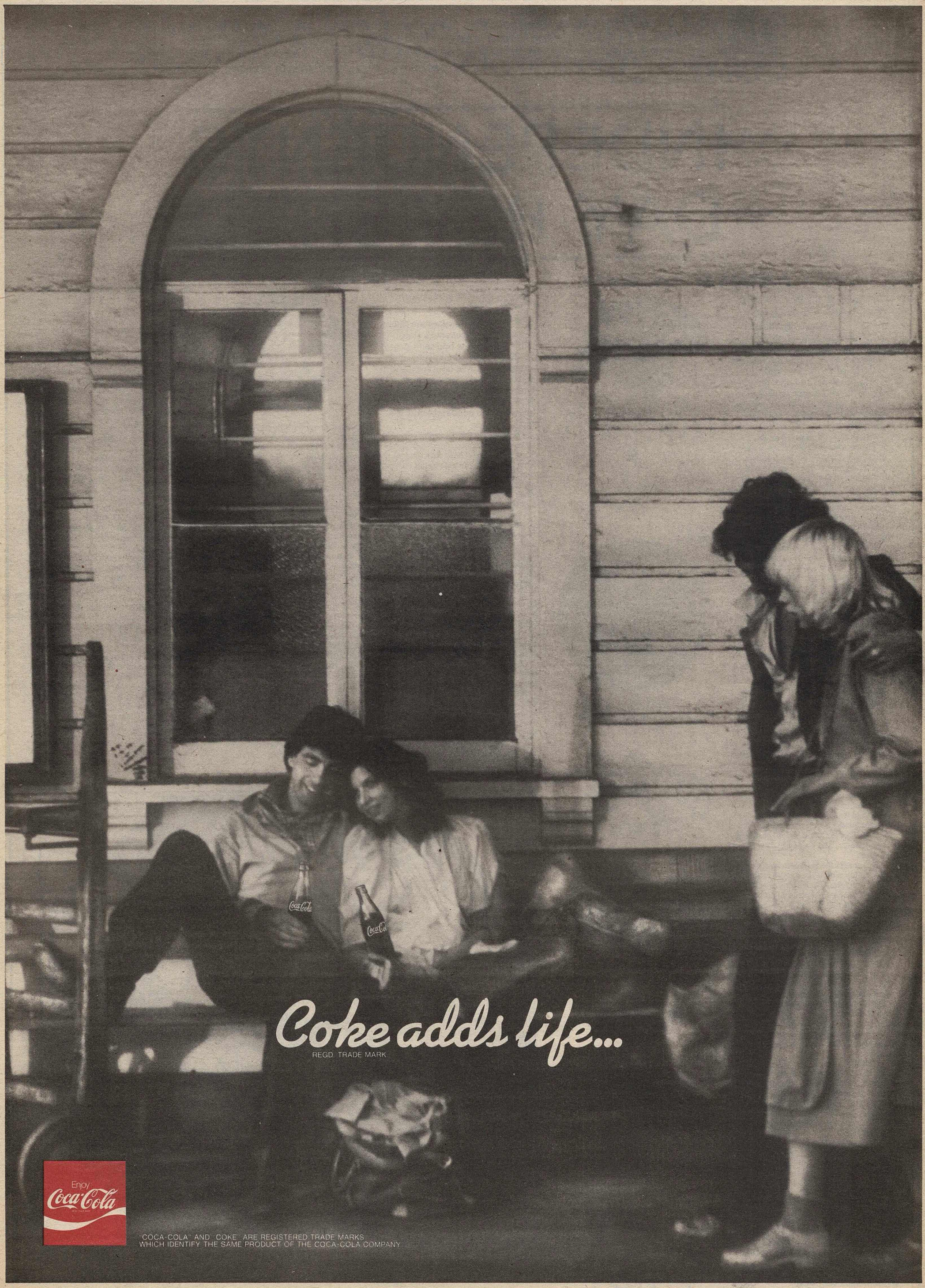
Petite Jill Furmanovsky, willowy Pennie Smith, curvaceous Angela Errigo and I sat in a self-righteous corner, drank, and bitched about how effeminate the waiters were and how butch the girls were. There was a massive number of male impersonators around. The only remotely famous people there (apart from me) *(Who? — Ed.)* were Elaine Stritch, the Americanne comedienne, and the beautiful Maori singer who seems to be Shaboodle's only client, Joy Yates of Pacific Eardrum. The poor kid was dragged all round the room by a Shaboodle girl and made to pretend interest in every reporter she was introduced to.

The only records played were by girls, the majority of them slow, sloppy ones which Pennie Smith said was most unhealthy and inappropriate, there being only one sex present. A few brave souls danced, but they didn't look happy with their lot.

It soon became transparent that the reason girls only had been invited was in the hope that some male reporters would gate-crash and get Shaboodle in the papers. They were expecting Fleet Street, but nothing had happened by the time we dragged ourselves out into the daylight. A Shaboodle girl kept quizzing me as to whether any *NME* boys had expressed an intention to invade the revelries, and displayed disappointment when I assured her thay hadn't. She thought that it would have been fun.

JULIE BURCHILL

THRILLS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Last September, in our extraordinarily collectable NME Collectors Issue, we looked at the seemingly unstoppable explosion of independent record labels. Times change, though. Rebels become established, get bureaucratic. A year on (or thereabouts) PAUL RAMBALI checks out the state of the game — and CHINA STREET, one of the more determined do-it-yourself singles bands, give their account of the way it works.

INDEPENDENTS DAY REVISITED

ONCE UPON A TIME dreams were simple.

Every young band up and down the nation wanted no more than to come sweating off stage one night to find the fat man with the cost-effective smile waving contract and pen. It meant the difference between seeing your name on a record and seeing only the insides of Ford Transits.

Things haven't changed much.

The rockbiz still subscribes to the old 10 per cent kill 'em ina Cadillac and let the rest starve. The rest still live in awe of the 10 per cent, and the 10 per cent still live in fear of the rest.

But over the past three years the demarcation lines have broken down a little, thanks to the emergence of maverick independent record labels and the D.I.Y. single.

Chiswick, Beserkley and Stiff paved the way. Their rise, and the growth of the 'one-stop' distributors, we documented last year — but how does it all look in the light of late '78?

According to industry figures for '75, a single on a major label had to sell 27,285 copies to break even. One in twenty passed that mark while the rest sold virtually nil. Yet here suddenly were Stiff and Chiswick, managing to reach at least half that figure on *every* release, with artists the majors considered lost causes.

Like most other commercial companies, record companies deal in terms of markets (that's you and me). The bigger ones have market research people whose job it is to find out what we want to buy. What they saw late '76/early '77 was small labels singles selling inordinately large quantities by virtue of their neat sleeves and obscurantist appeal in specialist shops.

So suddenly everyone was a collector, and to judge from the unabated flow of gimmick merchandising tactics since then, a lot of us still are. In the words of con-men everywhere, there's one born every minute.

Meanwhile the lead provided by the early independents had some more positive effects. Their spirit of action and defiance was kindred to punk, and throughout 1977 they exploded together.

Labels sprang up overnight. Some died the next morning. Others, like Rabid in Manchester, Raw Records of Cambridge and the various labels (Step Forward, Illegal, Deptford Fun City) under the umbrella of Faulty Products, stayed the course (and both Raw and Step Forward have just passed their first anniversary). New distributors emerged to cope with supply and demand, and it seemed like every fledgling band in the country was busy releasing its own single.

As Nick Jones of Faulty Products puts it, echoing the words of Ted Carroll: "Making a record was no big secret anymore. EMI or CBS or WEA don't hold patents, they aren't the only people who can make records. The whole thing has been demystified."

However, by December of last year the bubble had burst. Lightning Records, the largest independent distributors who move the biggest volume of these records, say that business has dropped by almost a half. The reason being, quite simply, that the fun had gone out of it.

"The major labels," said Nick Jones, "by copying the independents' licks, have diffused their knack for giving the kids something they really want. It's a saturation thing. If

● Continues over page

SO YOU'VE GOT this band . . .

You've broken the house record at the local youth club, you've pulled the odd semi-pro support stint, and you've managed to drive both friends and neighbours crazy enough to know that you're onto something. World domination is imminent, but what you need right now is a record.

The up-and-coming and now well-seeded Lancastrian band China Street provided *Thrills* with a log of what they went through to put out their "You're A Ruin" single on their own Criminal Records earlier this year: the trials, tribulations, surprises and follies, and plain hard work.

China Street were formed at the beginning of 1977, and spent the rest of that year tightening up their music and establishing their self-enterprise by organising gigs for themselves and others. Towards the end of the year they found a manager, who they say proved "very enthusiastic in all his dealings but created chaos wherever he went". So they found someone else, who was even more enthusiastic (though, it later transpired, just as chaotic), and he provided the initial impetus and, most importantly, hard cash for the single.

China Street had someone with a modest quota of biz know-how, but a manager as such is not a prerequisite — what you really need is somebody with a reasonable head for figures who is prepared to do the ground work and see it through. Shrewdness would help, but dedication will do.

The first step is to make a tape. You can do it in the garage on a

modest domestic tape recorder or you can do it in a proper demo studio. China Street did theirs in a 16-track studio in Huddersfield, in ten hours at a cost of £15 per hour, slightly below the average. Obviously, since you're not yet sure of putting out a record and thereby recouping your investment, it's best to keep costs to a minimum. With flair and practice and perhaps someone who knows a little about recording, a home tape can be the equal of a studio tape.

If you want to do it professionally, however, a country-wide directory of studios, and indeed pressing plants, printers and distributors, can be found in the *Music Week Yearbook*. Most record shops keep a copy, and some won't mind being pestered.

China Street's next move was to take their tape, along with their own designs for a sleeve, to Lightning Records. They struck lucky, and came away with a written undertaking from the distributors to buy 3,000 copies at 45p each.

They'd made it that far. Great.

Now comes the donkey work. Legal details have to be sorted out with the M.C.P.S. and the B.P.I., the tape has to be made into a master disc, sleeves and labels have to be printed, the record has to be pressed, and finally money has to be found with which to do it all.

For the latter, alas, you're on you're own (China Street collared the cash from their manager). For the rest of those things, the best thing you can do is to talk to as many people as possible and soon enough the facts will fall into place. The more people you talk to — small labels, distributors, printers, pressing plants, studios — the more you'll learn. All you need is a telephone.

Depending on how elaborately printed the sleeve is and how much was spent on recording, the total cost for a thousand singles will usually be between £300 and £500.

China Street opted for an elaborate package, with the single packed in a bag including a badge. For 3,000 copies it broke down thus:– record pressing £534, polythene bags £15, record sleeves £243, badges £200, expenses £120, customs clearance (they pressed the single in Dublin) £42. Total: £1,154.

Lightning paid them 3,000 × 45p: £1,350. Two hundred quid profit for a hell of a lot of sweat — but immeasurable gains in terms of exposure.

In fact it did so well that the band were able to press up a further 3,500 copies, which they distributed in shops not covered by Lightning's network.

If the band had originally gone direct to a major company, they reckon they would have had "too little experience on which to base too many important decisions." This way, as well as generating a lot of interest that might otherwise never have come, they've had the pleasure — and the experience — of the experience.

THRILLS

STAGE

'All the world's a stage...
And one man in his time
plays many parts'

Hang On To Yourself
Ziggy Stardust
Five Years
Soul Love
Star
Station To Station
Fame
TVC 15
Warszawa
Speed Of Life
Art Decade
Sense Of Doubt
Breaking Glass
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● *From previous page.*

something is novel and has a different ring to it, it's human nature to be interested and to investigate. When everything is being marketed in the same way, you begin to turn off."

Faulty Products reckon that at one point last year they could have sold about 20,000 copies of any new wave single. Ignoring the odd breakout such as The Skids EP, Jilted John's single and the Klark Kent EP, which will sell a lot because people actually like them (which in turn is hugely affected by what John Peel sees fit to broadcast), the average figure this year is more like 4,000. For example, Chiswick sold almost 9,000 copies of the Johnny And The Self-Abusers single last November, and only 5,000 of the slightly better known Table's "Sex Cells" this April.

"There was complete mania for about six months," recalls Ted Carroll. "Shops would order as much as they could get of anything and people would rush out and buy it. Then they'd go home and find it was a piece of crap, but that didn't really matter.

"Last September anyone could put out a record on an independent label and automatically sell lots of copies. Now it's a much healthier situation. It has come back to the reality of what's in the grooves."

If the flow of independent releases hasn't exactly slowed down (Lightning say their turnover has levelled out at around 80 per cent of what it was last year), what *has* changed is quality control. Inevitably punters are being more selective, and the band themselves have realised it's not enough to want to say something — you have to have something to say. Everyone I spoke to agreed that there is a much higher percentage of good records coming out now.

The established independents are having to change and grow. Stiff is well on the way to becoming an institution. Chiswick's days of signing a band one week and having a single out the next are over. They've realised that to be fair to the band they have to commit time and effort, and want to take things at a steadier pace, consolidating their energies in the right places.

Step Forward/Faulty Products, who recently moved into spacious new premises in Notting Hill, seem to be heading in a similar direction. And waiting in the wings are new operations like Fast Records in Edinburgh.

Thanks to the independents showing them the way, the major companies have now discovered a new way to sell you things you perhaps didn't want in the first place. There is twice as much gimmick product being released now compared to last year — and all of it is selling (much of it in chart return shops, but that's another story).

However, one of the most important long-term effects of all this comes on a much more mundane level: the business of getting records into shops. Three or four years ago it was only the majors who could get records into shops. They owned and operated their own distribution, and provided the service for smaller labels at a fee.

Nowadays there exists a comprehensive network of *independent* distributors — Lightning, Bonaparte, and Rough Trade in London, Scotia in Edinburgh, Wynd-up in Manchester, plus various others. Which means if you want to get your privately-pressed record into every shop in the country all you have to do is look in the Yellow Pages.

And so, as Ted Carroll points out, not only has the principle of starting a little independent label been well and truly established, but the actual bottom line facilities for doing it are ready and waiting.

Musicologists will point to the situation in America in the late '50s, when at least half of the rock'n'roll and R&B hits of the time came from independent labels. Me, I'll just keep my fingers crossed.

THRILLS

BLACKMAIL CORNER

Hiya! My name's Chip ('cos my surname's Carpenter and my mates haven't got much imagination), I'm crazy about girls, and I'll be taking over from Jamie as the new guy around here! So watch out all you Pinkies—I'll be with ya next week!

WHEN THE Roxy Club closes, The Damned disintegrate and looking after Tanz Der Youth (not to mention doing publicity for outfits like Buzzcocks, Stranglers, Blondie, Heartbreakers, Pop Group and 999) still leaves you enough time to swan around the Speakeasy all night, then what do you do on you day off?

Read the pop papers? Queue for a Skytrain? Both?

Pretty, dark-eyed publicist Alan Edwards, 15 (pictured left) has the ideal answer. Not content with handling (or having handled — all the above mentioned (and more), he scribbles a gushy 'boy-meets-lotsa-gals' column called Chip's Chat in a teeny mag called ***Pink****.*

"The quickest way to a boy's heart, as any girl knows, is through his tum," is par for the course, as is "She had more curves than a motor racing track."

Pink? *Your face should be* ***red****, Alan, even though your wallet be heavy.*

THRILLS

RAYDIO & A MOON IN JUNE REALITY

RAY PARKER Jr., creator and main man in Raydio, the American sextet who recently toured with Bootsy and are just scoring their second British hit with "Is This A Love Thing", this character is just the type to get right up the nose of rock paper editors who like their black men to be socially oppressed and therefore musically credible.

Ray Parker Jr. is not short of a few grand, hasn't got time to fret about other people's opinions of the black and white equation, is impatient with pedants and dullards, and deliberately makes records that are aimed to breach the segregation lines of American radio.

Did he actually make "Jack and Jill" musically ambiguous to confuse pop/R&B radio stations?

"Of course. You just don't get played on pop stations until you got at least a Top 10 R&B hit — unless they think it's automatically a pop record. There's still segregation in both directions, but these days black stations will play white artists more readily than pop stations will pick up on R&B. Look at The Bee Gees — top of everything, 15 million albums sold in America alone, and what with? La, de, da, de, dah, night fever.

"But all it is, you gotta understand the game. Someone will always be better off than someone else. Like in America, it's still easier for a white to survive better than a black, but then it's easier for a black to survive than a Mexican or Puerto Rican.

"When I'm riding down the street in my Rolls Royce, if a white guy pulls alongside me in *his* Rolls Royce I'll know he'll be wondering how I got mine. And if a Chicano pulls alongside me, I'll be thinking, goddamn, how'd he get his? And it doesn't matter anyhow, 'cause I look better in my Rolls Royce than anyone else."

You get the picture? Definitely not the kind of guy to endear himself to socially sensitive analysts.

Neither is he the most comforting person I've ever interviewed. Sphinx-like, with steely eyes belying a wide, engaging grin, although he was answering my questions throughout our conversation I still couldn't shake the impression that it was *me* who was under review. Despite that smile, which he wears on stage like others wear gaudy costumes or tight-fitting pants, he carries himself with an air that is rather more than simple self-confidence but not quite blatant arrogance.

But then, he has some cause for both confidence and a certain amount of defensive front. Before recording the Raydio album Parker forged a career as a top session guitarist; a career that was financially secure but personally frustrating.

"Towards the end I was one of the most popular guys in L.A. for studio

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RAY PARKER — the strictly unoppressed black person.

work. I was making a lot of money — $12-1500 a day, six days a week. But then what? After you made your money there's nothing else to do except take a chance and put it all on number seven. So I bought my own recording studio and cut the Raydio album."

(Apart from a few overdubs, primarily extra voices, Raydio on record is actually just Parker, who writes, arranges, plays, sings and produces the whole concept.)

"Session work is well paid, but no-one has respect for the musicians. They use your track and put somebody else's name on it — everybody and his uncle gets a gold disc except the musicians on the session. You write, arrange and sometimes even produce things in the studio to help the session along but get no credit for it; you sit there watching writers and arrangers fighting and producers and artists fighting and then these people who don't know what they're doing turn around and tell you how to play.

"I was once nominated for a Grammy for a song I wrote, but because I only played guitar on the record I wasn't even invited to the awards. Record company secretaries, lawyers, radio promotion people, they all got ten tickets apiece, don't know what to do with them, but no one thought to invite the musicians!

"There's a lot of unpleasant people in this business and you get to meet a great many of them being a session man. I'm not going to run you down a list of names but . . . " he did mention one name which had actually already cropped up earlier in the conversation. (While I was discovering that Ray Parker Jr. had been to Britain twice before, in fact: last summer he attended the CBS convention as accompanist to Patti LaBelle, before that he had been over here with Van Morrison).

"Morrison is a total asshole. I was trying to play his music and he kept accusing me of deliberately messing up. He said I was a conspirator from the record company. I mean, do I look like a Warner Brothers spy? He even accused me of pushing sticks up his bitches, his female dogs. He's completely screwed up. An asshole."

Ahem, quite so. Funny thing is, I muse, none of this disgruntlement comes out in your music. Raydio are strictly good times and dance party funk. Don't you ever consider writing street level reality?

"No. I am writing about none of that situation, I'm just writing about 'I love you baby' because that's what people want to hear right now . . and *that's* reality. People don't want to cry no more, they want to escape and have a good time. At concerts it's 'let's get up and party' and that's also what sells records."

So your primary concern is to get that gold disc that eluded you as a session musician?

"Gold?" he scoffs. "Nah man, these days that means you're a failure. Raydio is going to be a platinum selling act."

CLIFF WHITE

THRILLS

NYAH LOVE 40?

ATLANTIC RECORDS boss Ahmet Ertegun may invest in whole teams of swarthy soccer players, but we Brits prefer to keep matters on a more genteel and even keel.

Island Records of St Peters Square, Chiswick, therefore, are gently nurturing along the careers of Jamaica's top ranking tennis stars, Compton and Gregg Russell (that's Compton pictured below).

After having spent most of the spring and early summer months playing around England in local tournaments, the duo were apparently disappointed that they just missed the requisite number of points that would have permitted them to play at Wimbledon. There is, however, always next year for Chris Blackwell to recoup his investment.

Pic: ADRIAN BOOT

THE END

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SINGLES

Bruce 'n' Clarence. Pic: JOE STEVENS

Reviewed this week by TONY PARSONS

SINGLE OF THE WEEK
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: Badlands (CBS). I have seen the future of — whoopsableedingdaisy, what a giveaway!! Nearly slipped there, sorry, Bruce!!

Brucie's back, after years in the litigation wilderness, with his "Darkness On The Edge Of Town" album which, while nowhere near as instantaneously habit-forming as "Born To Run", reveals itself soon enough as the more intrinsically powerful work, with added depth, maturity and *soul*. It eventually makes the latter platter look like it could have been the creation of Leonard Bernstein, Stephen Sondheim and Jerome Robbins.

"Bandlands" is the opening cut on the first record he was allowed to make after *three years* of courtroom bullshit, and Springsteen vents total spleen with mesmerizing intensity, 1975's heroic visionary tempering his celluloid Rock Dream imagery with the unleashed accumulation of genuine rage.

But through the bitterness, cynicism and anger, humanity holds out as it always does in Springsteen's work — which is why he's unique. And the E Street Band showcase their usual sublime, vigorous verve; Clarence Clemons on wailing sax, Steve Van Zandt's howling axe, man, Danny Federici's hypnotic organ, the incessant urgency of the Garry Tallent/Max Weinberg rhythm section nailing it all down and — on guitar, harmonica and vocals — Bruce Springsteen.

"Lights out tonight/Trouble in the heartland/Got a head on collision/Smashin' in my guts, man/I'm caught in a cross fire/That I don't understand/But there's one thing I know for sure, girl/I don't give a damn for the same old played out scenes/I don't give a damn for just the in betweens/Honey, I want the HEART/I want the SOUL/I want CONTROL right now/Talk about a dream/Try to make it real/Wake up in the night with a fear so real/Spend your life waiting for a moment that just don't come/Well, don't waste your time waiting/Workin' in the fields/Till you get your back burned/Workin' 'neath the wheel/Till you get your facts learned/Baybee, I got my facts learned real good right NOW. . ."

Be the first one on your block to tell your friends and neighbours you were never *really* Blinded By The Hype.

DAVID G. & FRIENDS: Justifiable Homicide? (The Label). Ex-Sex Pistols producer Dave Goodman (who recorded the definitive, never-released version of Jamie Reid's "Anarchy In The U.K.") and various mates on red-vinyled documentation of boxer Liddle Towers' death. Towers was a victim of over-zealous police activity that the court decided was "Justifiable Homicide".

It works as both factually accurate narrative and blistering rock 'n' roll. Some of the proceeds from the record are going to the Liddle Towers Committee, set up to put pressure on the corridors of power and secure an inquiry into Towers' death.

If the guitar, drums and some of the vocals sound familiar it could be because you've heard those particular "& Friends" somewhere before.

SNAKEFINGER: The Spot (IPH). Acne obsessive whining about his pox-featured boat race over detuned Joni Mitchell acousticisms and sub-Devo screeching synthesizer sound-inneffectuals. As my moosh is as silky smooth as Katie Boyle's bum I'm afraid I can't relate to it too well, Mister Snakefinger, but as it seems your talent don't extend beyond picking black, yellow, pink and blue heads I guess I ain't missing too much.

POET & THE ROOTS: It Dread Inna Inglan (Virgin). Poet & The Roots is a purveyor of the incisive commitment and fluid musical muscle that people still expect from Bob Marley but don't seem to get. "It Dread Inna Inglan" is for George Lindo who, it is claimed, was taken from his home by police earlier this year, kept in an unheated cell for 14 hours without food and drink, pressured into signing a confession that he stole £67 and subsequently jailed for two years by an all-white jury.

It's built on a derivative of the "All We Doing Is Defending" riff, combing brooding vehemence with a haunting melancholy and accentuating the twin-passions by dubbing the studio work with a recording of a street demonstration to free Lindo. Inventive, impressive and Steel Pulse have got competition.

DONNA SUMMER: Last Dance (Casablanca). PAUL JABARA: Trapped In A Stairway (Casablanca). Two out-takes from the *Thank God It's Friday* disaster area. Donna sings Jabara, a brassy Gloria Gaynor romp (the song, *not* Jabara, silly). The result is total scabby earsore that should have been passed over for the infinitely superior Summer-penned B side, "With Your Love".

Jabara sings Jabara from the scene in the film where the chubby little chappie manages to get past the apes on the door of the discotheque only to get locked in a dark, dank staff stairway, thus unable to keep a tryst with his true love. The plot sickens and the merry midget don't sound too pissed orf about the spanner in his works, stoically remaining every inch the laughing gnome happily bleating his discopop offering.

ANDY GIBB: An Everlasting Love (RSO). Old mundane molars is back with yet more polite, plastique funktrand, quivering vibrato and buck-toothed backing brethren, the entire monstrosity created by the penmanship and hit-making Hampsteads of B. Gobb. Apologies, Bruce, Bruce and Bruce, but it's -he-heh-heh-gonna be a *miss*. Do you hear me; A MISS!! A SODDING *MISS* I TELL YOU!!!! ARRRRRRRGH. . .if only their minds had been used for the good of mankind. Can *nothing* stop these omnipresent Abbos and their world domination vision?

JIMMY CLIFF: Many Rivers To Cross; MELODIANS: Rivers Of Babylon (Island). Double-A side single lifted from the soundtrack of *The Harder They Come*. The Melodians were camping by the rivers of Babylon many years before Boney M moved into the area with their contrived, catchy vitality and lowered the tone of the place but this lethargic jogalong to the Holy Land really ain't much better (God, I'm so uncool).

It conjures up imagery of Moses trying to rally the Twelve Tribes into Exodus while they sit around rolling another one just like the other one. Though, of course, the song itself is based on an Old Testament Psalm written about the Jews being ostracized from their homeland — Israel — and *not* Black people being forcibly removed from their birthright — Africa. Talk about infringement of copyright!

Meanwhile, the great Jimmy Cliff's piquant poignancy doesn't have too much to do with the J.A. connection either; it's much more evocative of the late, also great Sam Cooke's "A Change Is Gonna Come". And there ain't much that comes better than that.

THE RUDE BOYS: Raggare Is A Bunch Of Motherfuckers (Polydor). At last! Swedish import featuring ANGRY punks, STICKING THEIR NECKS OUT when a chopper could quite feasibly come along to chop off their heads, though that don't prevent them cranking out some HIGHLY RELEVANT SOCIAL COMMENTARY about their local SHITHEADS the Reggare (psychotic reactionary Yankophiliacs).

SANTANA: I'll Be Waiting (CBS). Omo Men reject the fool's gold of earthly pleasures for the spiritual plane, very plain, of Maharishi Discomat's instant nirvana (albeit with patents-pending pseudo-Salsoul soloing, gringo). And bleedin' crap it is, too.

DEVO: Be Stiff (Stiff). BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST: Friend Of Mine (Polydor). Are they not rock bands? Well, Barclay James Harvest pretend they are and

■ *Continues over*

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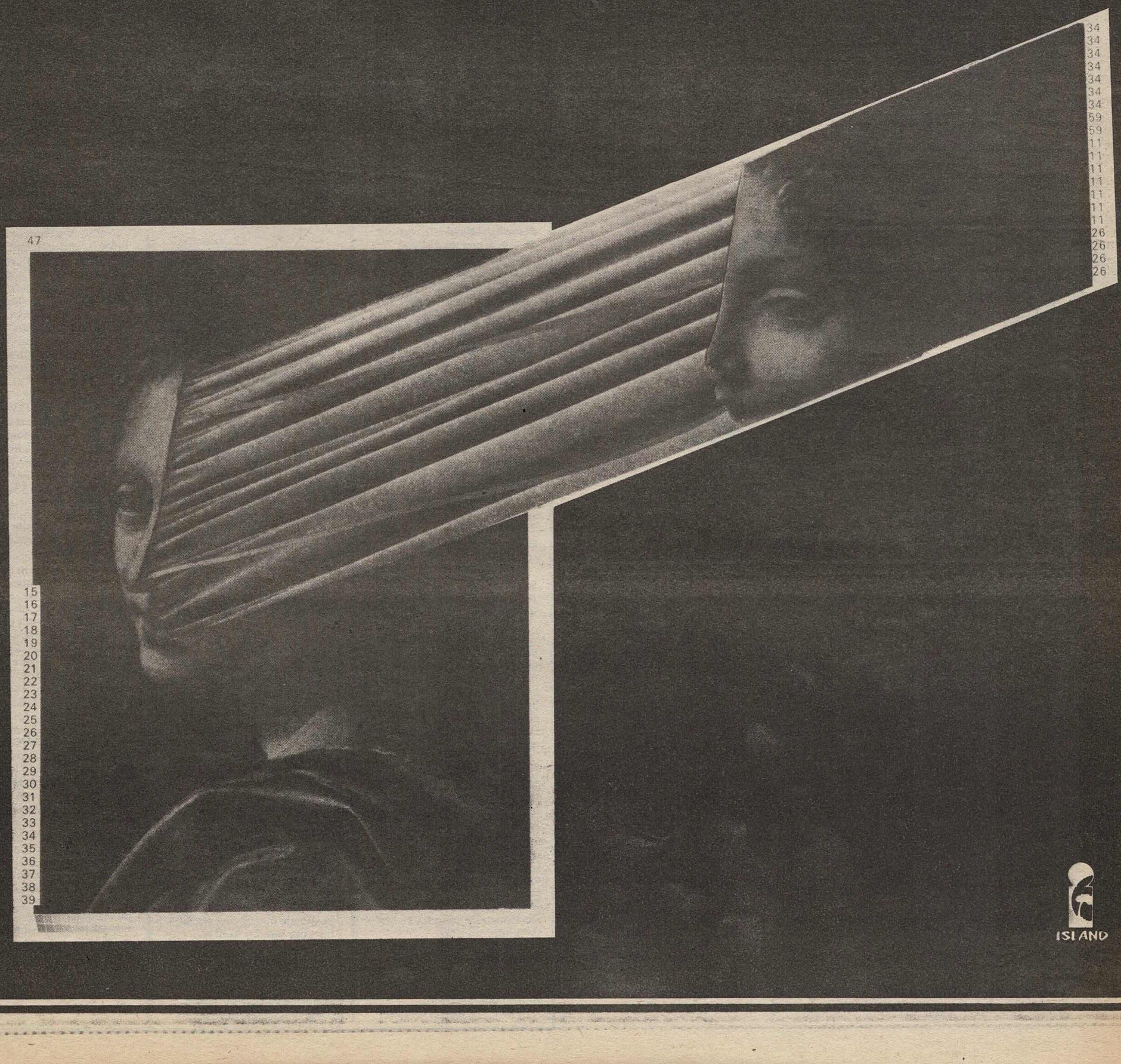

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c/w Demon Love 2 mins 46 secs.
& Dirty Nights on Dirty Floors 3 mins 14 secs.

ARIST 201

ARISTA

■ *From previous page*

Devo pretend they're not but it's all the same sack of spuds, y'know? Barclay James Etcetera's flaccid plodder is a dead ringer for a cornball Gallagher and Lyle demo while Devo have cut the best Rolling Stones record that Bad Company never made. Yeah, that crass. They took the piss out of hairy-chested mucho-macho power-chord bozos so much more effectively on the guffaw-inducing "Jocko Homo" Here they do it a little too well for Jerry Casale's comfort. That's what living in L.A. does to simple country booji-boys.

PATTIE SMITH GROUP: Set Free E.P. — Privilege (Set Me Free)/Ask the Angels/25th Floor/Babelfield (Arista). Ooooh, a picture-sleeved limited edition 12-inch version of the 23rd Psalm. Just what I wanted. For those of you fortunate enough to have missed out on hearing the "Easter" album, it's inserted amidst Patti's portentous reading of the Paul Jones "Privilege" movie theme tune, which is worth catching only for the chant,
"Ah'm-sooo-young-soo-Gawddamn-young"
ad infinitum. We believe you Pat, relax.

The religious ambience is extended through the "Ask The Angels" lame-duck, the posey-poesy "Babelfield" and especially "25th Floor", where Smith is redolent of a Quaker deprived of his oats for much too long.

"It has always been rock and so it is and so it shall be/And I trust my guitar and I don't give a shit about anything."

Rilly? Gosh. The sleeve depicts Patti in garter-belt girding her loins high but she's gonna have to offer the punters more than that to glean chart action, man, without Bruce Springsteen's genius for a crutch. Whither the hits now, Pat? Methinks nun today and nun tomorrow. Amen.

DEE D. JACKSON: Meteor Man (Mercury). Dee De-Humanize, still searching for her niche (as in Friedrich Wilhelm, that is), follow up the heartless, robotic discorhythms *(yaaaawn)* of "Automatic Lover" with what is ostensibly more of the same. Unfortunately for *Time Out's* next discothesis, Ms. De-Humanize sounds like she's informing her brown-eyed handsome mandroid to go buy a Bullworker. This is due to an unintentional phonetic foul-up on the hookline chorus. . .

"There's no love in his soul/I had to let go/When he disappeared I had tears in my eyes/Meatier, meatier, meatier man, meatier man/I want a meatier man."

And don't come back till you got some flesh on those puny, seven-stone electrodes, y'hear? But where are the clones, Dee? There ought to be clones, Dee.

COLIN BLUNSTONE: Ain't It Funny? (Epic). Nah, *turgid* is the word you're looking for, old fruit.

LITTLE NELL: Fever (A&M). Over an abysmal bandwagon-backdrop of Giorgio Moroder travesty, Nelly resembles Jane Birkin with a lickle gurrrl complex straining on the pan in dire need of a truckload of Ex-Lax. Little Nell isn't such a new thing, Little Nell started long ago. Just like The Fever.

ANDY WILLIAMS: You (CBS). MICK FARREN: Half Price Drinks (Logo). CLIFF RICHARD: Please Remember Me (EMI). Who said rock 'n' roll is a young man's game? This triad of old warhorses may be facing up to post-male menopause senility, but your humble hero can honestly state that all three of 'em are still as good as they ever were. Andy's spry and beaming in his knitted wooly, bouncing gamely through a jolly, uptempo synthetic love song like a bullet passing through the cranium of a ski-ing instructor. *"I can't remember when I felt this high!"* Anybody'd think he still took brunch with the Kennedys.

Micky's luke-warm waxing is, appropriately enough, based on an insipid parody of Eric Clapton's guitar riff on "While My Guitar Gently Weeps" from The Beatles' White Album (ask your granny how it goes). There's also lots of the strident acoustic-whimsey that so very nearly made Clifford T. Ward a household name while the ageing Afro himself exudes all the gruff, alked-out tortured angst of Lonnie Donovan with his battered visage in the ashtray and a nasty attack of cancer in the throat. Catch it while you can.

Cliffie, not content with his involvement with Generation X, strikes out for himself with yet another shot at some urgent nostalgic vitality that lacks the infectious immediacy of "Ready Steady Go", "Your Generation" or even "Wild Hank", though the youthful panache still pervades every last groove. Rhyllosan not glue, anyone?

GRUPPO SPORTIVO: Beep Beep Love (Epic). Remember Tom Petty's "Breakdown" on The Heartbreakers first album? So do these clog-heads. . .

"It's all right if I love you/It's all right if I don't/I'm not afraid of you're running away/I got the feeling that honey you won't."

And they got the nerve to credit somebody called Van Defruits with songwriting responsibilities! Sure, and my sweet Lord's so fine, too. Standard low rent Cheap Trick imitation; Mrs. Mills (God rest her soul) piano repetition, barrages of innocuous strings and vocalised sound effects that are meant to pass for hysterical whackyness. The reviewer's funny bone remains untickled.

GARY VALENTINE: The First One (Beat). Co-writer of "X-Offender" and "Kung Fu Girls" with Debbie Harry before he was ousted from Blondie. Here he retains the quasi-Matlockian pop sensibility that helped make that first album so memorable, though his chances of Making It are obviously sorely diminished without the obvious benefit of mouthwatering Wet Dream Fodder to shake, shimmy and manipulate his contagious compositions to a mass market.

Ah, well, let's hope that someday he'll find someone to replace Chris Stein.

WHY ARE THESE GUYS GRINNING?

BUDDY GUY (left) and JUNIOR WELLS. Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

. . . They've been 'between contracts' since 1969, there's hardly any such thing as a black audience for their music and on their recent visit to London they played one of worst shows in blues history. If your name is BUDDY GUY or JUNIOR WELLS you just can't help livin' the blues, concludes CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY.

HAMMERSMITH Odeon, backstage entrance. It's close on opening time: Blues Festival '78 night, and a few nails are getting chewed . . . more than a little floor-pacing going on before the big black limousine pulls up and the bluesmen arrive.

Buddy Guy and Junior Wells: dressed up nice for the show.

They look tough, quiet and cool: none of the pimp-flash disco duds you see on a lot of the black bands these days, no swaggering, no posturing, no jive youngblood. Two guys in their early 40s, compact, solid but spare: Buddy Guy in his chocolate brown three-piece suit, urbane and immaculate, Junior Wells in a polka dot shirt outside his pants, carrying guitar case and harp box.

They are simultaneously stoic and sharp: the finest flowering of the last black American generation to take their stand in the blues. Younger than the great patriarchs like B.B. King and Muddy Waters, Buddy and Junior are still referred to as "the younger bluesmen" even though Guy is now 42 and Wells 44. They're in town for their first British appearance of the '70s, and despite the decline in popular interest in the blues since the '64 and '68 boomtimes there are enough blues freaks around to have Hammersmith Odeon packed to the gills.

A sell-out, *yes* Lord. Even the standing room's all taken.

Tragically, it's going to turn out one of those gigs that sends you home angry and sour: the most hideous debacle I've ever seen since I first started going out to hear music.

But that's still future blues as Buddy and Junior arrive at the theatre and get settled into their dressing room, say hello to Koko Taylor and the Chicago Blues Allstars who're opening for them, get acquainted with the copious amount of Scotch that promoter John Curd has provided — in the best Sheekawgoe Blues tradition.

AMOS WELLS Jr — born 1934 in Memphis Tennesseee — has presence. Unlike Buddy Guy, who is as unassuming *sans* axe as he is commanding with it, Wells is as much of a badass offstage as on. As befits the man who — back in the '50s — formed the band that Little Walter was to take over and (until interrupted by getting drafted into the army) replaced Walter in the Muddy Waters band, he comes on tough and together.

His speaking voice is a harsh signifyin' croak. At first he declines to take part in the interview: "I figure anything Buddy got to say go for me too." So as the dressing room fills up with friends and well-wishers and all the jivin' gimme-fivin' howyadoinbruh of a conclave of bluesmen a long way from home, Buddy Guy — the hardest and most thrilling living blues guitarist not named King — settles down to talk.

George Guy his name was once; George Guy born 1936 in Letchworth Louisiana and just 22 when he cut established names like Magic Sam and Otis Rush in a guitar battle in a Chicago club and got snapped up to make records for the Cobra and Artistic labels before laying down the astonishing "First Time I Met The Blues" for Chess, right there and right then staking his claim on a slot in the blues pantheon with the blazing, violent intensity of his shrieking, possessed singing and stabbing, incandescent lead guitar.

Right now he and Junior have flown in from a late-night gig in Italy, driven 150 miles to Rome Airport before they even got on the plane, and Buddy Guy is *tired.*

In more ways than one.

"Well, I never get tired of my music, but sometimes the airline has difficulty understanding the air traffic controllers and you circle all day in the air tryin' to make it to your destination, and you lose out on a lot of the rest and sleep that you just have to have.

"We been playing for 27 days straight now, but I love Europe and I wouldn't miss it for anything in the world, so I ain't gonna let nothin' stop me now that I'm here."

In the light of what was to go down on stage a couple of hours later that almost rates as *famous last words,* but in a more general sense Guy and Wells are up against a more serious barrier than physical fatigue — the bluesman's perpetual enemy, the spectre of record company neglect.

They've only made two albums this decade: both one-offs with different labels. They've been without the support of a regular record company for nigh on ten years: Guy euphemistically describes this condition as being "between contracts."

"It ain't as if we ain't *tried* to get any records out, because you should get as many records out as you can when you are in the business at *whatever* age you are, an' me'n Junior ain't stayin' babies, y'know.

"We have a problem with the companies, and we open to any reasonable recording deal we can get. One of the things we tired of is people recording you and puttin' the sessions on the shelf. It's like they waitin' 'til we die and then they gonna put out a record a week on us.

"Our fans be tellin' us they can't buy no records, and the companies say they can't record us because they'll lose money. Still they won't accept that we can not only play blues but we can play a lot of other music which might, could, sell a lot of records.

"We did the album with Blue Thumb" (an acoustic album featuring Guy and Wells with pianist Junior Mance entitled "Buddy And The Juniors", released in this country on the Harvest label in 1973 and deleted with bewildering rapidity) "as an album between contracts. And the album with Atlantic . . . I'd been really looking forward to the Atlantic album as a chance to take some time and cut a real good album, instead of just takin' Buddy and Junior and making something real quick, which is what happened. We capable of making a real good blues record and *more.*"

Right now the only bluesmen affiliated to major national labels in the States are Muddy Waters (recording for Blue Sky with the promo/distribution muscle of CBS behind him), Albert King (on Giorgio Gomelski's RCA- backed Utopia label) and the mighty duo of Bobby Blue Bland and B.B. King (both on ABC).

Does Guy reckon that there's a prejudice against the blues up at the major labels?

"I was hopin' maybe you could tell me. I am here to tell you that we are not affiliated with any recording company right now and why I do not know. I think the recording companies are just like Scotch or anything else: if they ain't sellin' they take it off the market and make a new brand. I know that there are people asking for our records so I cannot believe that they be losing that much money to make a record with me and Junior, to take a chance and make a 45 or an album on us."

Have any companies expressed an interest in recording the duo outside of the blues field?

"I'd be more than glad to do anything to get a record out, because if we could put something out that could do better than what we have then record companies have a tendency to listen to you and release damn near anything you want to do after that.

"After you sell a certain number of records, you could just go in a studio and clap your hands and they'll release it, but we ain't had a big record and so they ain't got no time for us . . ."

So the ballbusting gig ritual goes on to keep the groceries on the table: clubs and colleagues are the staple, since the heyday of the big blues festivals is long gone.

All Guy has to show for his life's work is a small and moderately successful Chicago nightclub which he bought a few years back with his life savings.

THE TIMES seem to be gone when white rock acts would reward with their patronage the black bluesmen who inspired them. A lot of the records that resulted from such teamings were flat-out dreadful, but there are several landmarks: the "Fathers And Sons" set which teamed Muddy Waters with Mike Bloomfield and Paul Butterfield, Canned Heat's work with John Lee Hooker on the "Hooker'n Heat" double, the inspired "London Sessions" album which teamed Howlin' Wolf with Eric Clapton, Steve Winwood and the Stones and even — though it was by no means their best work — the "Buddy Guy And Junior Wells Play The Blues" album with Clapton and the J. Geils Band.

Most notable of all, of course, have been Johnny Winter's exceptional series of albums with Muddy Waters over the last two years.

But what else is happening on this front? Have the Stones lost touch with Buddy and Junior since they took the Chicago duo on tour with them a few years back?

"Well, I'm not gonna sit here and tell you that we haven't thought of that and that we haven't talked about that. They been nice, and Eric had a lot to do with the album that we did for Atlantic. I could go to the Stones and I'm sure that we could get some kind of consideration out of them. They got this label — but they got people in charge of runnin' this label and I'm sure they got a lot of confidence in the people in charge.

"I owns a night club, y'know, and I got a manager there and I don't go to him and say, 'Fire that band'. I got to listen to his reasons for what he doin', because he's there and I'm there.

"I know the Stones never come to the States without givin' me a call . . . and I have been thinkin' of talkin' to Mick or one of the guys, but we left 'em there to come here. I was gonna be goin' out to dinner with them in Chicago, but then we had to leave. Matter of fact I was gonna cook for them."

The relationship between bluesmen and young white rock musicians is of necessity strained and fraught. Many of them respect the musicianship of the rockers who based their music on the blues, and know and dig them as people, but it chokes them up just a little bit to see others get rich off their licks and then have to go to them for assistance. Bluesmen are, almost by definition, proud men.

PERHAPS THE thing that hurts men like Buddy and Junior the most is the fact that the musical tradition that they have devoted their lives to simultaneously carrying on and modernising has been abandoned by the generation that has come after them.

They say that the reason that younger black musicians have abandoned the blues is down to the fact that the companies aren't putting out the records that keep the music part of the mainstream of American music.

But more concrete is the realisation that modern black American music is about hedonism and escapism: who'd be in the alley when you can be in the disco?

Maybe Buddy and Junior are the ones who can create a new blues ("I want to make unforgettable blues before the blues get completely forgotten," says Buddy), a blues that embodies the whole tradition of the mighty men they learned from while still speaking clearly and directly to the black kids of today.

Buddy speaks wistfully of the album that they could make in the right studios with the right musicians and the right amount of time to get it all down and do it right. If any bluesmen can do it, they're the ones: old enough to know the roots and just young enough to still speak to the kids in their own tongue.

AND OF course, the evening ended in dust and ashes. Phil McNeill told it pretty much like it was last week in *On The Town.*

Their set started going wrong virtually from the moment that they came on — without the rhythm section — to warm up with a little whisky-soaked country blues before getting down to some serious good rockin' R&B.

A few jerkos in the audience started yelling abuse at them ("I thought you people in England was *together* on the blues," admonished Wells after a contemptuous shout of "Get off yer arse!") and once the band came on everybody seemed to be yelling different things.

They managed one harp instrumental — not helped by Wells' scene-stealing posturing — and a devastating version of "Hold That Plane" with Guy pouring a red-hot flood-tide of volcanic guitar over the audience before walking off in frustration. Whether he was frustrated by the audience, by Wells or himself I don't know, but the shambles that followed his departure dishonoured both men, their companions on the tour and the whole blues scene.

It was a crushing experience: Wells and Guy were professional entertainers before I had pubic hair, and they should be able to surmount a few bozos in the audience to put on their show.

Whatever happened, Wells and Guy pissed all over the audience and all over the blues that night; did a profound disservice to their music and their careers.

I hope they come back and do it properly before the blues does get forgotten; I hope Jagger or somebody puts up some bread for them to record their music properly before they die or lose heart and get straight jobs.

Because right now, what's being done to Guy and Wells — and what they're doing to themselves and the blues . . .

Pursey's Down The Dogtrack

Sham 69's leader blows his wages, ponders his role, and has a few larfs. DANNY BAKER goes to see an old mate about a dog.

STEPPING OVER BODIES like at Bognor beach, we wind down the stairs of the Music Machine.

Probably the only sober people in the building, Dave Treganna, Jimmy Pursey and me are trying to adjust to the muffling weight-reducing heat with Suicide coming through the concrete like we're wearing six balaclavas. Past half-baked make-up and zombie drunk expressions, it's the Wednesday of Clash's residence and after midnight.

Two Kensington couples pass us. Hello Henry! Then two tail-end punks in weedy chains, one holding the other up as he burbles and refuses to pass out. The (very) drunken one raises his fat head on his Dunlop neck and through his slack jaw attempts to yell "Jimmy is our leader!"

But he just goes:

"Jmmmryssaldaaaar Jimmaaaayyy!"

Jimmaayy turns over his shoulder to me.

"Fuckin' leader? Sometimes I look at it all and wonder if I'm even part of all this. Sometimes I just don't know . . ."

Jim's a bit depressed because for the umpteenth time he's given his wages to the bookmakers, just the same as he has done for the last ten years. Whether site wages, doghandler's wages, cardshop wages or 'leader' wages, Honest John the bookie always winds up winner.

Tonight his former employees, the Wimbledon Dog Track, had said thank you very much, and the 7.45 had even been sponsored by Jim. The Sham 69 stakes. His own dog, School Graduate, had run and lost in the fourth and now, after having to borrow the two fifty to get in, the bar seems as likely a prospect in Mornington Crescent as a winner (or even a place) had in Wimbledon.

I DUNNO ABOUT YOU, but I've read the same Sham 69 article over and over. Serious freedom fighters for the little people! A hard man's band with four-balls each. An image of notch below the Angolan Dogs of War but on par with any football firm (and no cricket season!).

You know the war cry.

"What've We Got!!" "Faack Orrll!"

In Pursey's flat, above a betting shop, Jim wants to bring the last nine months into reality.

"I tell ya, I read our articles and think how shitty it must look to others. All it ever seems is this sort of serious crap that nine times out of ten has been angled at us by some writer looking for *his* Sham 69. He'll turn up with his idea of what we are and that's that. The same words time after time.

"Y'know, it's gettin' like if I take a crap on the motorway you'll get a headline in *Melody Maker* — "Pursey Shits For The People! Strummer asked to comment ..." And then they turn round in *MM* and say our last single was pretentious. Well to me, to sing 'Oh yeah I'm lovin' you baby' is far worse than just state that you'd like to see British kids stop kickin' the shit out of each other.

"That's all 'Kids United' is saying.

"Do they think I don't know that you'd never get kids here united in a million years? Least of all with music.

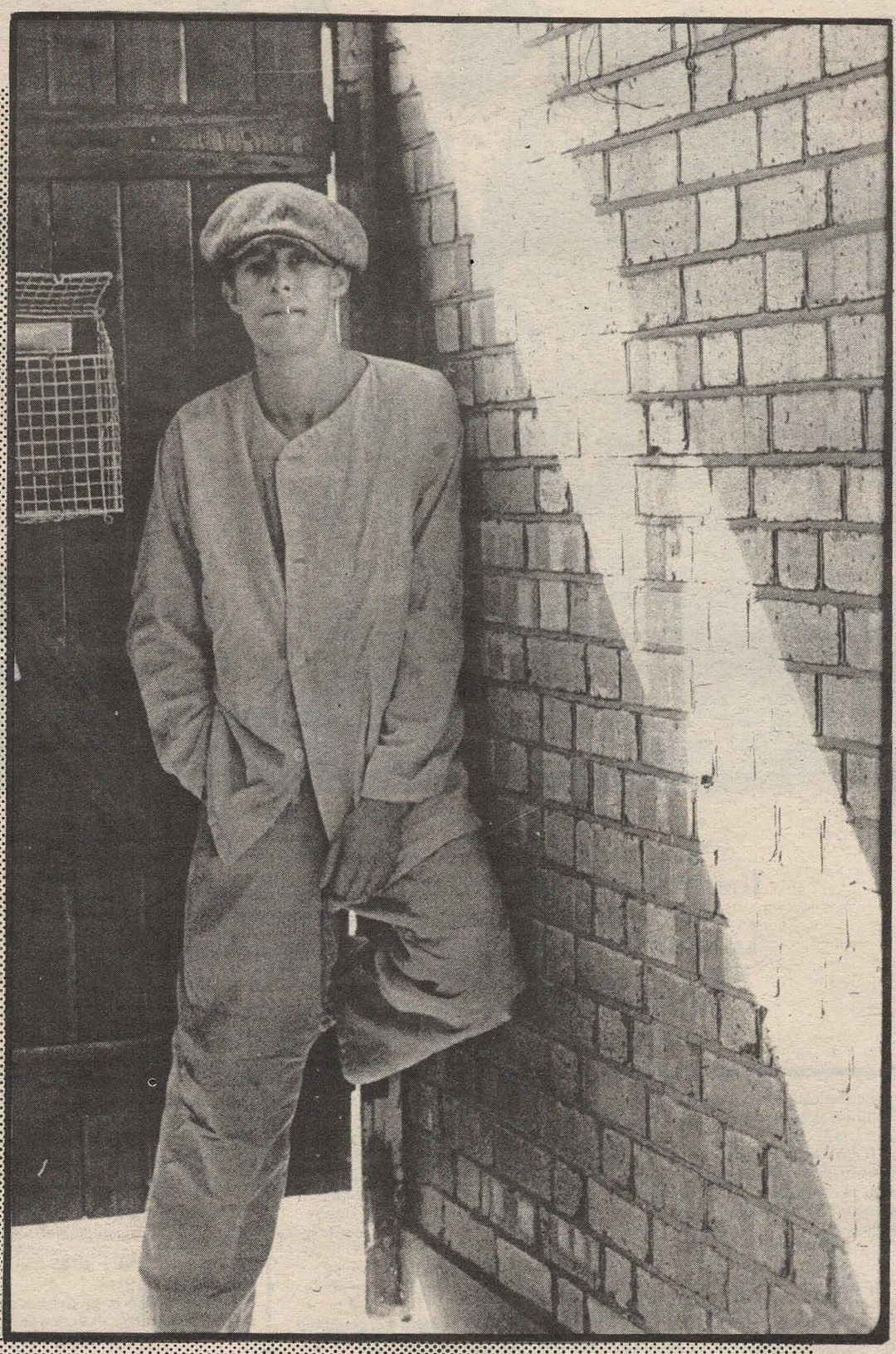
"So alright, you get 'em all goin' 'Sham! Sham!', next thing you know one section shouts Arsenal, another Spurs and 'fore y'know what's happening there's a ruck. All the time at our gigs ya see it. One minute they're all singin' *'If the kids are united, we will never be divided!'* and then it's *'Yooo Cuunntt!!!'*.

"I mean, I know what's real. And then someone'll come up and tell me, 'Oh Jim, it's nice to see you bringing all these people together . . .' Together! They can't have been to some of our gigs!

"'Course, the latest thing is how tough we all are. 'Oooh, don't fuck with Sham, they'll kill ya . . .' Us! Could you see us doin' anybody!

"It's stories like that that get all the nutcases coming to our gigs. Up north we get loads of disco kids who're gonna try to make us drop dead. An' it's such a great feelin' to see 'em all gradually get into it and just move and make a racket. Ten times rather that, than a mob of robots jumpin' and spitting as soon as you walk out, cos you know they do that to every band that play there, and to me all that prepared posing ain't what it's all about at all.

"That's why I reckon all the other groups are dropping off like flies. They were all into having their little followings and playing safe gigs. I remember Billy Idol struttin' around the Roxy and treating us like a shower of shit. 'Oh, we'll try and fit you on our bill, who are you? Give 'em a fiver . . .' Well, look at his mob now — they dunno what to do next . . ."



"If you want me copper . . .

Photography: PENNIE SMITH

WHAT ARE SHAM 69 gonna do next?

"Well, I can't write any more songs saying what a bad time we're all havin', an' that's a fact. I wanna try an' get across a bit of humour before I get buried under all this social bullshit. It was gettin' to the point where I'd feel obliged to write social lyrics just because I thought it was expected of me. No, I wanna do a bit more like 'Sunday Morning Night' — something that'll mean something to the people we play to. Cos 'Nightmare' is like that. Not the *Saturday Night Fever* type discos, I mean real ones . . ."

"I been drinkin' too many pints of lager/
I been seen in too many bleedin' fights/
I came home with sick all over me trousers/
I came home with love bites down my neck.
It's a Sunday Mornin' Nightmare . . ."

"Mind you, when we go to places like Switzerland the words don't mean tuppence. They say 'O yer, we know what it's all about' and then they'll sing 'Fuck All' while we're doin' 'Rip Off' and 'George Davis' during 'Angels' ..."

He laughs loud at the memory and falls back on his settee. ". . . I dunno . . . what is this lark all about? ..."

One place that won't be singin' any Sham words for a while is the fabulous U.S. of A. No Ma'am, the land of the dollar bill and little brain has washed its hands of the sons of Hersham Green. How did that hit ya Jim?

"Couldn't give two fucks . . ."

Simple as that?

"Simple as that, mate . . . I've written a song about it though . . ."

"They wanted us to go to New York City/
But the Embassy man said O what a pity/
We don't like the things you done in the past/
I said never mind mate (clap clap clap)
Carry on smokin' the grass . . ."

"But straight up, I don't even think about it."

He means it too. The only angle of it that causes any concern to him is that anyone should fall for all that 'tough ex con' line.

"Yeah, people love to think we're all killers," he stutters a laugh like a motor boat. "Could you imagine Dordie as a killer?"

Ah, Dordie Mark Cain, Aka the Kaka Man! The nineteen year old Sham drummer who as far as anyone knows has never said a word. It was Dordie who when filling in his passport form put under 'Any Distinguishing Features', 'brushed back hair'.

It's a ridiculous fact that during the last three quarters of a year Sham 69 have only rehearsed twice. They row a fair deal (in a Nottingham hotel once, the assembled diners and dickie bowed waiters were treated to Jim and bass player Dave rolling around the floor playing the age old game of 'I'm gonna rip you to shreds you prat'. The row, in fact was over whether they should 'take liberties' with Polydor's expenses in paying for the food, but they only row as much as you and your mates would (. . about that fiver John . .).

And ya won't find Sham 69 at *those* parties, the music biz liggerama type . . .

"Ooooh no thanks, that's for Japan and all that mob.

"So and so was seen here and all that crap. I tell ya when Polydor wanted to have one to launch 'Angels', we said OK but we'll have sausage and potatoes and that's it. Weren't a gimmick, it's just all them poncy businessmen can have it our way if they want it at all. I think it cost about thirty bob. But you get do's like that Sire one where they had thousands of pounds spent on grub alone," (which was nauseatingly dyed), "and silly free gifts and groups playing for the chosen ones.

"And then they turn round and tell ya records are going up again! This whole fuckin' show is run for the poncy few . . ."

SUDDENLY THE name of Lydon pops up. And thereby hangs a tale.

The *NME* gave Rotten a whole pile of singles to review. A few actually were deemed worthy of a couple of words, but whether they got the nod or not, our pal Johnny carefully scored razor marks across some and cigarette burns onto others before giving them back. Any of you independents been wondering where the singles you sent us disappeared? Well Johnny didn't like them, see. Give that man a paper hat.

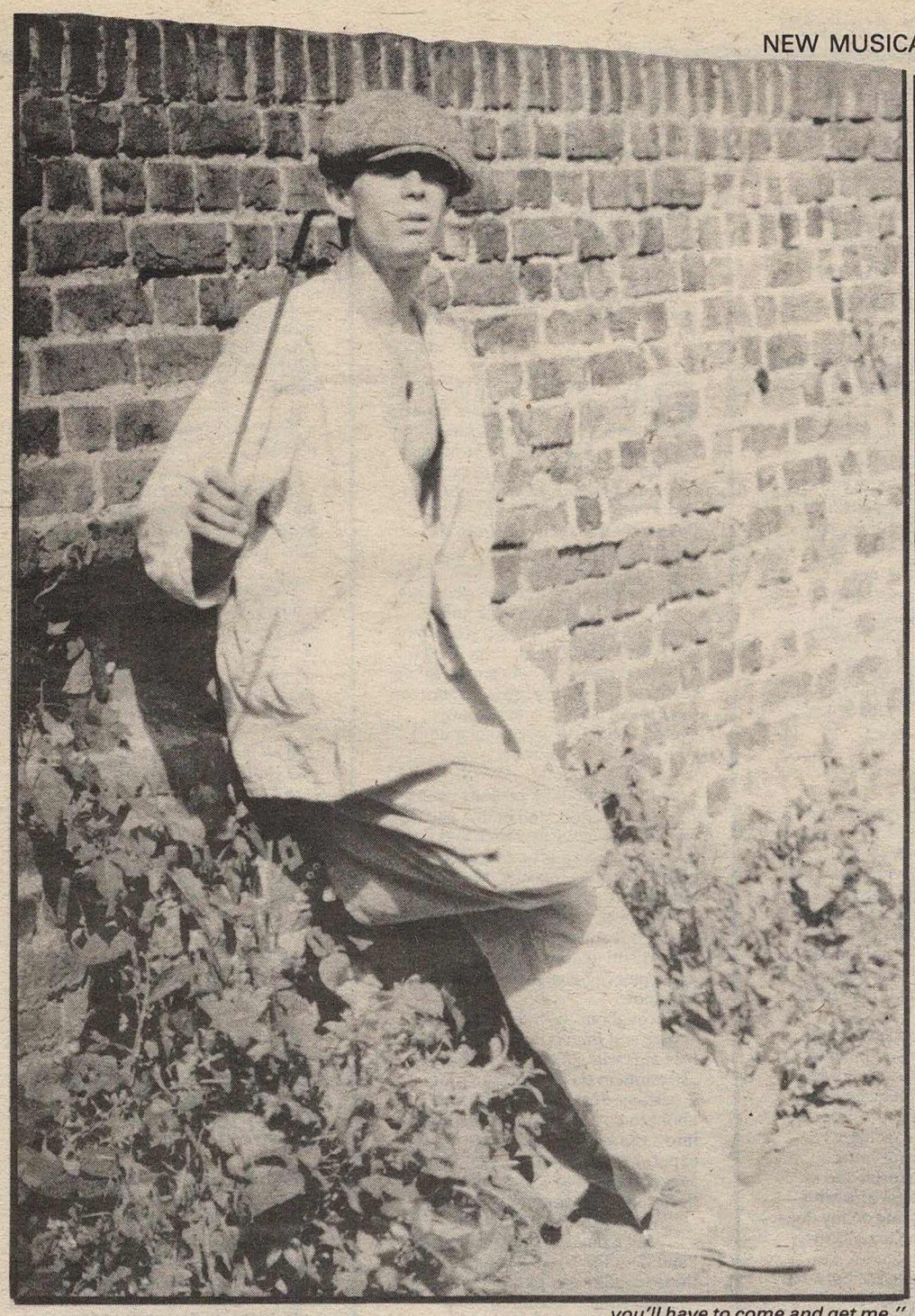
"Ah he's a prat . . . all this talk of 'Oh I can't play anywhere . . .' is bollocks. There's stacks of places he can pop along to. He is just so much of a star he couldn't bear to support anyone, he's Johnny Rotten so he thinks he's entitled to walk over everyone and like the boss's son start at the top."

The look of bewilderment and disgust on Jim's face prompts me to ask something I thought was on the cards a month or so back.

How close are you to jacking it in? I enquire.

"Sometimes . . . quite a lot, I think I'm gonna walk into Polydor and go 'That's mine and that's mine. Thanks a lot, see ya.' But people think that for some reason I couldn't do that. Let me say now that I don't need music one fakkin bit. Not a bit.

"Danny, I could earn better money on the site, so don't anyone say I'm in love with this shithouse. I've got this flat, me dog, me minah bird and I could open the window right now and go . . ." A firm two fingers. ". . . but I'd let a fuckin' lot of people down though . . . an' I s'pose that's it really. It gets to building up and up all looking for this kinda father figure to go 'Come on under my wings kids', and it don't matter what is real . . . just the image of Sham 69.



. . . you'll have to come and get me."

"They've put me here but tried to make it seem as if I'm a fakkin leader or somefin."
JIMMAAAYYYSYLDRRRR!!

CLASH COME back on for their second encore with Steve Jones and Pursey in tow.
"There's Jimmy Sham!"
"Who's the uvva bloke?"
"Fuck knows . . ."
Star quality that hangs on his back like a sack of potatoes sometimes, Jim goes spare and turns in a "White Riot" fit to bust. Earlier that night I'd seen the same devotion and passion spurring on a greyhound that must have had three legs. Same passion alright, but these days it's getting easier to see where Jimmy Pursey is more at home.

Before this spout I hadn't seen Jim for around five months. During that period the Sham 69 logo has appeared on walls, in toilets, on the back of jackets on London Transport and all over the Silwood Estate Bermondsey. I'd heard them described as everything from 'pathetic' to 'the business' until one of my mates, who is as aware of rock music as he is of open heart surgery, came up with the perfect Sham vision.
"Sham 69?" he pondered, "Oh they're the treatment, a right punch up the trousers."
The thought had crossed my mind that after adulation, Polydor and *TOTP*, a band can change. Certainly from the (not inconsiderable) press coverage it seemed as though the group were beginning to take all the prattle aimed at them seriously, and sure enough until the day when papers are sold as cassettes, Pursey will always read badly. Always turning the other cliche.

It is stone true to say that Sham 69, as people, are the same now as they were this time last year. Sham 69 as a band, however, are showing some strain from what the public eye has heaped on them. Jim says how he would love to write lighter songs about discos, clubs, and sex. All the time he knows what he has said and done in the past is making him feel obliged forever to make slogans. Another chant.

No longer is his heart in tearing down the walls of Westminster, but the rubber stamp is not going to wash off easily.

The Shams will always be worth anyone's night out, always a hundred per cent genuine, always the best to drink with. Don't be surprised if they are around for the next decade, but don't get upset if they decide to stack their hand.

LAST WORDS.
"We're gonna have a great time at Readin' soon. A right laugh. I don't think we've ever done a gig that ain't bin. I s'pose sooner or later it won't be like this anymore . . . but at the moment whether it's *Top Of The Pops* or Walton Hop, you've got to keep in mind what a load of old bollocks everything is. In the end I've got to think that or else it's Jim going berserkers . . ."
Whatever way, they are entirely their own bosses. Yeah, really.
Like my grandad used to say:
"They got nothing more to live up to . . ."
But Sham stop laughin'?
FAT CHANCE.

"N[illegible] place you've got here guvnor. Hang on, what am I saying, I LIVE here!"
L to r: Dare Treganna, Andy Capp, Dave Parsons, Mark Cain.

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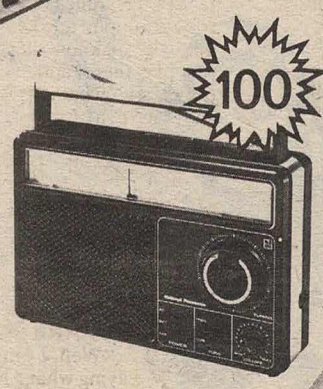

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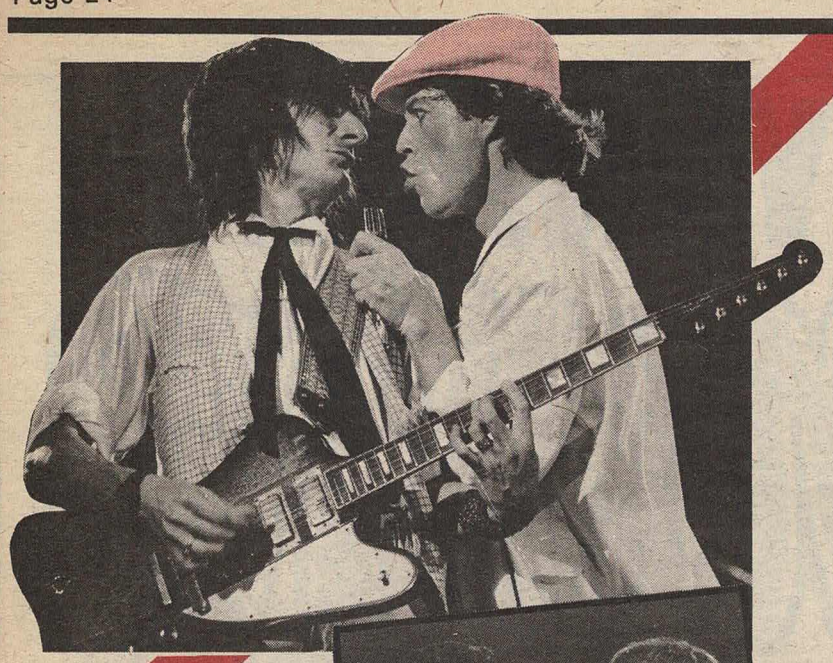


HOSH

CONTRARY TO LEGEND, out on the road The Rolling Stones attempt to lead as normal a life as one can expect when living out of a suitcase and relying on room service.

Sure, madness abounds, but invariably it's restricted to the periphery.

And there it remained when the Stones hit New Orleans for The Big One — in excess of 80,000 kids under the roof of the breath-taking Superdome, for what turned out to be the biggest-ever indoor concert staged in entertainment history. Well over one million greenbacks were grossed at the box office, whilst untold thousands were exchanged at street level: over 10,000 bootlegged T-shirts were seized in one raid alone.

DAYS BEFORE the actual event, jet-loads of fans poured into New Orleans from neighbouring states, giving local and national radio and television stations an excuse to whip up the excitement. And it seemed that with few exceptions, *every* ticket-holder had what they assumed to be a *logical* excuse to drop by the hotel to parley with the Stones.

The Stones were booked into the Royal Orleans under pseudonyms, but that was no real obstacle to the more enterprising gate-crashers.

Like a chump, I checked in under my real name and, as a result, received all the weird calls , the propositions, the sob-stories and at 3am one morning a dozen kids with three cans of beer banging on my door shouting, "We've come to par-rrttty — go and get Mick!"

One young lady insisted, "I'm not a groupie, but I just gotta get my picture taken with Mick to take back home and show my five-year-old son. You see, the Stones are his *whole* life!" Another, also disclaiming groupie affiliations, stated, "Both my friend and I have driven 2,000 miles to get here. We've got no place to sleep — can we use your room? We're not leaving until we've met Mick and Keith and we don't care what we have to do." There were no takers.

The reasons were as varied as they were exotic. "I'm really Ruby Tuesday!" claimed one Southern Belle.

ON THE ROAD, The Rolling Stones run a tight ship: strictly those people who are directly involved in getting the tour from gig to gig. Organiser Pete Rudge has no room for excess baggage.

Under the ever-watchful eye of Security Director Jim Callaghan, the net is water-tight but low-profile. You won't encounter *any* of the psychopaths that some groups employ to beat the shit out of unwelcome intruders. No sadistic beatings bestowed upon those who won't take no for an answer, even though on numerous occasions the Stones' personal security guards are provoked beyond belief.

Some of the kids who cruise the corridors occasionally get to meet their quarry. After one speechless fan got to have a polaroid taken with Charlie Watts, he turned to his friends and after some considerable time managed to blurt, "It was . . . it was . . . it was as big a thrill as when I shook hands with . . . with . . . with *Edgar Winter!*"

Charlie Watts was unavailable for comment.

However, none of the Stones are confined to their rooms. Mick went down the Old French Market, Bill Wyman (when not having hospital treatment for a stage injury), took in the town with his good lady Astrid, and one memorable evening, Keith Richard, Ronnie Wood, yours truly and a few friends checked out Clarence 'Frogman' Henry at a famed Bourbon Street corner bar called La Strada.

Amongst the off-duty siliconed strippers and on-duty transvestite hookers ("who're just dyin' to meet ya") who dropped by La Strada for one-for-the-road, a bunch of clean-cut college kids suddenly wandered in and peered into the gloom.

"Hey!" said a toothy, pony-haired co-ed, pulling at the sleeve of her escort, "isn't that The Rolling Stones sitting over there by the juke-box?"

"No," he replied after scanning the faces, "The Stones wouldn't be hangin' out in a cheesey joint like this!" and left in search of some *real* action.

La Strada became the Stones' semi-regular haunt and also that of Bruce Springsteen's E Street Band.

BACK IN room 401 at the Royal Orleans, Keith Richard spent most of his waking hours entertaining friends like The Meters and listening to his cache of reggae tapes, Chuck Berry Chess out-takes and a number of tracks which no doubt will find their way onto the *next* Stones album.

As usual, the lamps are diffused by scarves and the walls festooned with photographs, a Union Jack and a large blow-up of Mick and Keith on stage with just screams to be used for either a poster or album cover. In one corner, a hospitality table, in another a couple of Boogie practice amps, guitars and travel cases overspilling with clothes. A veritable home-from-home.

Keith and I talked casually over a three-day period, and on the day they were due to move on, Mick and Keith managed to dash off a new song before finishing this marathon interview.

Keith was wearing his favourite green, red and yellow "Soon Come" T-shirt and denims, Mick a T-shirt and a pair of beige pants. Both were barefoot.

Throughout the interview, both Jagger and *friends* managed to drench his pants with all manner of liquid refreshment on no less than four occasions. Just before they were about to be herded out of the hotel, into a car and out the airport by an expert in such matters, Alan Dunn, Jagger jumped to his feet and declared: "I'm gonna have a wash".

"What with?" asked Dunn.

"With a flannel," Jagger retorted, "and then I'm gonna change out of these bleedin' wet pants!"

"Into what?" enquired Dunn coolly.

"Into a fresh pair of pants!"

"You'll be lucky," came the reply. "All your clothes are packed and already on the plane."

By ROY CARR

ROY CARR: Looking back over the years, it would appear that The Rolling Stooes always work best under intense pressure?

Keith Richard: Most people do and that's very true of the Stones.

But you can't deny the fact that overall, "Some Girls" is by far the best Stones album since "Exile On Main Street"?

Yeah . . . I guess you're right. We were feeling a little under pressure to come out with something different . . . or the same . . . or whatever.

The real difference for us was cutting "Some Girls" without having any other musicians present — any other musicians that we did use were only called in later to contribute specific extras. For a change, this album was purely our own affair.

Sure, we over-dubbed a couple of things later, but the actual record and the overall feel depended entirely on the five of us. And that kinda made us work even harder at it. There was more incentive.

Does that mean that when you've added Billy Preston and brass to the basic line-up, subconsciously you've unloaded some of the pressures?

Yeah. Half of it just could be that, and also someone like Billy Preston is such a genius . . . so used to working in the studio and so quick with it . . . that if he's in the studio when you're cutting a track — as opposed to over-dubbing his part much later — you find that on the playback you're often following Billy's lead before we, as a band, have had sufficient time to work specific things out for ourselves.

Leon Russell often has that same effect on the musicians he works with. He may only be present as a sideman, but he'll re-direct sessions towards his own particular style?

Correct. Not that they do it intentionally, but it's true. Musicians like Billy and Leon are so strong that they impose their own musical identity on another artist's session.

Last year many New Wave bands were viciously slagging off the likes of The Rolling Stones and The Who for allegedly being over-the-hill and obsolete . . .

Well, now most of them know what it's like!

Taking that kind of adverse criticism into account, you were virtually obliged to deliver a killer album or face the consequences.

Well, the fact that we did deliver . . hold on, we didn't *feel* that we were going into the studio under that sort of pressure, 'cause we always try to make a good album. Whether or not an album hits the right spark is another thing entirely.

Well then, do you feel that perhaps The Rolling Stones had become a trifle lazy?

No. I read all those reviews that insist that "Some Girls" is the best Stones album since "Exile On Main Street" — but you remember what that very same reviewer wrote about "Exile" when that first came out. He slagged it off unmercifully. As you're aware, "Exile" took a long time for a lotta people to really get into.

Right, but the fact remains that "Some Girls" is very accessible. In the traditional sense of the meaning, it's an extremely good pop album. Like it contains four or five killer cuts which could make it as singles.

Sure. Personally I don't particularly wanna milk this album for singles. But you're right. Potentially there are at least three strong singles on it. So I wouldn't mind pulling off another track . . . two at the very most, then follow through with a brand new one.

We've already got a few things finished and mixed, because the ten tracks on "Some Girls" comprise the bare minimum. In actual fact we recorded something like 42 tracks in Paris, and though some of it isn't finished it all has the same basic feel.

So what about Paris tracks like "Fiji Gin", "Hang Fire", "So Young", "I Can't Help It", "I Need You" and "Rotten Roll"?

"Rotten Roll" was the working title for "Before They Make Me Run". There's also a really good finished track called "Everything's Turning To Gold", and both "Hang Fire" and "So Young" are mixed and ready. I'll play 'em to you later so as you can see what I mean about the same basic feel.

(He did. He was right. Any of the tracks would have complemented the new album and bode well for the next.)

There's an immediacy about "Some Girls" (and the out-takes) that suggest the basic tracks were recorded very quickly?

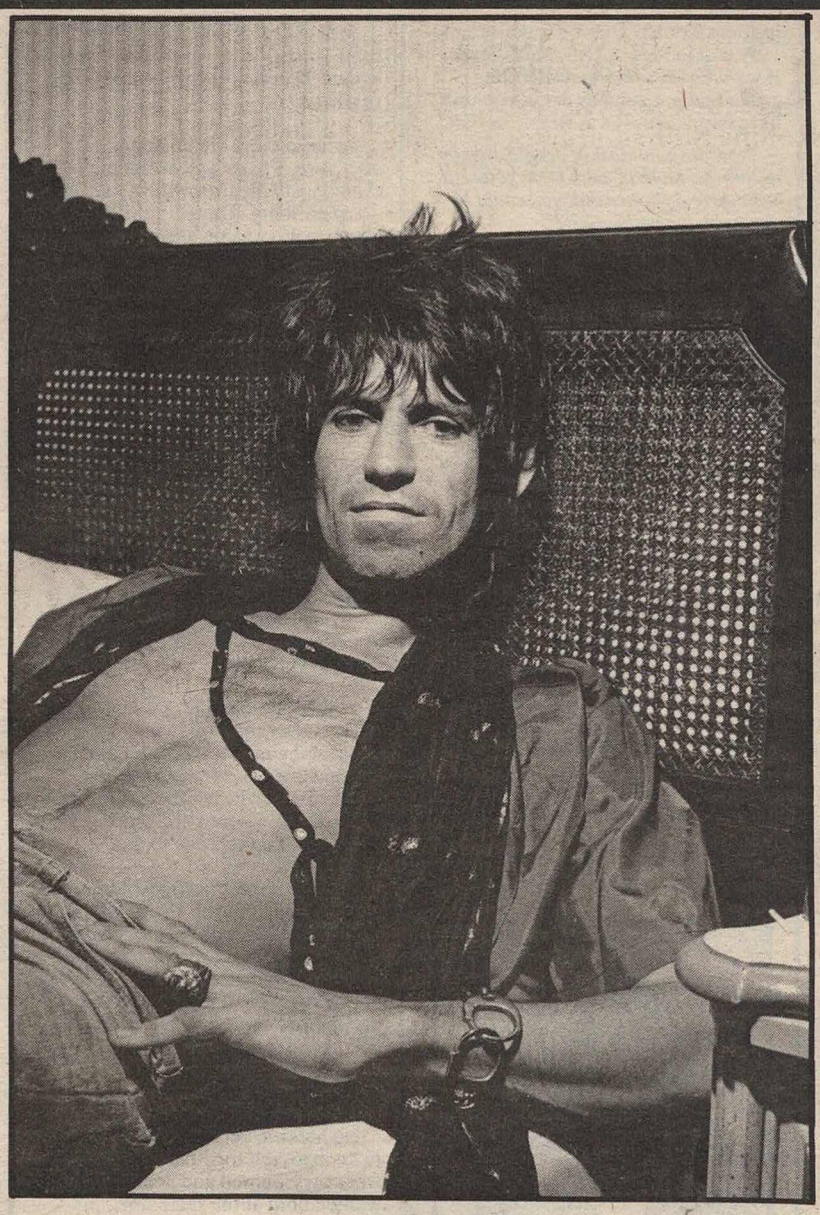
All but one track, "Far Away Eyes", were cut before Christmas and we started the sessions at the beginning of last November. That includes rehearsing . . . I mean, we took a month off just playing together before we actually commenced laying down backing tracks.

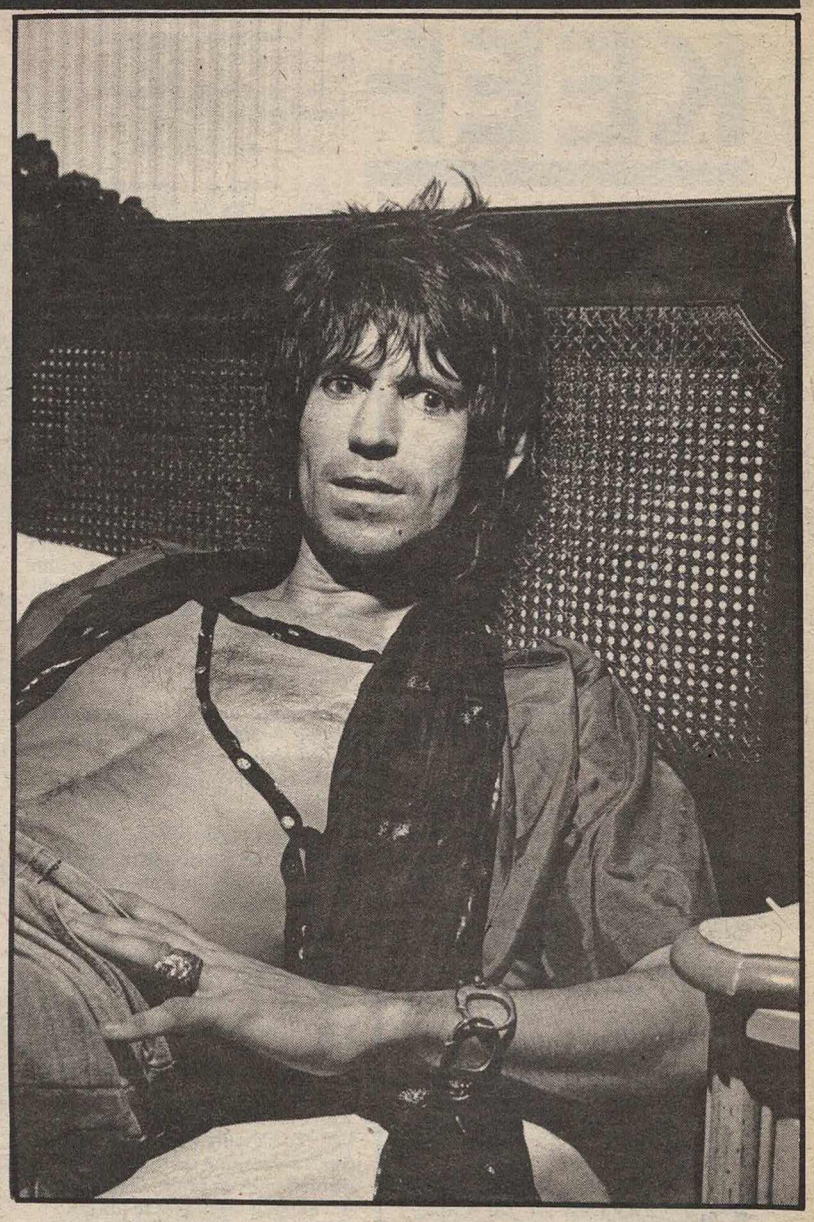
Over the last few years there've been tales of the Stones being incarcerated in the studio for months on end. Was the actual process of making records becoming increasingly drawn out?

Let's put it this way. The more musicians you use the longer it takes. The bigger the band the slower the process. Without any conscious effort, this time around we stripped things right down to the bare bones.

Also, you have to remember that

Pictures by CHALKIE DAVIES





"I'VE ONLY FALLEN OVER TWICE IN FIFTEEN GIGS ..."

THE KEITH RICHARD INTERVIEW

this is the first album proper that Ronnie Wood has cut with the Stones. Luckily, unlike Mick Taylor's introduction where he came straight in and began recording, Woody and I have enjoyed two years on the road which has enabled the both of us to really get our thing together.

*To his credit, Ronnie Wood has managed to integrate into The Rolling Stones' image without any problems. On the other hand Mick Taylor was always regarded as a guitarist **with** The Rolling Stones as opposed to **a** Rolling Stone?*

I know what you mean. Soundwise, I could never integrate with Mick Taylor the way I do with Woody . . . And that has got nothing at all to do with how good a guitarist Mick is . . . it's just other elements.

Ten different guitarists can pick up the same guitar, plug into the same amp, and you'll find that without exception they all sound different.

It seems Ronnie hasn't allowed himself to become intimidated or awe-struck by joining the Stones?

Well, it was much more of a gradual process than a split-second decision. It was by pure accident that I started helping Woody out on his first solo album. . . went over to his place one day to do an over-dub and stayed three months.

YOU ONCE SAID that when a person reaches the age of 33 he undergoes a traumatic experience which often re-shapes the rest of his life. Many align 33 to the belief that Jesus Christ was that age when he died.

Originally that was just an overall observation. I went through it and didn't feel anything in particular . . . (long pause) . . . I dunno though . . . I was 33 last year and the effect has taken a few months to make itself felt. There was that whole Toronto incident and at the end of that I just knew I had to finish with dope. So I guess I did undergo something of a traumatic experience at 33 . . .

Be that as it may, you're looking obscenely healthy for a change?

Well, it hasn't done me any harm. And I was on and off junk for ten years. But — and I wanna make this clear — that doesn't prescribe it for anybody else.

Which brings me to the Big One. What cure did you undergo?

The same one as Eric (Clapton) . . .

Acupuncture?

Electro-acupuncture . . . it's so simple it's not true. But as to whether or not they'll ever let people know about it is another thing!

How does it work?

What can I tell you about it . . ? To begin with, I can't tell you how it works because ***they don't even know for sure. All they know is that it does work.*** It's a little metal box with leads that clip on to your ears, and in two or three days . . . which is the worst period for kickin' junk . . . in those 72 hours it leaves your system.

Is that all?

More or less. Actually, you should be incredibly sick, but for some reason you're not. Why? I dunno, 'cause all it is is a very simple electronic nine-volt battery-run operation.

So what happens after those crucial 72 hours?

Well then, it's all up to you.

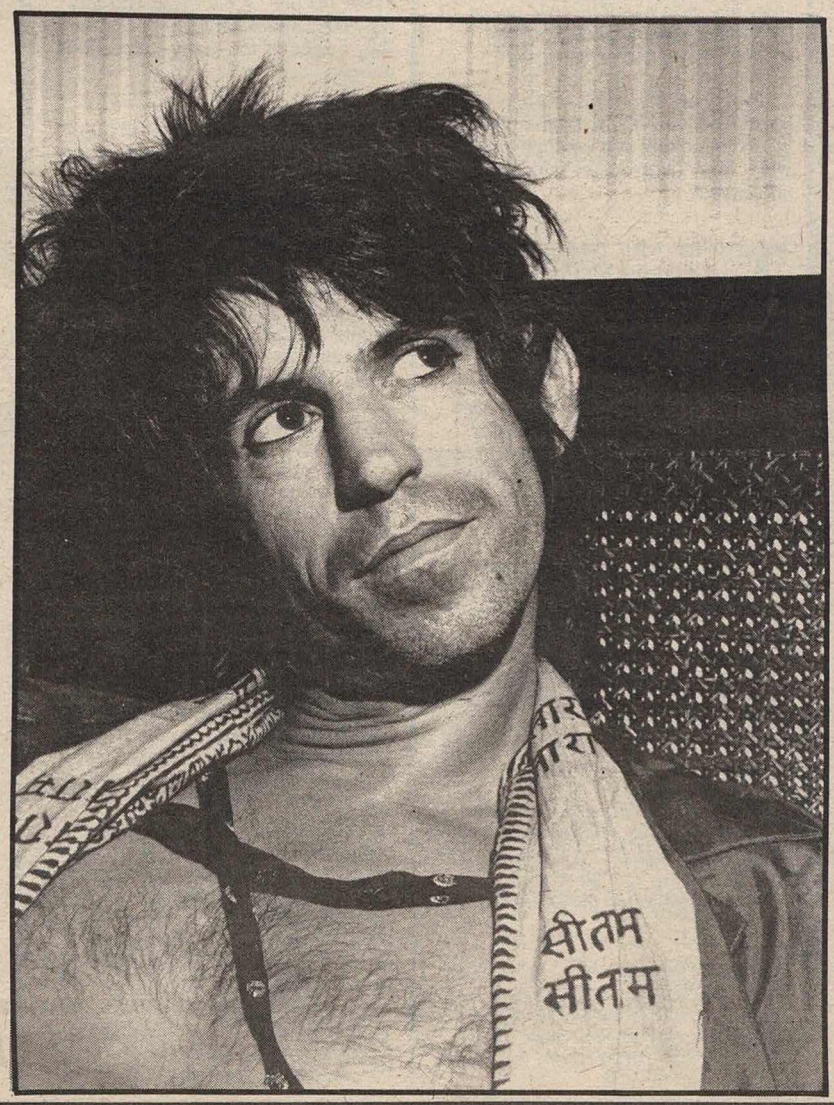
Any usual withdrawal symptoms and after-effects?

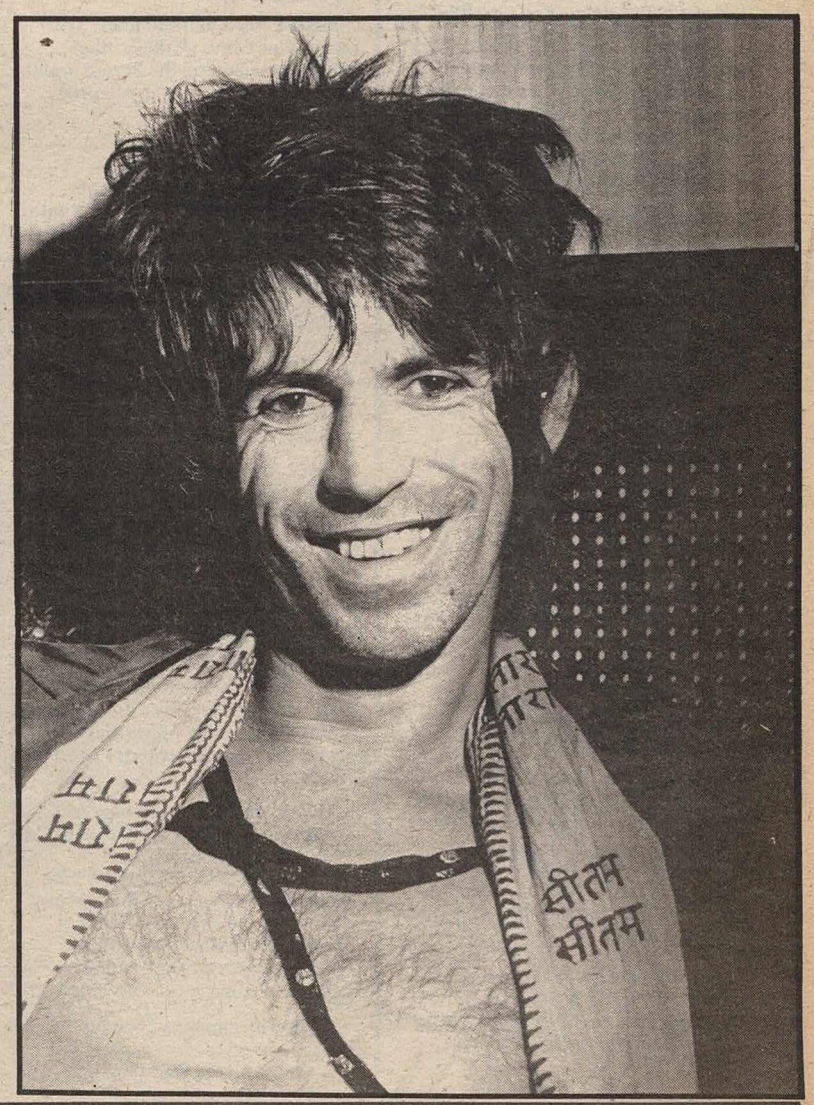
No.

Having been a regular user for ten years, how does it feel to be going on stage each night straight?

Truthfully, it doesn't feel that different to me because I always know what I have to do and what is expected of me. For instance, part of "Some Girls" was made in a totally different condition to what I'm in right now. But yes, I've started to notice the difference more and more since I quit using junk.

■ Continues next page





KEEF

◆ From previous page

The last time I saw the Stones in concert (Earls Court and Knebworth) there were a number of occasions when you appeared to be totally detached from what was going on around you.

Let's put that down to tunnel vision. OK.

There's an immense difference in your present stage presence. Apart from your amazing mobility you really do seem to be enjoying yourself.

Let's say, I play my guitar a lot more than I did!

But it's not just you. The Stones are performing with much more cohesion and energy. The internal communication is quite remarkable. Should someone pull something extraordinary out of the bag everyone is immediately aware of it with eye-to-eye contact?

Yes you're probably right. It's difficult for me to tell because for one thing it's a different band and for me that's one of the biggest turn-ons. But with any tour you invariably reach a point where you become almost automatic, even though there are nights which really turn you on and nights that don't.

Usually, you hit this middle level that you sort of expect and live up to and if it reaches that level then it's OK. You can go home satisfied. But on this tour, every show is different, every show is alive, each one has been a turn-on.

DURING THE '60s The Rolling Stones image was a combination of sex, drugs and violence . . .

Yeah, but the drugs were never really a conscious part of our image. I've never had problems with drugs, only with policemen.

OK, drugs were mentioned in a few songs, but nobody in the band went aroung saying take this or take that. The drugs thing was just an extra side of the image that was forced upon us by political circumstances or whatever . . .

. . .As I was going to say, after Altamont, the violent aspect was promptly phased out leaving Mick to become the unisex symbol — a sort of Brigitte Bardot of rock'n'roll . . .

. . . (laughs) yeah, in a way . . .

. . . whilst you made the stance of being 'elegantly wasted' almost chic and as a result spawned a whole legion of Keith Richard look-a-likes. Do you feel you fell victim to your own image?

Ummm . . . I never felt under any pressures . . . you've got a particular image and people kinda expect you to live up to it . . . to a certain extent, yeah, I suppose I did try and live up to that image because I continued getting very wasted.

You must have been aware that in the rock press you were an odds-on favourite as rock'n'roll's next celebrity casualty?

Oh Yeah, I know that.

Were such presumptions correct?

No.

Why not?

Because, despite everything, I'm a survivor. I know that for various reasons rock'n'roll has a very high fatality rate. It used to be plane crashes. Then it was wicked management. More recently it has been drug overdoses. A lotta my best friends, like Gram Parsons, went that way and Gram was supposed to have cleaned up when he died.

Did the tragic death of friends like Gram Parsons motivate you in any way to kick your habit?

In a way, yes. Although I don't particularly blame junk for some of their deaths — simply because they would have done it on something else. Like Brian (Jones) always used to say, "I'll not make it much beyond 30", and Gram Parsons also had that kind of thing about it.

Do you think there's almost a perverse romantic death-wish flirtation that revolves around the cliches, Live Fast - Die Young - Have A Good Looking Corpse?

Most certainly, but these guys really mean it.

Did you ever have that kind of obsession?

No . . . definitely not.

So how did you cope with keeping it together for ten years?

I can only suppose that I possess the kind of mentality and psychological make-up that could handle it.

Ignoring your once-familiar aura of being elegantly wasted, you've always possessed much more intellingence than many people would credit you with. Do you feel that if this had not been the case you might have gone under?

Quite possibly, although I feel it's more instinctive than an actual thought process. It's like people are often driven by certain forces within themselves. They may well be highly intelligent and fully aware of the inevitable results but nevertheless they still succumb to their weaknesses.

However, around the time you were getting regularly busted you were openly contemptuous of your predicament, going so far as to joke about it.

I've never taken those things seriously for the simple reason that the actual busts have always been such utter farces.

TO WAKE UP with 15 Mounties standing around your bed after they've spent an hour trying to wake you up . . . like they can't even wake you up to arrest you.

Twice I've woken up in the same situation — once in Cheyne Walk, with the CID standing around my bed. To actually wake up to it . . . that's something that's indelibly printed on your brain. Other times, it'll happen when you're fully conscious, but to actually wake up and discover the drug squad in your bedroom . . . phew!

What has been the general attitude of various narc squads when busting you?

The English . . . let's call it politely sarky. Like, "'Ello Keithy my boy . . . old lad . . . old chum . . . you know the rules of the game!" A bit like that. Very buddy-buddy, but we're still gonna do ya. They always over-act, always over-do things and now that I've managed to start beating their raps . . .

The thing in France has now been quashed . . . the first two or three have been taken care of and I'll take care of them because it was just the way that it was handled.

Do you still feel a marked man, because wherever you go there's always going to be someone whe wants to make a name for themselves by busting a Rolling Stone?

Sure, I feel a marked man. You mean, how come all these other people have busted the Stones and the American police — who are pretty sharp — haven't?

Yes!

I'm very lucky that I've never encountered any real problems with the American police. I think it's because they are now starting to understand. They realise what happened to Brian — which was nothing more than sheer persecution.

Concerning Brian, Mick insists that it was a systematic campaign of continual harassment?

It was disgusting. Vicious.

Mick also claimed that it was the authorities who were as much to blame for Brian's death as anything else?

Absolutely. That's quite true.

Well then, couldn't this similar chain of circumstances have had the some fatal repercussions on you?

No. Because I've always had a totally different mentality to Brian's. Poor old Brian let it get to him, which is exactly what the authorities wanted. As far as I was concerned, I just said "Fuck 'em".

When you toured the States in 1975, it was common knowledge that various Police Departments planned "Welcoming Committees" with the result that both you and Ronnie were arrested by the Highway Patrol in Fordyce, Arkansas, for reckless driving and possessing an offensive weapon — a seven-inch hunting knife?

That only happened because we left the scheduled tour. If Woody and I had stayed on the tour then that little incident wouldn't have happened, and I say that in Peter's (Rudge) defence. If we'd flown with the rest of the group and not gone by car it wouldn't have happened. It's as simple as that.

As quite a number of people drop by your hotel room in each town you visit, isn't there a chance that you could be set up for a possible bust?

Those kinda things are set up at a much higher level than that. Anyway, even people I know extremely well don't come to my hotel room door without first passing through our own security.

With the outcome of the Toronto incident still unresolved, have you contemplated the thought that you might actually go to jail?

As you must appreciate, at this particular time it's a very sensitive subject and therefore, I really cannot talk candidly about Canada. However, I've got a totally different attitude towards it . . . what can we call it, "An Old Man's Revenge!" . . . No, 'er . . . I dunno . . . No, I haven't contemplated the outcome because I don't think they've got the case to do it. I really can't say any more.

In June 1967 you spent a night in Wormwood Scrubs. What was it like?

Horrifying. But once you know what it's like you're prepared.

Pic: CHALKIE DAVIS

"Keith and I are two of the, you know, nicest people we know . . ."

For most of your life you've led a very free rock 'n' roll lifestyle, so the possibility of being incarcerated in prison must be quite frightening?

I'd say my lifestyle is one of semi-freedom. It's freedom in one way but looking at it another way, what other people have that I don't is anonymity.

THERE ARE TIMES when I could cry out for that kind of everyday freedom. I can never remain anonymous — that's the reason why I've been picked up by the police so many times.

Immediately after that period when you were busted in quick succession, did you feel that whatever you did there was someone lurking in the shadows waiting for you to make a wrong move?

Yes, and that's the way they get you. And if you worry about it you're finished. That's what happened to Brian.

In one interview you intimated that all Police Departments are corrupt?

Yes, in one way or another, but not always in the obvious way.

But if a kid on the streets had been busted by the narc squad as many times as Keith Richard, he'd have been sent down long ago. He wouldn't be able to move around the States as freely as you do.

And, he probably wouldn't have been picked up by the police as many times as I have. If he had then he'd have been a lot more un-cool than I've been and, furthermore, he would have invited trouble.

O.K. But with your reputation how come you can move around so freely without being picked up — if only on suspicion?

Because there are no drawn lines over here. Things and attitudes are changing all the time which, in a way, is a good thing. There's a difference between what some people want, what public and social conscience demands and what the courts are trying to do.

That may be true, but things really haven't changed all that much, In many areas, The Rolling Stones are still bad news.

Sure, but *they* still wanted us to come here and tour. And as far as the US Immigration Authorities are concerned, they've implemented what they term a *discretionary law.*

Has the fact that you volunteered to undertake a drug cure programme in America proved beneficial in taking off some of the heat?

Without a doubt. Because they let me into the States to do it . . . it was great of them, even though I'm not blinded by it . . . it was probably political — a new administration that wants to show a new and more understanding attitude to the problem.

And, as far as I'm concerned, the timing just happened to be right. The fact is, that before Toronto it was extremely difficult for me to get into the States, but afterwards . . . after taking the cure, it has proved to be much more easy. Furthermore, it has been good for me.

No more hassles?

No hassles, because I've managed to keep myself together. I've done what they wanted and done what I wanted both at the same time.

Like I said, you can see the improvement?

(Laughs) No make-up!

And you only fell over once in St. Louis.

I've only fallen over twice in 15 gigs . . . (laughs) but still kept playing.

Can't be bad?

Could be some kind of a record!

Last year a number of British punk bands delighted in putting The Rolling Stones down. However, Stateside the New Wave still showed respect, going as far as to publicly acknowledge both their influential and inspirational debt.

In America they kept the line going, whereas in England it seemed that the one and only objective was to break the line. Well, there's no way they're gonna achieve that because they've got far too many connections with us.

MANY OF the English punk records sound like our early records, and that sound is very hard to achieve nowadays. But it seems to be the sound many of them were aiming for.

We did them on a two-track Revox in a room insulated with egg cartons at Regent Sound. Under those primitive conditions it was easy to make that kind of sound, but hard to make a much better one. Today the new bands are having to work against environment, sophisticated technology . . . 24 track studios.

So, what happens is that you end up with someone like Glen Matlock — who in terms of songs has been one of the biggest forces behind the English punk movement — bringing Ian McLagen into The Rich Kids' line-up. So, straight away, there's a direct connection with The Small Faces.

Like I said, there's no way you're gonna break those connections . . . that line. Sure, you do get concerted efforts like The Sex Pistols, but that was studied. It was as much Malcolm McLaren as Andrew Oldham was our early high-powered publicist.

McLaren's a smart cookie. He pushed Rotten as a fourth generation singer-you-love-to-loathe Jaggeresque figure, and it paid dividends. But in terms of publicity, his coup was installing Sid Vicious in something resembling your role — wasted public enemy number one.

Yet they tried to pretend that they weren't. Unfortunately for The Sex Pistols, it all happened much too early in the band's career. Things escalated so quickly. It's no wonder they found it impossible to hold things together.

It was a shame it happened like that because I'm very interested to see what Johnny Rotten does. I really do think he's a good performer. The only problem is, he's now in the unenviable position of trying to follow himself. How do you follow The Sex Pistols? Like Mick Taylor, I'd be very surprised if Rotten's new band ever gets out of the studio and onto the road. Nevertheless, I hope he makes it.

To a point, McLaren's strategy worked in that it gained The Sex Pistols instant notoriety, but in other ways they suffered from the kind of cheap sensationalist publicity that was more concerned with their personal exploits than with their music.

Sure it was sensationalised . . . wasn't ours? Once it comes it comes . . . cheap, expensive, mid-priced, jumbo-sized and you do what you do and that's all there is to it. The last story I heard about Rotten was really great — that he was taking a fiver off everybody who interviewed him, because he claimed McLaren's got all the money!

Charlie Watts has been quoted as saying: "If you want to talk about The Rolling Stones you should talk to Keith, who, I think embodies the whole Rolling Stones image. I'm not saying he puts it in on or anything — he just is that image". Most people would agree on that score . . . so how do you react when you see someone like, say, Patti Smith going to extreme lengths to subjugate her own personality and project herself as a painfully earnest female Keith Richard?

As far as chicks are concerned I'm very easy on 'em. Take it from me, it's very difficult to be a chick singer . . . a rock 'n' roll performer. Once they get started there's a certain amount of pressure, a certain amount of bullshit that goes down and you find that it's very hard to avoid it. O.K. so in a way Patti Smith plays up to it a bit . . . the only thing of her's that I've really heard is this fast thing . . . the single "Because The Night" . . . and apart from the image angle and the publicity I haven't really taken any notice of her.

But you must pick up rock magazines, watch television and see yourself cloned time-and-time again by kids you've never ever met or heard of?

You're right. Strange innit?

So is the spikey-haired punk cut, which is a modification of your bird's-nest.

Well, good luck to 'em (laughs).

Not so long ago it was reported in the British press that you'd banned Anita (Pallenberg) from attending punk gigs in New York.

I didn't actually ban her. What I did say was, if you're gonna drop by some clubs to hear bands there's much better music to listen to than that.

But at the same time, through Anita, I met a few young musicians who proved quite interesting to hang out with . . . but it was all typical New York.

However, when the daggers were drawn and the punks were putting in the verbal boot, the Stones didn't compromise themselves — whereas, it seemed Pete Townshend was offering vague excuses, publicly bemoaning the fact that he'd turned 30 and saying that he was afraid that maybe he was out of touch. He felt the need to reply.

The trouble with Pete is he thinks too much.

But Townshend wasn't the only one. Paul McCartney also seemed extremely suspicious of these new kids.

SINCE ROCK 'N' ROLL is only 22 or 23 years old, nobody knows at what age you can't do it any more. Whereas, the artists that we . . . the Stones respect and admire . . . some of the best ones are still going strong. They've still got a lot to offer.

I saw Muddy Waters at The Bottom Line earlier this year and for me it was a revelation. He's still a vital force, and he conducted himself with supreme dignity. He was an object

■ Continues page 33

ALBUMS

JOHNNY WINTER
White, Hot And Blue (Blue Sky Import)

NO DOUBT about it, this man's got it taped.

Any suspicions that Johnny Winter's last album, "Nothin' But The Blues", was so good because of the company he was keeping (James Cotton and The Muddy Waters Band) are blown away by this masterly demonstration of the art.

As if to prove a point, Winter's picked himself a whole new band, entirely unknown to me, and has delivered a set that casually crosses the blues-soaked Waters Band ambience with a mild dose of his old hard rock power — a cross-breed that many have attempted, but few have ever achieved so convincingly.

In fact Winter makes a sizeable nod in the direction of perhaps his most obvious peer, Taj Mahal, by including "E-Z Rider" and "Divin' Duck" as arranged on Taj's debut album. Coincidentally, these two are the closest this album comes to straight hard rock. Winter fires off "Divin' Duck" accompanied only by Bobby Torello on drums, one I.P. Sweat on bass and (maybe) Pat Rush on rhythm guitar. Pat Ramsey is brought in to deliver a harp break on the thunderous "Rider", which is itself par for the course: just Winter and rhythm section with occasional harp embellishment.

Other songs include Little Walter's "Last Night", a casual medium pacer, Jimmy Rodgers' "Walking By Myself", this taken at a rocking gait, Junior Wells' "Messin' With The Kid", powered with the hellfire drive it was intended to have, and three songs by Johnny himself.

Between them all Winter shows himself to be the consummate master of any blues style he chooses, his patch lying principally in downhome country / electric territory: Muddy Waters, Taj Mahal, Jimmy Reed, et al.

There are two odd tracks out. "Nickel Blues" has Winter playing acoustic and joined by his brother Edgar on acoustic piano for a playful duet of traditional duck and drake blues. Meanwhile, Jimmy Reed's "Honest I Do" is simply inspired.

This track epitomises Winter's current account. Intro'd by Ramsey's Reed-squeak harp, the guitars tumble casually into place just the way Reed planned it: a laidback, loving re-creation of the original — until the vocals enter with Winter trying an audacious quasi-Everly Bros harmony that both transforms the song and yet holds it firmly in the grip of blues tradition.

Brilliant, but better is to come. The band pull another variation on the same stunt when they hit the break. Ramsey plays a verse of plaintive Reed harp, reels into another, but this time in his own, full-toned electric style — a switch as complete as it's fitting. And then finally the song (and album) fade on a magical solo by Winter — a solo so fine, so lazy and liquid it should surely break your heart.

Yeah, Johnny Winter does it right.

Phil McNeill

Mr Winter gazes awstruck at new albums logo. *Pic: CHRIS WALTER.*

BLUE DO RIGHT

HERBIE HANCOCK
Sunlight (CBS)
GEORGE DUKE
Don't Let Go (Epic)

ROLY-POLY, jockey Duke gits down to another inflated hee-haw, worth as much of your serious consideration (or money) as any one of a hundred (more) functional disco albums released this year.

Bleep bloop bu-uh-ump-ah; giggle goggle grind yo' ru-uh-ump-ah, George — stuff it up your toga. Simply, degrading.

Serious, smiling, svelte hancock produces oodling, fussy, fizzy limp-noise lawnmower muzak. Nice with spaghetti, but I think he'd like it to be (scream. TAKEN SERIOUSLY. Simply, for people with plastic palms (trees, that is).

Together, contemptible. People have the cheek to put this in JAZZ charts. Take off the JA and arrange ad nauseam . . . ZZ . . . next stop synthesized hairdryers. (Obligatory smart-ass remark: Hancock's album title sounds like a washing up liquid. Funny that 'cos I have this theory that . . .)

Ian Penman

MILLIE JACKSON
Get It Out'cha System (Spring)

MUSIC FOR soul buffs with *Playboy* fantasies?

If you thought Mick Jagger was dumb to write *"black girls just wanna get fucked all night"*, what'll you make of Millie Jackson, who's been conveying that message over four or five albums, and is still playing the Foxy Lady role for all it's worth?

Her new album is the same mixture of torrid, show-biz sexuality and classy rhythm 'n' soul. It's more lively than her two previous efforts, but lacks the emotional force of the "Caught Up" albums.

The, ah, ongoing situation under examination is Millie's relationship with her latest man. On the first side, she's full of aggression and fierce wit as she accuses him of running around, and the music is appropriately raunchy. Side two, though, is overladen with ballads while an unusually quiescent Ms Jackson reflects on how much she needs her man, misses him, would do anything for him, etc.

Amidst this yawn-inducing hokum, there are several good songs. The title track is solid R&B, "Logs And Thangs" is a hilarious (though overlong) rap, full of sexual innuendo, and Bobby Womack's "Put Something Down On It" ends the first side in fine, determined groove. Also worthy of note is a sassy version of the Goffin/King "Here You Come Again" and a pleasantly subtle "Words".

Overall, though, Millie Jackson's album formula is wearing thin. If you're over 30, middle-class and into adultery, maybe you get off on her glossy cataloguing of who's-screwing-who-and-how, complete with melodramatic angst and tedious moralising, but after five albums of it, I'd like to hear about something else.

Her noises about independence and female sexuality are increasingly suspect, too. She's no radical, just an entertainer, and the implicit message of her whole output — stay with the one you're with 'cos otherwise things get too messy — is a thoroughly conservative one.

Laura Lee was singing the same kind of material, equally well, several years ago, and her "Rip Off" remains the most joyous expression of rebellion I've heard from a Soul lady.

So there! I've got it outta *my* system.

Graham Lock

BONEY M
Nightflight To Venus (Atlantic)

IN THE words of the legend inscribed on t-shirts won by WEA pinheads at the time of the Hansaettes' second album, "Love For Sale" — I love Boney M.

To qualify: that is, I'm about one quarter in love with the group — as opposed to being half in love with easeful death — and am not impartial to some of the music thereof, either.

In fact, Boney M have made some of the better modern superpop records, such as suits this man's juke-box mentality, plus two LPs which grace my record deck in certain moods.

"Nightflight To Venus" — the third — is the notable exception. In spite of a few memorable cuts like "Rivers Of Babylon", "Heart Of Gold" and "Brown Girl In The Ring", I can barely stand to listen to this set's overplayed syntheticism, this all masterminded by Hansa's almost human computer Frank "Genuis" Farian.

Side one is mostly unlistenable. The title track describes a series of sub-standard Dr. Who electronics set to a disco beat, and very unpleasantly. Neither are Boney M's reworked "Painter Man" and "King Of The Road" performed to any notably pleasurable effect.

The title for the side's catchiest cut belongs to "Ras Putin", eulogy of a former Russian courtier who, by all accounts, was not as righteous an individaul as Ras Karbi, Ras Keatus I, Ras Tafari, Ras Lydon and such other royal Rases as presently exist. *"Rah-rah-Ras Putin, lover of the Russian queen."* Raas-claat!

The other side — in the words of Dick and Dee Dee — is eminently preferable. It opens with a remix version of "Rivers Of Babylon", to which I am particularly partial, being of the opinion that Boney M are responsible for the most scintillating ever recording of this beautiful song, and one which I enjoy far in excess of The Melodians' old, drab Beverley's production.

Also of interest is "Brown Girl In The Ring" — the original flip of "Babylon" — which updates and adapts a traditional Jamaican song of similar title.

Neil Young's "Heart Of Gold" offers the set's most expressive example of the incredibly sensuous Liz Mitchell voice in full flight; her enunciation of the line *"I've searched the ocean for a heart of gold"* never fails to cut me in shards.

Neither are the so-called disco set to whom this album is apparently aimed of opinion far different from my own. I introduced "Nightflight To Venus" at a teenage party around my house recently, where it was summarily and derisorily dismissed. The congregation spent the rest of the evening dancing to "Brown Girl" and "Babylon" — on 45 — nevertheless.

Instead of swamping the group's identity in a confusion of electronic nastiness, as has been the ever-increasing Hansa policy towards Boney M music from the first album on, the group's producer might attempt to express the individual personalities and musical attributes of its members.

Show me your motion, tra lala lala.

Penny Reel

Pic: PENNIE SMITH

BONEY ON SITE

STEVE GIBBONS BAND
Down In The Bunker (Polydor)
VARIOUS
The World's Worst Record Show (K-Tel)

THERE'S FIVE excuses for men in the Steve Gibbons Band, and they pose with a boring unclothed blonde on the back of their latest album. I've seen butcher Bunnies.

Steve himself poses on the front with his shirt slashed to his navel to prove (ho ho) that he wears a rug on his chest. This is the first album out of four that hasn't shown him to be a porky hippie with bust-length hair, a gravy-stained beard and a hairy caterpillar napping across his upper lip.

Why is it that every redundant old rock and roller who makes an effort to look like a fresh-faced post-punk contender ends up looking like a vain Latin waiter who's never pulled anything more thrilling than an outside lavatory chain? Do you need it? Will the world quit turning without it?

Music for the non-existent by the nondescript. Nothing they sing about matters and very likely nothing they think about matters. Paradoxically, they'll never be the music of the masses — more men in the street listen to Radio 3 than to Steve Gibbons, surveys have shown.

But Steve Gibbons does do the greatest, most grating ape of Bob Dylan ever. The songs are full of those old familiar magic moments; card games, strangers, Mr Jones, pistol shots, jokers, big men and weak women. Neither A. J. Weberman nor Joan Baez could tell this from the real thing — why, if the lights were out, I doubt that Allen Ginsberg could (homosexual joke)!

After sitting through this piece of appalling product, I was delighted to find that the only truly awful thing about "The World's Worst Record Show" is the involvement in it of the disgusting Kenny Everett. The turquoise vinyl, touted as puke-inducing, is the prettiest plastic I've seen recently, and only *half* the 20 tracks are as uninspired, uninspiring and unnecessary as all those spewed out by Steve Gibbons.

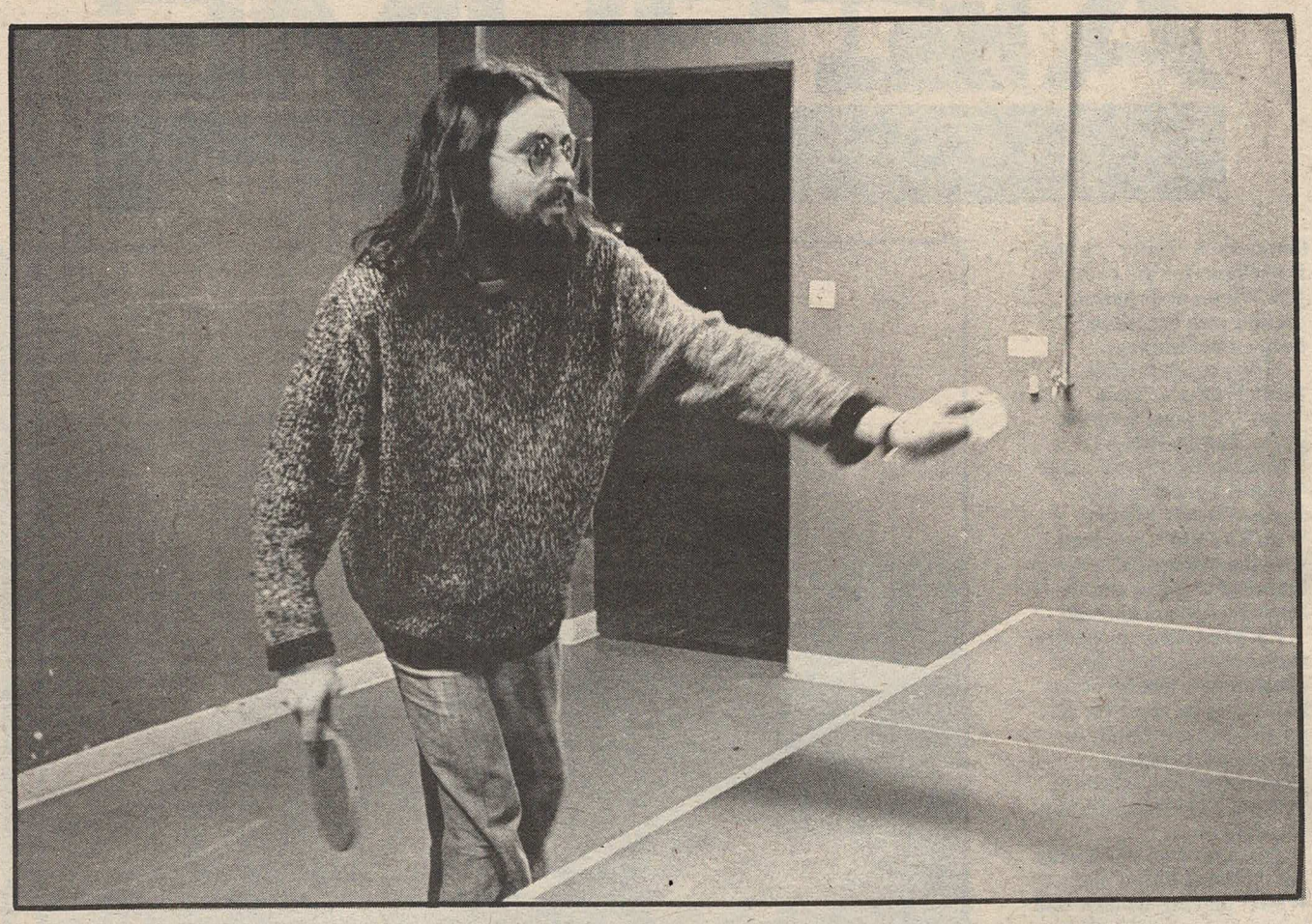
The highest peaks among the multitude of pinnacles are Nervous Norvus' ultimate alluring speed-kills anthem "Transfusion," the repressed hysteria of Jess Conrad's "This Pullover" — *"This pullover, that you gave to me / I am wearing, and wear constantly"* — and the pre-Hell/Suicide nihilism of his "Why Am I Living?" — *"Why am I living? / Well, I couldn't tell you / And if you asked me / I wouldn't know / You're on your own till you die!"*

Or best of all, the zombie wanderlust of Steve Bent's "I'm Going To Spain" — *"Sold my car, threw in my job / I'm 24 years old / I think it's time I saw the world / Yes, I'm going to Spain / Cousin Norman had a real fine time last year / I hear it doesn't rain / And I hope that I can quickly learn the language, yeah / The factory floor presented me with some tapes of Elton John / And I hate them, yes I hate them / My mother cried on Friday night / And told me to take good care / And wrapped me up some sandwiches / And I hate them yes, I hate the cheese and pickle."*

An admirable and amusing album.

Julie Burchill

Jim Pembroke prepares for upcoming Chinese tour. Pic: ANITA WESTIN



BAT OUT OF HELSINKI

More Songs About Memorials And Meals

WIGWAM
Dark Album
(Love Records Import)
JIM PEMBROKE
Corporal Cauliflower's Mental Function
(Love Records Import)

OUTSIDE THE range of rock's organised trendy-treats industry, alien settlements and sentiments remain. Resolved.

Wigwam. Finnish rock, a kind of chamber-jazz cum caterpillar creature. Under all the stones and up to date with "Dark Album", their ninth. And Jim Pembroke, who plays some of the piano and writes most of the words, he hops to a third solo space.

Wigwam. What do we find at the end of a rainbow? When this creature is unconcerned and unpromoted, it evolves. Obstinate, but modest.

Following seventh and eighth releases on Virgin — "Nuclear Nightclub" and "Lucky Stripes and Golden Starpose" — they're arranging a solution: to consummate their lengthy engagement between jazz-furrow and songcraft. Instrumental finesse is married to a fiendish, thorough, unfussy format of proper, ballsy, properly 'rock' songs. Like our Feat used to play.

Wigwam still line up as Pembroke on keys and vocals, Pekka Rechardt on guitars, Mans Groundstroem on bass, Ronnie Osterberg on drums, and varied and many Finns on additional keyboards and back-up vocals. Maybe it's the benefit of a healthy environment, but you'd be hard pressed to find another group inside the rock white-circle these days who play as much *as a group.*

Not so much stating the obvious as bypassing it. Wigwam's play is political and precise. Individual expediency is sacrificed for the collective goal: a mesh of piercing or gliding guitar, cautious chattering key/synth lines; a rhythm of pushing, twining and spontaneous control.

With minor alterations (more alliteration and park benches), the game's the same on Pembroke's solo. If you put the two albums side by side, "Corporal Cauliflower's" is the lighter, if you get my drift.

If Pembroke's/Wigwam's lyrical atlas (axis) is less markedly Red nowadays, then you just have to search the shades elsewhere and read between the lines for cross-hatching. Time was, chords, scales, attitudes and history — Wigwam would take 'em apart then all back together again.

In the present tense, the rhetoric round the roundabouts is wry, clear and ordinary. Occasionally, as on "Corporal Punishment", Pembroke slyly slips in the sort of effervescent play-about with verbal bureaucracy that Zappa used to excell at ("Evelyn, A Modified Dog").

For the most, it's like his song — "A Better Hold (And A Little View)" — says: an egalitarian and idiosyncratic view. Pembroke is never one to make a big Romantic fuss about anything, least of all visits to the docks (or the people therein). More songs about aspirations, memorials and meals.

The lyrics are sung with equal effervescence, croon suited to cut, and cut to kill. With humour, compassion or world-weariness. Rechardt's guitar is spikey and clean, steering verse swerve into chorus swoon, cutting out on a light rain of clusterchording. Production is sharp but never sterile (how do these continentals do it?).

F-e-e-l the bass turning and the sax breaking on "Knockknockknock (The Revolution Of Love)" — a song about the politics of commonsense and respect (if only it were the other way round).

The irresistibly, streamlined structures of "Horace's Aborted Rip-Off Scheme" and "The Vegetable Rumble" — songs which sound the natural progression not only from "Lucky Stripes and Golden Starpose", but from the Steely Dan of "The Royal Scam" — compound the sense of unerring dynamic, the scenes of born losers and the luxurious asceticism.

The pinnacle of understatement - meets - grand - and - wins is Pembroke's arrangement of Gerald Manley Hopkins' "The Silver Jubilee". If they can work from these foundations . . . well, I was going to say the future looks good. It never seemed otherwise.

Wigwam cherish traditions and invent their own. They consolidate where others (Little Feat, Steely Dan, Zappa) circumvent.

" *'Cos internal decay is the word of/God knows who . . . to get the system/Out of your system and then think about/Startin' anew"* **("Skobiit Party Civilised Session" — Pembroke).**

No Devo, bozos. Alien settlements and sentiments remain. They ain't buying your beads.

Ian Penman

(Love Records of Helsinki, Finland are now licensed by EMI International — which means that both the above albums are available at reasonable prices in good import shops, including London's Oxford Street HMV.)

Etta James states her case

Back In The Night

MARSHALL HAIN
Free Ride (Harvest)

MARSHALL HAIN are a pleasant couple, as talented as privilege allows them to be (Dartington Hall, Durham University, Royal College Of Music, the works), but unfortunately they have made one asshole of an album.

Kit (vocals) and Julian (keyboards) make *Time Out* music; stress on being "mature" "solvent", "fulfilled", "aware" and selfish as hell. Sure enough, *Time Out* in their wisdom have decided that "Dancing In The City" is *the* single of this summer. At first hearing it *was* refreshing, like fire ice-cubes, but it just got drearier and drearier as it went up and up the charts. I can't stand it now.

And even those who idolise the wretched thing would be hard pushed to listen to this album more than once (I did, though, because I'm fair-minded and good at my job), the padding tracks being, like the tracks that pad out 99% of singles into albums these days, undisputed trash. The sound is like Joan Armatrading joined with a limp-wristed Blood, Sweat and Tears straight out of social-work school — only weaker, if you can credit it. Kit, as a rich white girl, naturally pronounces her 'a's' in a way that Joan Armatrading never guessed existed.

As to subject matter, Marshall Hain seem to be heterosexuals who advertise their liberated loyalty to the status quo of promiscuity in gauche, well-worn terms. Kit Hain is always leaving someone or going someplace — transient, time-wasting songs. There's a tinny, beyond-pretension instrumental which must have been chucked in to make them seem enigmatic (it lasts about two seconds), or maybe they just smoke too much marijuana.

Sex is a jolly hockey sticks happening in the world of Marshall Hain. The title track is about going to a fairground and picking up a bit of rough — *"He works the roundabouts there / he walked up to the horse I sat astride / And said 'Babe I'd like to give you a FREE RIDE!!!' "*

An awful brassy, jazzy, numb record, though funny when Kit gets funky. It's funny as shit hearing white girls getting funky. A soft, non-commital, defeatist recording. Music for people from Dartington Hall, ha ha!

Julie Burchill

ETTA JAMES
Deep In The Night
(Warner Bros)
BIG MAMA THORNTON
Mama's Pride (Vanguard)

ETTA JAMES has been around R&B for a long time. In the '50s, she toured with Johnny Otis and recorded for Modern. During the '60s, she had a string of hits on Chess, including "Tell Mama", "At Last", "Stop The Wedding" and "I'd Rather Go Blind" (all of these are collected on a great double-album "Peaches", which I recommend you buy on sight).

Heroin intervened, requiring a long period of treatment, and she didn't record again until 1973. Now her debut album for Warners has been released to coincide with her recent concerts, and I'm glad to report it's a triumphal return to form.

It doesn't have the full-blooded stomping exuberance and sheer joy of her Dingwalls' gigs, but instead we get an excellent mix of bluesy ballads and ebullient R&B funkiness that does full justice to the range and power of her magnificent voice. The set is finely produced by Jerry Wexler, and he stamps an authoritative quality on every track. A lot of care has gone into this album, and the result is modern R&B at its very best.

To details. The first side includes a powerful new version of Erma Franklin's "Piece Of My Heart", an intense "Take It To The Limit" which totally transcends The Eagles' oily original, and the aching, hurtful "Deep In The Night" which starts with a spoken intro of rare passion and intimacy — Etta reminiscing on how her lover had helped her through her pre-menstrual tension. Which is a brave mention of an aspect of female sexuality that's virtually taboo, despite R&B (and rock) lyrics being most often concerned with sexual relationships. So right on, sister, right on.

Side two has more solid, polished R&B and the close is a tremendous reworking of "I'd Rather Go Blind". Beginning as a slow-burning blues, it turns into a dramatic monologue brilliantly performed by Etta over the band's churning riffs. This lady is 100% soul, and has loads of courage too. It's a privilege to welcome her back. At last.

Big Mama Thornton has been around a long time too, another stalwart of the Johnny Otis road show though her main claim to fame is that she recorded the original version of "Hound Dog" and later wrote "Ball And Chain".

This album is culled from two recent Stateside albums, and comprises a studio side with session musicians, and a live set with a Chicago blues band. It's slow, brooding stuff which never quite gels. Maybe it's her voice, strong and strident but lacking variety, or the musicians, workmanlike rather than inspiring. The live side is looser, with good versions of "Dog" and "Chain" and a nicely raucous "Rock Me Baby", but still doesn't quite hit it.

If she got her own band together, and worked with a producer like Jerry Wexler, perhaps she'd cut a great record. As it is, she's in the dubious position of a singer whose songs have been made famous because other people have done them better.

Graham Lock

THE HOLLIES
20 Golden Greats (EMI)

OVER THE years, The Hollies' records have tended to fall into one of three categories: the bright, snappy early '60s pop put together from the same ingredients used by The Beatles only minus the genius and plus a heavy Coasters influence; the impossibly dippy playground of mild-psychedelic pop that bubbled to the surface before Graham Nash took off in search of Creative Satisfaction, Hip Credibility and Large Amounts Of Readily Negotiable Currency; and the godawful cabaret emoting-pop that followed "He Ain't Heavy, He's My Brother" and lasted up until the present day, if not longer.

This album carries large chunks of each of these aspects of their *oeuvre*, and since it opens up with "The Air That I Breathe" and ends with "He Ain't Heavy" you can tell which tracks'll crop up on the massive spate of TV commercials which the release of EMI "20 Golden Greats" invariably calls forth. It contains most of the essential Hollies hits and most of the garf. The tracks are assembled in an irritatingly random manner, with no regard for either chronology or continuity.

Best bits: the early stuff like "Stay", "Just One Look" and "I'm Alive" (all oldies, and it's a pity that their energetic version of "Searchin' " was omitted) and some tinny exuberance in the shape of "I Can't Let Go" and "Here I Go Again". The real standouts, however, are the claustrophobically erotic "Stop Stop Stop", the coolly menacing "We're Through" and the amazing "Bus Stop", a total soundalike for The Beatles' "Things We Said Today."

I'd've preferred a couple of their better B-sides like "You Know He Did" and "Come On Back" replacing basic apple sauce like "Jennifer Eccles", but that's what albums like this are all about: gems and apple sauce.

One note about the north country' packaging: they have *got* to be kidding.

Charles Shaar Murray

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VERTIGO

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June (Carter) 'n' Johnny (Cash)

RED NECK

JOHNNY CASH
Itchy Feet — 20 Foot-Tappin' Greats (CBS)

JOHNNY PAYCHECK
Take This Job And Shove It (Epic)

WAYLON JENNINGS AND WILLIE NELSON
Waylon And Willie (RCA)

AS SUCH diverse figures as Bob Marley, Rick Wakeman, Julie Burchill and Norman Scott have their weaknesses, their Achilles heels if you like (probably exotic cheroots, Brentford FC, disco moo-muck and Great Danes respectively), so do I have mine — it's called country and western.

I'm not talking about that poncey abortion country-rock — I'll have no truck with limp-wristed, dope-smoking hillbilly hippies. I mean good honest to goodness, flabby-bellied, hard-hatted COUNTRY. Mind you, you've got to be in the mood, which means you're out on the town, half-swacked, and you've left most of your faculties behind.

Then, and only then, Johnny Cash is your Greatest Friend as your elbows slip down to your knees. So he looks like he lost a fight with the rear end of a bus, so what? His magnificent voice is in a permanent state of resigned crumpledness but, unlike the boorish bar fly, he knows when to stop. And that's what matters.

"Itchy Feet" is a pretty fair representation of Mr Cash's singular art (all the crushed-in-the-gutter favourites are here, including "Folsom", "San Quentin", "I Walk The Line", you name it), without ever being remotely definitive. That's because it's impossible.

Depending on how you feel, Johnny Cash has gravel in his guts, spit in your eye or shit in his soul. I love him and for unbelievers this album is as good a place to start as any (side two first please — the only duff track, "40 Shades Of Green", is on side one). He means it, maan.

Waylon Jennings, on form, also leaves no doubt as to his intent. His is a great, growling black hat of a cowboy voice. His duet with Cash on "There Ain't No Good Chain Gang" proves he can hold his own with the best, but the "Waylon And Willie" album is, disappointingly, a disaster. Two country heroes (his companion in crime is Willie Nelson, who here sounds like Gabby Hayes) as second-rate variety turns. The embarrassingly effusive sleeve notes by *Rolling Stone's* Chet Fillipo should be enough to warn off potential purchasers.

Johnny Paycheck has a classic country voice, simultaneously clear and throaty, and since his brief, near-ruinous flirtation with alcoholism in the '60s he's been under the "creative" guidance of Billy Sherrill. Consequently, his records have a deadening, glossed-over sheen no matter how blunt the edge (as in the tremedous title track).

Cash is gruff, Paycheck is smooth. Waylon and Willie are disqualified.

Monty 'Red Nose' Smith

Chris (Bennett) 'n' Giorgio (Moroder)

WHITE SUIT

GIORGIO AND CHRIS
Love's In You, Love's In Me (Oasis)

THIRD BI-ANNUAL International Business-music Report:

It is with great satisfaction that I, Comp. Read-Out 6859, relate the successful merger between "Middle America Music Inc." (Directors: H. Hancock, Q. Jones, G. Benson, G. Duke) and the European company "Supermarket Disco Produce" (Principal Director: G. Moroder).

The fruits of this pleasing union may be found on our first joint release (snigger), "Love's In You, Love's In Me" performed by, and promoting, 'Giorgio and Chris'.

Giorgio, of course, is Mr. Moroder, the man behind Munich's thriving Ryvita-boogie diet (Donna Summer, Munich Machine, Roberta Kelly — to name but one).

As may be ascertained by perusal of the record's label, ostensibly "Oasis" *(manufactured* by Mr. Moroder's 'Hansa Records' concern), the product is published by 'Mellow Ltd' marketed by GTO Records and distributed by Middle America Inc.'s own CBS organisation — a fact indeed celebrated by 'CHRIS' when she sings on the product's title track. *"As the sunlight pours through the curtain's lace"* — a reference to the environmental freshener recently marketed by CBS, Mr. Herbie Hancock's "Sunlight".

Mr Moroder has adapted his previously (over) stimulating implementation of electronic production to the air-conditioning aims and appeal of Middle America Music Inc. He does in fact employ sound-devices (voice-moog treatment) included on Mr. Hancock's aforementioned recent product.

On the cover of "Love's In You, Love's In Me", Giorgio and Chris model the latest line in Supermarket Disco Produce evening wear, including a pleasant new line in white sandals (foot deodorant optional).

'Chris Bennett' is not credited. There is a 'CHRIS' in the album title, and 'Chris Bennett Courtesy of Mellow Ltd' at the bottom of the credits.

I, Comp. Read Out 6859, am confused. I was going to ask 'CHRIS' out. Now I don't even know if she exists.

Ian Penman

DAVE HOLLAND
Emerald Tears (ECM)

THE SOLO double-bass album became feasible with improved recording techniques and emancipation from exclusively rhythm functions, yet the instrument still tends to settle around monochrome middle register over the protracted solo. The best album so far comes from Barre Phillips, a dramatic and passionate virtuoso who treated the session like a cellist blowing a Bach Suite.

Dave Holland is a cool player who avoids extremes and prefers line to the snarling textures and abruptnesses of a Fred Hopkins or a Barry Guy. The ECM sound suits hime well, clean, etched, uncluttered. Most of his compositions — "Emerald Tears", "Under Redwoods", "Combination" — are wistful and measured, beautifully developed but curiously without weather. A more butting attack is displayed on the Braxton piece, Miles' "Solar" and his own "Hooveling", but the album is dominated by the floaters rather than the kickers.

"Flurries" contrasts jagged arco stabs with pizzicato high-register runs which sound like someone removing an elastic band from a pak-a-mac, but mainly he sticks to the middle ground. It's a good, thoughtful album which could grow on you.

Brian Case

SMILEY LEWIS
I Hear You Knocking (United Artists)

WHEN FATS Domino first bounced out of the bayou with his bronze voice, gold rings, pumping piano and infectious grin, half a pace behind him boogied a veritable army of New Orleans greats, including the posthumously recognised R&B swinger and all-round nice guy, Smiley Lewis.

Like all but his Crescent City contemporaries and a few dedicated researchers, I don't know a great deal about Smiley. But, being the fortunate owner of a previous compilation of his work, I'm well aware that he generally made excellent records which, for reasons that haven't so far been satisfactorily explained, hardly sold anywhere except in New Orleans and surrounding territories.

So I'm left with two conclusions. It is possible that, being contracted to the same label as Fats Domino (Imperial Records), he was largely overlooked by the company, who were busily promoting the star. It is even more possible that Smiley wasn't much cop as a live entertainer. Unlike Domino and many of the other New Orleans legends, he doesn't seem to have played piano; indeed, I'm not certain that he played anything. (I've seen a picture of him holding a guitar but I've heard no evidence that he ever did anything but pose with it).

The main point to note is that this solid set of hard rockin' boogie and slow swing blues is a perfect example of the underside of the vast '50s New Orleans iceberg, fronted by a character who deserved a better deal than he got and accompanied by the same bunch of legendary musicians who backed Domino, Richard, et al, including Huey Smith (piano), Lee Allen, Herb Hardesty, Red Tyler (saxes), Dave Bartholomew (trumpet) and Earl Palmer (drums).

A more detailed portrait of Smiley Lewis than I have given here is in the sleeve note by John Broven, who also annotated the recent six volumes of The Fats Domino Story.

Cliff White

IMPORTS

RECENT RELEASES by George Thorogood, once a semi-fixture at Joe's Place, Cambridge, Mass., by Rockin' Dopsie, whose Twisters have dispensed hot zydeco at Richard's, Lafayette, Louisiana, and by Joe Ely, who came with the steak sandwiches at The Cotton Club, Lubbock, Texas, have served to remind us that in some states there's another Akron just a short truck-stop down the highway.

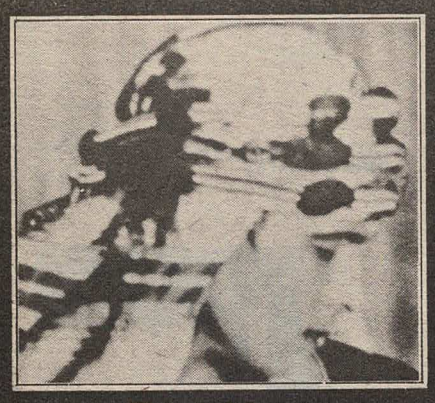
The Blazers, providers of an album titled "Store Bought" (Cream Of The Crop), come from an equally undistinguished background — namely the club circuit in Chapel Hill, North Carolina — and play music as unpretentious as a burger with onions. A two guitar, keyboards, bass and drums outfit, with harp and horns attached, The Blazers boogie in lightweight fashion, much in the tradition of Doug Sahm. My guess is that though they'll never play a gig one-tenth the size of your everyday Harvey Goldsmith school outing, The Blazers still make for happy foot-stompin'. And that, initially, was what rock'n' roll was all about.

Down in Memphis, Stax is back in action, and "Open Door Policy" by **The Soul Children,** produced by David Porter at Ardent Studios, is around to prove the point. But despite the inclusion of a successful single in "Can't Give Up A Good Thing", the album is only a moderate spoonful of '70s soul stew. However, nostalgia freak that I am, it's great to see Stax once more flagwaving for Tennessee and offering further employment to the Memphis Symphony.

Meanwhile, back in the racks, rainbow valley rules once more, with **The Moodies'** "Octave" appearing in blue vinyl, **The Yardbirds'** "With Jeff Beck", being graced with a clear vinyl pressing, and singles such as **Genesis** "Spot The Pigeon" and **Elvis'** "Teddy Bear" — in blue and green respectively — bringing further problems to colour-blind record dealers.

Back on the black, this week has seen the arrival of **"Larry Carlton",** the guitarist's second solo album and his first for Warners; "Hearts Of Stone" (Warner Bros), a welcome reappearance by old favourites **Stoneground;** "Struck Down" (London) by **Yesterday and Today,** an incredibly heavy who've employed Cherie Currie as back-up vocalist; **Leon Russell's** "Americana" (Paradise) on which Chicago provide the brass-blasting via Lee Loughnane's charts; and **Jesse Winchester's** "A Touch On The Rainy Side" (Bearsville), a made-in-Nashville item from the onetime draft dodger.

Fred Dellar


This is Abdul...

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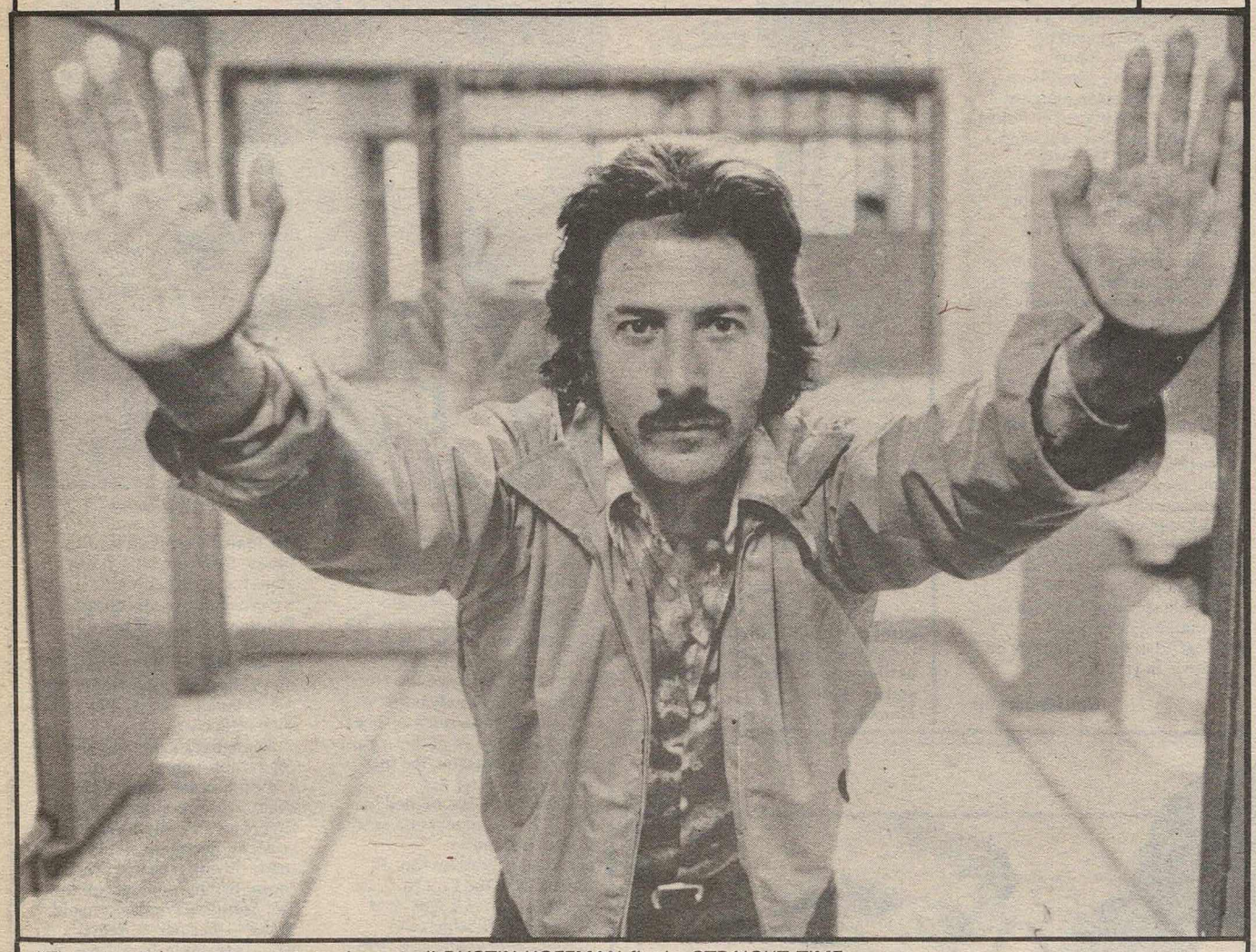
Beserkley "Home of the Hits" BZZ 19

SILVER SCREEN



"There must be some way outta here . . ." DUSTIN HOFFMAN flunks STRAIGHT TIME

Straight Time

Starring Dustin Hoffman and Theresa Russell
Directed by Ulu Grosbard
(Columbia-Warner)

IF YOU'RE tired of the excessive flatulence of much current American cinema then home in on *Straight Time* for the antidote. It's neat, compact, stylish, low-key and moves at a rate of knots besides being a realistic portrait of the failure of the American crime-and-punishment system.

Dustin Hoffman plays Max Dembo, a con with form dating back to his teens, fresh out of stir and trying to make it on the streets. Harrassed by Earl Frank, a fat needling parole officer nastily portrtayed by M. Emmett Walsh, his chances are zilch, his hopes few. Frank complains: "Max, you have a serious attitude problem." But, as Max says, he doesn't have an attitude.

The only bright hope in his life is the woman he meets at the employment exchange (a ten star performance here from Theresa Russell), but even her love is not enough to stop Dembo from rejoining his lowlife buddies for some petty larceny and one big jewellery heist. We leave him, a three-time loser, driving into the desert, his only future a prison cell.

What a contrast Hoffman's career makes, from the fresh-faced innocent college boy of *The Graduate* to this tense portrayal of a habitual con. He struggles for respect but loses; his philosophy is simple — "Outside it's only what you've got in your pocket that matters; inside, it's what you are."

Mention should be made also of Harry Dean Stanton as gangster Jerry Schue and Gary Busey (soon to be seen as the bespectacled hero of *The Buddy Holly Story*) as Willie Darin, the junkie who blows the caper and eats lead as a result.

Director Ulu Grosbard retains a neat balance throughout between action and emotion, letting the film speak for itself without ramming messages down our throats. While not in quite the same league as *Mean Streets, Point Blank* and *The American Friend*, it stalks the same pavements.

Dick Tracy

TIME GENTLEMEN PLEASE

The Last Waltz

Directed by Martin Scorsese
Starring The Band, Bob Dylan etc. etc.
(United Artists)

THE BAND: "Whatever you do, lads, DON'T LOOK AT THE CAMERA!!"

DON'T BELIEVE the promotional blurb, take kleenex and wear black. *The Last Waltz* may have started as a concert, a glittering farewell that took place almost two years ago at the scene of their first ever performance as The Band, San Francisco's Winterland, but this is more like a funeral. Not especially solemn, sometimes rowdy, but still very sad; The Band as pall-bearers for their own and sundry other corpses.

It's really two films rolled into one. A film about The Band, a potent rock celluloid subject since they have always been more myth than flesh, and a film about their last concert. Somehow the concert evolved from a simple musical curtain call of their times past into a celebrity gala, thus making the connections between the two films hard to uphold.

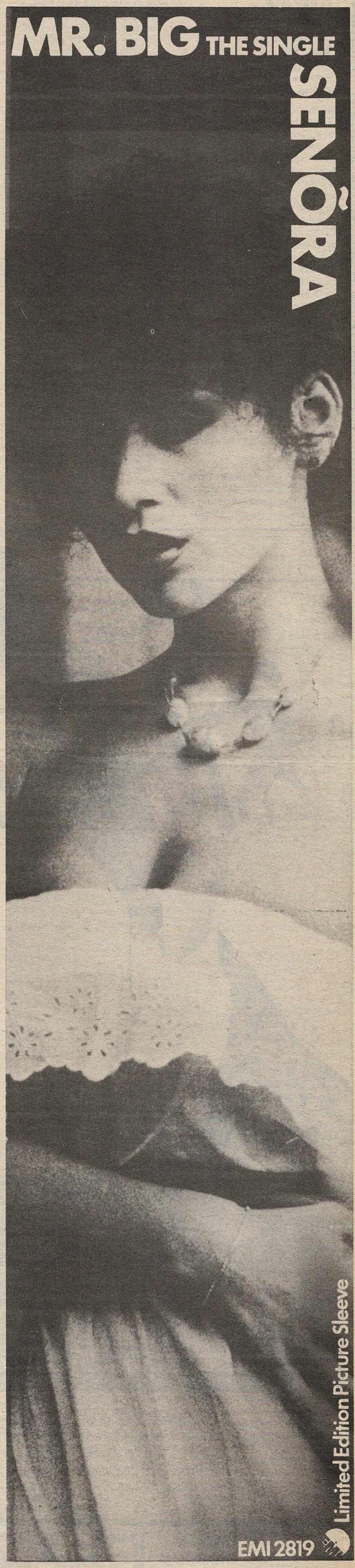
Both films were directed by Martin Scorsese, simultaneously, with full credentials. He's a fan first, able to recite lines from songs Robbie Robertson had all but forgotten. He was an editor on *Woodstock*, and also made one of the best ever rock'n'roll films that wasn't actually about rock'n'roll, called *Mean Streets*. The latter was produced by Jonathan Taplin, The Band's company manager in "Big Pink" days, and business co-ordinator for this film.

The Last Waltz cost $1.5 million to make. Not much in movie budget terms, but then more than just money is riding on it. Reputations are at stake.

So the Winterland stage was made to look like some huge, ghostly Confederate ballroom. This was, after all, the last night old Dixie would be driven down. Scorsese enlisted a full crew of Hollywood's best technicians, out of the norm for rock flics (a few hand-held 16mm cameras). He worked from a 150-page script, cameras and lights cued to the finest detail, and the results prove the pains well taken.

Beads of sweat form slowly on brows, expressions, gestures, nuances, everything — even the odd fluffed exchange — is caught in powerful exacting close-up. The feeling of intimacy is so strong that applause seems to be coming from those around you, rather

■ *Continues over page*



SILVER SCREEN

■ *Continued from previous page*

than the soundtrack.

From this most fancy front seat we see the whole procession. Beginning, of course, with The Band. Sixteen years on the road and if I didn't think their song well had long run dry I'd say they could run to double that figure on sheer rock'n'roll chemistry.

They may look like old farm hands but they play like young bucks. Richard Manuel smiling wickedly as his left hand rolls the rhythm round the piano, Garth Hudson like a mad composer pulling chords out of nowhere, Levon Helm like a train driver, Rick Danko smirking, and Robertson showing off his guitar flash. They might just as well be stomping through Larry Williams and Howlin' Wolf tunes in any flea-bitten highway roadhouse.

The guest star cameos come and go, many either uninspired or irrelevant.

Even Scorsese's studied pacing can't save it finally from deteriorating into a gratuitous roll call, The Band becoming bit players in their own movie. Apart from Canadian passports, what have Joni Mitchell and Neil Young in common with The Band? A similar case can be made for Neil Diamond, Emmylou Harris, Eric Clapton — who gets his tired old licks cut to ribbons in a little duel with Robertson — and Ron Wood and Ringo Starr, from whom may God preserve us all.

Van Morrison, behaving like some utterly laconic old lion, manages to quietly steal his fellow guest's thunder, and Ronnie Hawkins, clearly awestruck by the event, brings a welcome touch of humility to it all.

And, of course, Dylan, then still in the throes of his Rolling Blunder persona, appears suitably enigmatic. Since we're not likely to see *Eat That Document* this stands as the only visual record of the spitfire combination of Dylan and The Band, the moment in the film when the latter live up to their name, coincidentally the moment when they seem the least at ease, the most driven. They play two songs (you'll probably rather forget the extremely tacky and undignified reading of "I Shall Be Released"): a serene and passionate version of "Forever Young" that segues at Dylan's call into an impromptu reprise of "Baby Let Me Follow You Down" — both songs are fleeting, tense, haunted. Maybe it's just nerves, or maybe Dylan really does look like he's got something dangerous in his hands.

Cut throughout the concert footage and the three songs filmed in what looks like leftover sets from *New York, New York,* are interviews with the group conducted by Scorsese. Little actual information is coaxed from them — they seem haughty and private, Robertson almost arrogant, Manuel yellowing badly, but still Scorsese conveys the feeling that there's a capsule rock'n'roll history walking around locked up inside.

Road stories about sharing the bill with one-armed go-go dancers at dives owned by Jack Ruby and tales of aged bluesmen and Memphis barndances emerge like old sepia-tint photographs. And so the myth gets a manicure.

But what it meant to cross the great divide is hardly touched upon. Although at the time they were more *important* than actually as popular as all this hoopla would indicate (hence perhaps the star credit weighting), amidst psychedelic confusion they provided tangible spiritual roots for an alienated generation.
A legend in their own time and a movie in yours.

Paul Rambali

Sun 20 Aug
3.00
Woodstock
All-Star Concert

Sun 20 Aug
6.30
Gimme Shelter
Rolling Stones

Sun 20 Aug
8.35
Glastonbury Fayre
All-Star Concert

Thu 24 Aug
6.00
Soul Music Triple-Bill

HOORAY FOR the good guys: London's National Film Theatre will be devoting much of its August programme to a season called *Rock Movies In The '70s.*

In all, there are 41 separate programmes, which range chronologically from the seminal *Woodstock* to the newly-opened *The Last Waltz,* and aesthetically from *The Harder They Come* (starring Jimmy Cliff) to *Never Too Young To Rock* (starring Mud).

The NFT can justifiably claim to have netted most '70s rock movies, and hence it is a unique opportunity to see many of them, since few survived the bloody battle to obtain a general release. The ambitious nature of the season can be gauged from the fact that several have not previously been screened in the U.K. — amongst them, the Grateful Dead's eponymously-titled film of themselves; the Lou Reizner extravaganza *All This And World War II,* which was actually press-shown in 1976, but never afterwards publicly exhibited; *Punk In London,* a new documentary by German film-makers; and *Metamorphoses,* an American animated film, the soundtrack of which features the unlikely combination of Joan Baez and The Rolling Stones.

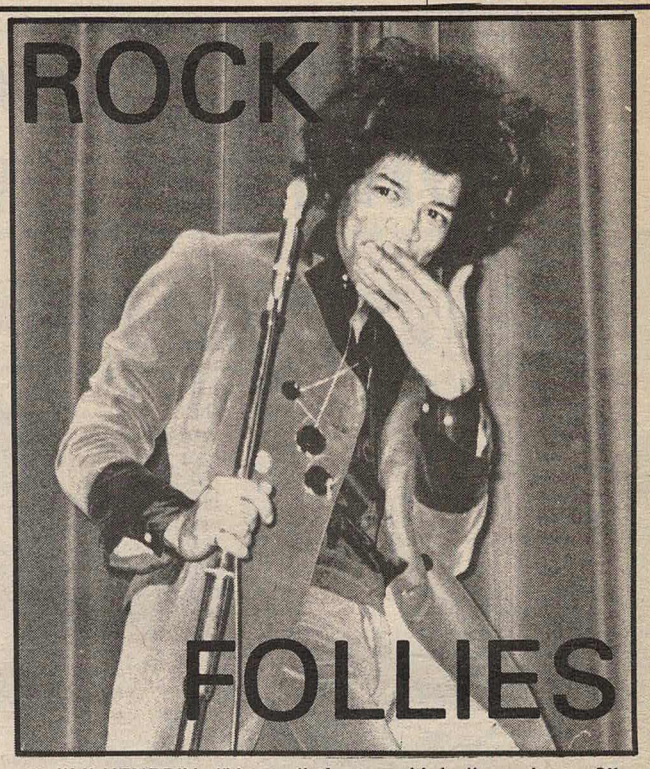
Some of the programmes have been designed with the insatiable enthusiast in mind. There is a Hendrix triple-bill that includes both Joe Boyd's *Hendrix* and *Rainbow Bridge* and lasts for over four hours — though even this is overhauled by a soul programme of *It's Your Thing, Wattstax* and *Soul To Soul* that goes on for five hours. Since the NFT never stops for natural breaks, ice-creams or anything else, this is one aspect of their programming that has never found favour with me; others may relish the opportunity to see so much so conveniently at such little cost.

Though NFT seasons are often thoroughly comprehensive, this one is slightly disappointing. In the first place, it's an artificial concept. Secondly, while it made obvious sense to avoid recent commercial successes like *Saturday Night Fever* and *Abba — The Movie,* there would appear to be no reason to ignore either The Beatles' *Let It Be* (it is a '70s movie, and

By last Friday, all the following were sold out: *Jubilee, Woodstock, The Valley, Pink Floyd At Pompeii, Concert For Bangladesh, Gimme Shelter, Janis* and the Hendrix programme (proving that the NFT should do this sort of thing more often) — but there are always a quantity of seats which go on sale half-an-hour before each performance, price 80p.

Bob Woffinden

(Programme details from: National Film Theatre, South Bank, Waterloo, London SE1).



*JIMI HENDRIX: "You call **them** rock'n'roll movies . . ?"*

FORTHCOMING ATTRACTIONS

More Vietnam angst in GO TELL THE SPARTANS, a brace of weird Kraut flicks, an ex-BRUCE LEE, uppity nigras in BLACKS BRITTANICA and a SWARM of bloody big bees.

A Carl Reiner Film
HENRY WINKLER
IS
THE ONE AND ONLY
A rare and touching story of one man's undying devotion to himself.

Paramount Pictures Presents A First Artists Production
Henry Winkler is "The One and Only" A Kim Darby William Daniels
Harold Gould Hervé Villechaize Polly Holliday and Gene Saks
Written by Steve Gordon Executive Producer Robert Halmi
Produced by Steve Gordon and David V. Picker Directed by Carl Reiner
© 1978 Paramount Pictures Corporation. All Rights Reserved. Distributed by Cinema International Corporation
Soundtrack album available on Anchor records

FROM THURSDAY PLAZA 2 OFF PICCADILLY CIRCUS

"ABSOLUTE TRASH"
Val Doonican fan — Durham

"A NASTY MAGAZINE IN EVERY WAY"
Liberace fan — Highgate

"THE WORDS ARE TOO LONG"
Punk — Virginia Water

Not everyone's going to like us,
but if you're into Jazz,
Soul or Reggae — you will!
BLACK MUSIC & JAZZ REVIEW
. . . because there's more to jazz
than meets the ear.

KEEF

■ From page 26

lesson to anyone who feels they're washed up at 30.

I agree. Mick and I jammed with Muddy just last week. Not only that, he's one of the best things in *The Last Waltz* movie. Music . . . rock music that is, isn't very old and those musicians who moan about being passed it are just a bunch of old women. It's that side of them that's taking over and blurring any perspective.

Age has very little to do with it; it's your mental outlook.

"Some Girls" has as much vigour as the first few Stones albums. The only difference is it has got 15 years of experience to back it up?

There's a certain chemistry applied to a particular band, as long as they can hold it together, that comes through work. What I'm trying to say is that there's something intangible about The Rolling Stones.

Let's set the Stones aside for a moment. What about the rumours of a half-completed solo album that you recorded with the late Gram Parsons?

Gram and I didn't cut anything together in the studio. There's a lota cassettes laying around featuring the both of us, and I did a couple of studio songs by myself that he'd shown me, but we never did get around to making an album.

How much of an influence did Gram Parson exert on you?

A great deal, because he was both an authentic musician and a very nice guy. Anything that Gram was involved in had a touch of magic about it. That was the very first thing that attracted me to him.

I first saw him with The Byrds when he was virtually a second or third stringer, but nevertheless he stood out. He was brilliant. And just when it seemed that he was really gonna get it together, he popped it.

For a time the two of you were inseparable. His death must have come as a great shock.

It was, because Gram was one of my closest friends. Unfortunately many of my closest friends have died suddenly. It's like they've always been very compulsive people and Gram was no exception. Maybe it's the attraction of opposites?

While they were with me, I could always hold 'em down . . .I could take care of Gram. But once he'd moved back to L.A. or whatever to form his own band, I start hearing stories . . . oh, shit.

Would you agree that of all cities, Los Angeles is the worst for feeding off a person's weaknesses?

You're damn right. Hollywood is the end of the line for so many people. It's a killer and if you're weak you can be sure it'll get you. It's like when we were rehearsing in New York, we tried to find John Lennon and get him back into the scene. I mean, what the fuck is Lennon doing farming cows in Upstate New York . . what's *that* all about?

Everyone reacts to a particular situation in a different manner. The music business has obviously got the very best and the very worst of everything simply because nobody needs a diploma to work their way into this industry on any level.

All you've got is what you've got, and for some people the fact that it's all down to what you are and what you can do — along with timing and other intangibles . . . unfortunately, that's something many people never get right.

Though the Stones have tried as hard as anybody not to lose contact with their public, Mick Jagger has often come in for harsh criticism due to his jet-set connections?

That's Mick, he just likes to gallivant all over the place. But people only hear the parts when he turns up somewhere flash, where there's reporters and photographers hanging out. They don't know about the other half of the places he hangs around.

So people just hear about his much-publicised high life. They rarely hear about his low life (laughs), and as far as I'm concerned Mick can get lower than anybody else I know.

Mick's not dumb. He knows that only a certain side of his social life is going to make the papers and he's learned to live with it.

Talking about misconception, don't you feel that over the years people have often misconstrued some of The Rolling Stones' attitudes and motives; such as your overt chauvinism, the tongue-in-cheek S&M ads for "Black And Blue", and the title track on "Some Girls"?

I wasn't even involved with the "Black And Blue" thing, but I thought it was quite funny. Trouble is, not too many people have a sense of humour — especially institutions.

Individually some people may have a sense of humour but as part of an institution they have difficulty translating it into its proper perspective. So they just end up like another load of protest marchers with bees in their bonnets, and don't realise how funny they look.

GODDAM IT, a large percentage of American women wouldn't be half as liberated if it wasn't for The Rolling Stones in the first place, and people like us. They'd still be believing in dating rings and wondering whether it was right to be kissed on the first date or not depending upon who it was.

As things like "Some Girls" corroborate , The Rolling Stones have never put reality into soft focus?

We write our songs from personal experiences . . . (laughs). O.K. so over the last 15 years we've happened to meet extra-horny black chicks — well, I'm sorry but I don't think I'm wrong and neither does Mick — I'm quite sure of that.

It's like the old stunt guys used to try on to pull certain chicks. Tell them to watch out for themselves because your friend has a real bad reputation — and the chances are that instead of putting them off they'll become intrigued and the chances are that your friend will score?

Sure.

Even more so than Zeppelin's macho image . . .

. . .that's a bit damaged now . . .

Women still consider The Rolling Stones to be extremely dangerous?

Correct. There is this attraction and you can't turn around and say it isn't so. It exists and I'm fully aware of it but we've only played up to it in as much as we think that it still says something for us or we can treat it as a good laugh. If you can't take a joke . . . have a good laugh then you shouldn't be here in the first place.

It's Mick's sense of humour that allows him to take his sexual arrogance and narcissism to extremes without really damaging his credibility.

Well, Mick has no fear of audiences and that's what has always made him great. As a band, we've got complete confidence in his showmanship, so you can play it down or play it up depending upon the mood and the atmosphere.

Speaking of playing up . . . on stage, you are playing much more lead guitar tha you've done in the last few years. When Mick Taylor was in the band, you seemed to concentrate on rhythm sound.

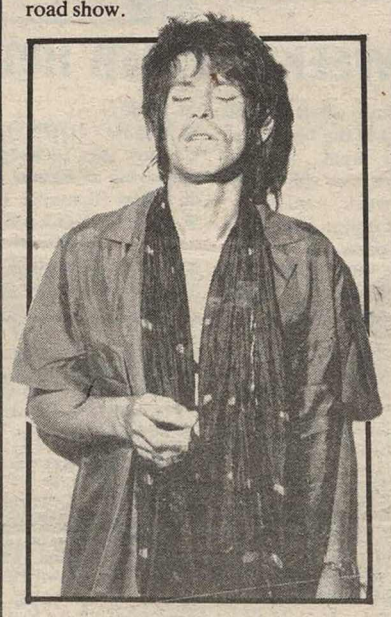
Mick Taylor is the kind of musician who automatically begins playing lead lines the moment you count in a song and what's more, keeps on going until the song's finished. So that way, there was a much more defined part to play — lead guitar and rhythm guitar. It was more obvious then than it has ever been.

But your ego hasn't been that of the usual guitar hero. We've spoken about this before, but it's a fact; lead guitarists have the worst egos in the world . . . much worse than either singers or drummers?

Certainly . . . (laughs) . . . much worse. Isn't it terrible?

But going back to the very early days, you never seem to have shown any desire to play more than two or three chorus solos.

Never had the need to. I still consider myself a part of the basic rhythm section. O.K., so I play more lead now simply because of the songs we've ended up doing on our current road show.



Also, with Woody in the band, the lead and rhythm thing isn't as cut and dried as it used to be with Mick Taylor.

With Woody, I'm able to suddenly take over the lead and once he hears what I'm doing he'll automatically drop back. The same thing works the other way. That's the kind of interplay I enjoy and the good thing about it is that it works.

(Enter Mick Jagger. . .)

DURING THE early '60s The Rolling Stones started out covering R&B standards and, having personalized the style, began writing their own material in the same mode. Though to date you've only covered one bona fide reggae song (Eric Donaldson's "Cherry Oh Baby") and written one of your own ("Luxury"), you seem to be incorporating many of the reggae studio devices in selected Stones material. Apart from "Hot Stuff" and "Miss You" having backing tracks that could be easily transformed into dub versions, Mick, you included a talk-over segment halfway through "Hot Stuff"?

Richard: It's like when we went to Jamaica to cut "Goats Head Soup". Eveyone immediately assumed The Stones are gonna do a reggae album. But influences come through so much slower than that.

Jagger: We already knew the reggae things — we just didn't wanna do it at that juncture . . .

Richard: More important, we didn't think we were capable of doing it.

Jagger: Exactly. We weren't capable of doing it on record as good as we would have liked.

Richard: . . . and we didn't have the experience of living there and integrating with the local music scene — the whole Roots thing.

Jagger: I don't wanna cut off anybody . . . yer know, The Stars Of Music . . . but . . . the Stones have liked just about every kind of music that's come up.

We started out liking blues . . . and we wouldn't play nuthin' but that and Chuck Berry and Bo Diddley — and we were knocked for that . . . and we were knocked for writing our own ballads, which were hits . . . and we were knocked for writing our own gospel songs like "The Last Time" . . . been knocked for almost everything.

Currently, we're gettin knocked for doin' "Far Away Eyes". Not so much in America, but a-broad . . . where they don't really understand count-ry mus-ic.

But there's so much tongue-in-cheek humour evident in the treatment of "Far Away Eyes".

Jagger: Well, you tell that to the Ger-mans. They don't understand that in Germany!

So what's new! Many people didn't altogether appreciate the way the Stones personalised contemporary county music on "Sweet Virginia"?

Richard: Trouble is, a lot of audiences don't appreciate that it can work on more than just one level. Well that's their hard luck!

Jagger: Obviously, we can't play country music like authentic Chicago bluesmen. We do our best, but we can't copy — that's not the idea. And so it comes out the way it does . . . er, different!

But like I said, isn't that the attraction?

Jagger: Maybe! It's inevitable that it's gonna turn out the way it does unless you're slavishly trying to copy the orginal. When we first started The Rolling Stones, we began by slavishly copying songs note-for-note, but even so (laughs) the au-then-tic sound wasn't coming out.

To return to the subject of the Stones' current reggae influences, don't you agree that either with or without the vocal, the instrumental track hints at the possibilities of Stones-styled dubs?

Richard: I know what you mean . . . I've heard the disco-cut of "Miss You" just once in an actual disco and both the bass and drums are very strong on that count.

Jagger: (Laughs) As I am the vocal-ist, I do like to hear a bit of vocals.

I thought you were the new guitarist?

Jagger: (Laughs) Third guitarist if you don't mind . . . but yes, there's a whole section on the disco version of "Miss You" where there's no vocal at all.

Richard: . . . and the amount of thump from Bill and Charlie is quite amazing.

Jaggger: We didn't intentionally set out to make a *dis-co* record. To me, it's just like . . . that bass drum beat and my falsettos just fit nicely around the bass part. Vocally, it's more gospel, because nowadays disco records are much more repetitive . . . you know, *"I wanna dance and shake my booty"* repeated 89 times!

But even the disco cut of "Miss You" has a very warm sound, whereas the majority of disco records are detached and impersonal, cold and thoroughly calculated.

Jagger: Well we had it re-mixed so that it would sparkle and have more bass. We're not that stupid!

Richard: Actually, it's the first time we've done it this way. We just sent the tape to a guy (Bill Clearmountain) whom I've never met at all, but who is experienced in mixing disco cuts.

As you no longer employ an outside producer, did you feel that it was a safe move to hand over the tape and let someone else — a stranger — tamper with it?

Jagger: The worse thing that can happen is that you don't like it and re-do it . . .

Richard: However, in this instance it worked extremely well . . .

Jagges: We also did a mix of Keith's song "Before They Make Me Run", which sounds real good.

Richard: It's a lot different from the one on the album, but it was too late to substitute.

Jagger: There's some real nice guitars on the re-mixed version.

(Having heard it, I agree. Furthermore, the vocal cuts the album version.)

Mick, in the past you've told me you didn't have sufficient confidence to play guitar in public. So what prompted you to play on this tour?

Jagger: (Coyly) Keith taught me when I was a little boy . . .

Joking apart, two guitars is enough in a band — most bands get by on just one. But by the same token, a lotta bands have used three guitars effectively, and as long as all three don't play together too much it has interesting possibilities.

WHEN I'M SINGING I tend to stop playing at the beginning of a number, so it just sounds normal. Then when I start playing on the chorus it can give that extra lift. I dunno if Keith and Woody agree with this, but I think it enables them to solo together while knowing that I'm playing the bottom rhythm parts and so nothing is lost.

Richard: That's right. The reason why we got into the three guitars on this album is because Stu wasn't playing any keyboards during the Paris sessions — he was either somewhere else or didn't feel like it or wasn't into it . . . or probably the piano wasn't any good!

Jagger: Well that's what Stu told me.

Richard: So there was just the five of us in the studio. The way we always lay new songs out is, whoever has written it plays it over so as to familiarise the rest of us with the basic tune and chord sequence . . . so, by the time we've run many of the songs down, Mick has got his bits off dead right.

And so, from the very beginning we've worked the songs out for three guitars. But we said to Mick, if you're gonna do it on stage then you're gonna have to tone it down and do three or four guitar numbers at a time.

Jagger: It's impossible to play just one number at a time on guitar. It's just like Keith coming up to the make to do "Happy", it's really hard to warm up on just one number.

Richard: Yeah, if I wasn't singing on those other numbers with Mick then I'd find it difficult.

Well, the programme is expertly paced.

Jagger: I'm glad to hear that. I really like our current set because we're playing lotsa new numbers. And 75 per cent of the new numbers go down very well at most gigs.

I noticed that the audience already knew the lyrics of the new songs like "Respectable" and "Beast Of Burden". And the American radio stations are programming many of the new album tracks instead of just going with "Miss You"?

Jagger: It seems like it. The radio stations are spinning some of the more up-tempo cuts, but when you take a close look at the album there are only about three songs that are similar — the rest aren't.

"Miss You", "Far Away Eyes", "Shattered" and "Beast Of Burden" are quite different to the out-and-out

■ Continues page 45

Th' Lone Groover blows out Thrills for prestigious Stones gig!

By TONY BENYON

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

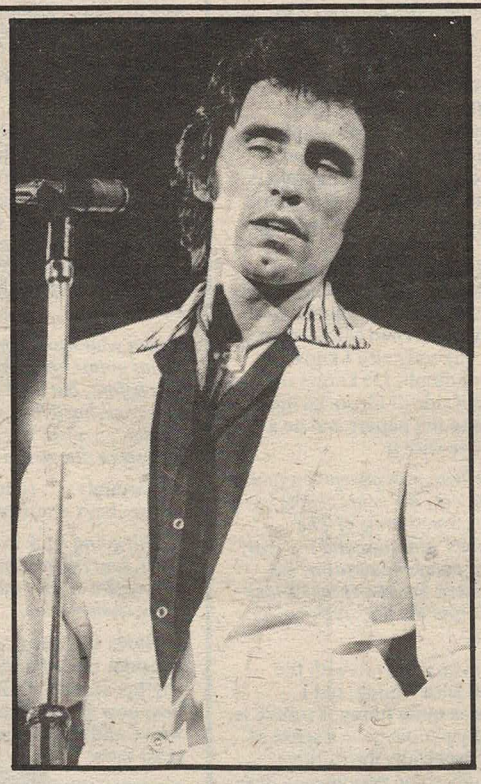
COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

Thursday

BATH Brillig Arts Centre: KRAKATOA
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BRADFORD Princeville Club: DAWNWEAVER
BRIGHTON Hungry Years: HOTLINE
CHADWELL HEATH Greyhound: STRIPS
CLIFTONVILLE Wheatsheaf Club: RIGHT HAND BAND
COVENTRY Wyken Pippin: RENO
EXETER Routes: PANDORA'S BOX
FARNHAM Coach & Horses: THE VAPORS
GLASGOW Burns Howff: CUBAN HEELS
GRAVESEND Red Lion: THE HEAT
HIGH WYCOMBE Nag's Head: DOLL BY DOLL
HOLYWELL Coed Mawr Country Club: THE CRUISERS (for three days)
JACKSDALE Grey Topper: PARADOX
LEEDS Roots Club: THE REZILLOS
LINCOLN A.J.'s Club: THE WHIZZ KIDS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: PSALMS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: GLORIA MUNDI
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: CHEAP FLIGHTS
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: SPECIAL CLINIC
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: KEVIN COYNE
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: IGNATZ
LONDON HACKNEY Middleton Arms: EX-DIRECTORY (for four days)
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: DEAD FINGERS TALK
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: UNCLE PO
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE EDGE
LONDON KENSINGTON De Villiers Bar: GOLD DUST TWINS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES / THE INMATES
LONDON LEWISHAM Concert Hall: WALLACE LASANA WILLIAMS
LONDON Marquee: THE ENID
LONDON National Theatre Foyer: CITY WAITES
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: PEKOE ORANGE
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A'Beckett: THE TUMBLERS
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: MISTY
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: DANNY & THE WILDCATS / SHAZAM
LONDON STOCKWELL The Plough: SWIFT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: WHITE CATS
NEWCASTLE The Cooperage: BOULEVARD
NEWCASTLE Hawthorne Hotel: AVALON
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: TEST TUBE BABIES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
PEACEHAVEN Coppersongs: STEVE ASHLEY
POYNTON Folk Centre: PAT RYAN / TURNPIKE / IAN WOODS / TOM SHEPLEY'S BAND, etc.
SKEGNESS Festival Pavilion: GUYS 'N' DOLLS
SOUTHPORT Scarisbrick Hotel: THE ACCLERATORS
ST. HELENS The Glass Bridge: BODY
ST. OSYTH Seawick Lido: ACKER BILK BAND
SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD Golden Diamond: HOT STUFF
WORTHING Balmoral Bar: SHORT STORIES

Friday

ABERYSTWYTH Kings Hall: TROPICAL COAL-/ZORKIE TWINS
BARNSLEY Cudworth Village Club: STRANGE DAYS
BASILDON Double Six: SPEED-O-METORS
BATH Brillig Arts Centre: THE LURKERS
BENEDEN Village Hall: THE HOLLYWOOD KILLERS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: THE ITALIANS
BIRMINGHAM Elizabethan Days: BAD EARTH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BRADFORD Star Hotel: JOLLY JACK
BRIGHTON Alhambra: THE EXECUTIVES
CHATHAM Army & Navy: RIGHT HAND BAND
CHESTER Sports Centre: NATIONAL SMILE BAND
DUNFERMLINE Northern Roadhouse: UNDERHAND JONES
EGREMONT Tow Bar Inn: SCENE STEALER
GUILDFORD Royal Hotel: THE VAPORS
HARTLEPOOL Gatsby's: HOT STUFF
HIGH WYCOMBE Town Hall: TANZ DER YOUTH/SORE THROAT / PATRIK FITZGERALD / THE ACTORS
HULL Wellington Club: THE VOID
KIDDERMINSTER Stone Manor: PARADOX
LEEDS Cherry Tree (doubling **BRADFORD** Edwardian Club): REBEL
LEEDS 'F' Club: WHIRLWIND
LIVERPOOL Gulliver's: DRAMATIS PERSONAE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: IGNATZ/JOHNNY G
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: JAPAN/WHITE CATS
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: SPLIT RIVITT
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE EDGE
LONDON FOREST HILL St. Germain's Hotel: SWIFT
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: LINDISFARNE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: JOHN OTWAY BAND (for a week until August 10)
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE BOYFRIENDS
LONDON MANOR PARK Three Rabbits: TRANSAM
LONDON Marquee Club: THE ENID
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: GREIG & NIGEL'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT
LONDON SOUTHALL Hambro' Tavern: THE INJECTIONS
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: REALITY
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE EXTRAS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: GENTRY
LONDON TOTTENHAM White Hart: DANNY WILD & THE WILDCATS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: LIMOSINE
LONDON WILLESDEN White Horse: MATCHBOX
LOWESTOFT Waveney Hotel: STEVE ASHLEY
MATLOCK Baths Pavilion: VESUVIUS



MICK RONSON (above) has been conspicuous by his absence from the gig scene this year, but he makes a welcome return on Sunday — when he and a group of "friends" appear with the remarkable Annette Peacock in a one-off concert at London Strand Lyceum. And we can look forward to them touring Britain together in the autumn.
STEVE GIBBONS (right) and his band are back in live action on Tuesday, when they headline a benefit show at London Camden Music Machine, in aid of One-Parent Families. Also appearing are Autographs, John Cooper-Clarke and The Slits. Should be quite a night, and one that certainly deserves your support.

AND THIS WEEK'S OTHER HIGHLIGHTS...

AUGUST is traditionally the month when gigs fall to their lowest ebb — with most of the big names off the road for their summer break, and the colleges on vacation. But there are still a few events worthy of mention this week, namely:
● LINDISFARNE headline a London concert at the Hammersmith Odeon on Friday.
● JOHN OTWAY debuts his new band in a week-long season at London's Red Cow, starting on Friday.
● WILKO JOHNSON plays a handful of West Country gigs to keep the Solid Senders in trim, appearing at Exeter (Monday), Penzance (Tuesday) and Plymouth (Wednesday).
● STEVE HILLAGE takes part in a couple of festivals at Harwich (Saturday) and Bristol (Sunday), then plays a couple of nights at London Marquee (Monday and Tuesday).

MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: SASSAFRAS
NEWCASTLE Bridge Hotel: DRAGONS
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: SOUTHBOUND/THE SQUAD
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: R.B.Q./BLITZKREIG BOP
NUNEATON Stockingford Club: TROOPS OF TOMORROW
PETERBOROUGH Cresset: THE DOLE
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: THE REZILLOS
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: THE DODGERS
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: MISTY
STOKE Jollees: GUYS 'N' DOLLS
SUNDERLAND Mecca Centre: TIME FLIES
SUTTON COLDFIELD Martsmith Club: THE UTENSILS
SWINDON Brunel Rooms: THE JAM
SWINTON Champagne Charlie's: THE SALFORD JETS
TIPTON Brewer & Baker: MALCOLM STENT
WALLASEY The Dale: THE BOF BAND

Saturday

BIRCOTE Leisure Centre: THE RICH KIDS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM The Sherwood: RENO
BIRMINGHAM The Star: PAUL DOWNES & PHIL BEER
BOLTON Nevada: NATIONAL SMILE BAND
BRISTOL Trinity Hall: MATCHBOX
CANNOCK Moonraker: PARADOX
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: DOZY, BEAKY, MICK & TICH
DARLINGTON Bowes Cellar: TIME FLIES
DERBY Hazlewood School: STRANGE DAYS/FLASHCATS
DEWSBURY Pickwick's Club: DAWNWEAVER
DUNDEE Baracuda Club: SOUL DIRECTION
EGREMONT Tow Bar Inn: THE SALFORD JETS
FALKIRK Maniqui: SCENE STEALER
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: TONY McPHEE & TERRAPLANE
GRAVESEND Red Lion: WHITE CATS
HARROGATE Cock & Castle: THE VYE
HARWICH Anti-Nazi Festival: STEVE HILLAGE
HOWDEN Working Men's Club: THE VOID
KNOTTINGLEY Wallbottle Hotel: REBEL
LARGS Lugano: GYRO
LEEDS 'F' Club: THE DODGERS
LIVERPOOL Speke Damwood Hall (RAR): DED BYRDS/TAV ZERO/THE LAWNMOWER/THE AGENTS/CRASH COURSE/THE FITS
LONDON BARKINGSIDE Old Maypole: MYSTERY TRAIN
LONDON BARNEHURST Woodside Hall: R21/THE EXPELLED/DEREK MARTIN
LONDON BATTERSEA Park: RANDOM HOLD
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: LANDSCAPE/THE 'A' SIDE
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: BLIND DRUNK
LONDON CHELSEA The Wheatsheaf: OVERSEAS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
LONDON HARROW RD Windsor Castle: THE PIRANHAS
LONDON MANOR PARK Three Rabbits: RIGHT HAND BAND
LONDON Marquee Club: THE ENID
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: CHEAP FLIGHTS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: BIG CHIEF
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: SORE THROAT
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: LIMOSINE
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: THE REZILLOS
NEWCASTLE Bridge Hotel: ELDRON
NEWCASTLE The Cooperage (lunchtime): GOATS
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: BAND OF JOY
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: OUTWARD BAND
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: KRAKATOA
OLDHAM Boundary Hotel: HOT STUFF
PETERBOROUGH Town Hall: J.A.L.N. BAND
READING Target Club: HOTLINE
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: WHIRLWIND
ST. ALBANS City Hall: JAPAN/MOONSTONE
ST. AUSTELL New Cornish Riviera: THE LURKERS
STOKE Jollees: GUYS'N'DOLLS
SUNDERLAND Mecca Centre: HELEN DAY/WILD AFFAIR
SUTTON Bulls Head: JUGGERNAUT
SWANSEA Arts Workshops: SUNSTROKE
TONYPANDY Naval Club: PEKOE ORANGE
WATFORD Red Lion: GNASHER
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS

Sunday

BIRKENHEAD Hamilton Club: LINDA QUINCEY (for a week)
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: VIDEO
BLACKPOOL Imperial Hotel: THE RICH KIDS
BRADFORD Princeville Club (lunchtime) and LEEDS Staging Post (evening): REBEL
BRIGHTON Alhambra: THE PIRANHAS
BRISTOL Ashton Court Festival: STEVE HILLAGE/THE ACCELERATORS
BURNLEY Bankhall Club: HOT STUFF
CAMBUSLAND County Inn: UNDERHAND JONES
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: STEVE ASHLEY BAND
CHRISTCHURCH Jumpers Tavern: FRINGE BENEFIT
COLCHESTER Woods Leisure Centre: SORE THROAT
CREWE Brunswick Hotel: PAUL DOWNES & PHIL BEER
CREWE Grand Junction: JUGGERNAUT
DERBY Old Bell Hotel: ATLAS
JACKSDALE Grey Topper: KRAKATOA
IPSWICH Kingfisher: GYPP
IPSWICH Royal William: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
LIVERPOOL Fazakerly British Legion Club: THE CRUISERS
LIVERPOOL Netherton Tailors Arm: THE EDDY
LOCHMABEN Balcastle Hotel: SCENE STEALER
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR VEIN
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TENNIS SHOES
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
LONDON CHALK FARM Downstairs at the Roundhouse: BLOOD DONOR
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: THE VAPORS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: WORLD SERVICE
LONDON GREENWICH Well Hall Open Theatre: PETER SARSTEDT/BONNIE DOBSON
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: SPEED-O-METORS
LONDON Marquee Club: RACING CARS
LONDON N.4 The Stapleton: ROGER THE CAT
LONDON OXFORD STREET 100 Club: ROY BROWN
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (lunchtime): BLUE MOON
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: BLAZER BLAZER
LONDON STRAND Lyceum Ballroom: ANNETTE PEACOCK/MICK RONSON/TANZ DER YOUTH
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: SWIFT
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: KYRO
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: THE PRESS
PAIGNTON Festival Theatre: THE WURZELS
POYNTON Folk Centre: TICKAWINDA/PETE ROYAL
SHOTTON Central Hotel: TROPICAL COAL
SILOTH Lido Club: THE SALFORD JETS
ST. AGNES Talk of the Est: GUY'S'N DOLLS (for a week)
WATH-ON-DEARNE Newton House Club: STRANGE DAYS
WEST BROMWICH Coach & Horses: PARADOX

Monday

BARNSLEY Birdcage: RAY KING BAND
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: WIDE BOYS
BIRMINGHAM Drake's Drum: PARADOX
BIRMINGHAM Night Out: LABI SIFFRE
BRISTOL Stonehouse: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
CHADWELL HEATH Greyhound: AUTOGRAPHS
CHESTERFIELD Adam & Eve: DAWNWEAVER
DONCASTER Outlook Club: THE REZILLOS
EXETER Routes: WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS / THE RECORDS
GT. YARMOUTH Tiffany's: CO-CO
HULL Tiffanys: WHIRLWIND
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: THE EDDY
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: SOUNDER / STRAIGHT 8 / TIGER ASHBY
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: TRANS-AM
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: APOSTROPHE
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: SUCKER
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: SORE THROAT
LONDON Marquee Club: STEVE HILLAGE BAND
LONDON National Theatre Foyer: GRASS ROOTS
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A' Beckett: STAN'S BLUES BAND
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: FISCHER-Z
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: N.W.10
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: MATCHBOX
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: PEKOE ORANGE
NEWCASTLE The Cooperage: SABRE JETS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GWAIHIR
NOTTINGHAM Newcastle Arms: PAUL DOWNES & PHIL BEER
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: GINA & THE ROCKIN' REBELS
OXFORD Corn Dolly: HOTLINE
SPENNYMOOR Recreation Club: HOT STUFF
ST. ALBANS Horn of Plenty: JOKER
STOKE Jollees: CARLO SANTANNA / NEW WORLD
SWINTON Duke of Wellington: THE SALFORD JETS
WOLVERHAMPTON Queen's Hotel: ATLAS

Tuesday

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RENO
BIRMINGHAM Moseley Fighting Cocks: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Night Out: LABI SIFFRE
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BOLTON Tongueward Club: THE SALFORD JETS
BRIGHTON Richmond Hotel: NICKY AND THE DOTS
CHESTER Smartyz Club: TROPICAL COAL/FUNNY PLUMBING
DEWSBURY Turks Head: THE ACCELERATORS
EASINGTON Colliery Club: HOT STUFF
EPSOM Adriano's: EX-DIRECTORY
GLASGOW Burns Howff: UNDERHAND JONES
LIVERPOOL Havanna Club: THE EDDY
LONDON ANGEL City Arms: THE PIRANHAS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE STOREY/LASSCELLES CUCKOO BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: STEVE GIBBONS BAND/AUTOGRAPHS/JOHN COOPER CLARKE/THE SLITS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: DANSETTE
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope and Anchor: IGNATZ
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: FISCHER-Z
LONDON Marquee Club: STEVE HILLAGE BAND
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: PEKOE ORANGE
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: TERESA D'ABRAU BAND/ROOTS
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: BARRACUDA
NEWCASTLE The Cooperage: FAMOUS FIVE
NEWCASTLE Gosforth Hotel: THIRD EDITION
NUNEATON 77 Club: THE REZILLOS
PENRITH Twisted Wheel: NATIONAL SMILE BAND
PENZANCE Winter Gardens: WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS/THE RECORDS
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: KNIFE EDGE

Wednesday

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: KILLING TIME
BIRMINGHAM Hall Green The Sherwood: CARTOONS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BIRMINGHAM Yardley Bulls Head: ROSES
BOURNEMOUTH St Stephen's Hall: MATCHBOX
BRIGHTON Alhambra: THE HEAT
BUILTH WELLS Arts Centre: JOHNNY COPPIN BAND / PAUL DOWNES & PHIL BEER
CANTERBURY Millers: RIGHT HAND BAND
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: ROADSTERS
EXETER Routes: ALAN HODGE BAND
FARNHAM The Maltings: JOE STEAD
HEREFORD Market Tavern: KOKO
LEEDS Fan Club: GENERATION X
LONDON ACTON White Hart: THE TRANSMITTERS / BLITZ
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: TRADITION
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: O.K.
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: WHIRLWIND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: ANGELO PALLADINO
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: ANGLETRAX
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: EX-DIRECTORY
LONDON National Theatre Foyer: BOB DAVENPORT / THE RAKES
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: DANA SIMMONDS & GREIG'S FOLK AND BLUES SHOWCASE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE MONOS / THE CROOKS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: DOLL BY DOLL
LONDON TOOTING Forresters Arms: U.K. SUBS / THE TICKETS
LONDON WIMBLEDON F.C. Nelson's Club: BIG CHIEF
NEWCASTLE Bridge Hotel: WHITE HEAT
NEWCASTLE La Dolce Vita: FAMOUS FIVE
NEWCASTLE Newton Park Hotel: BLACK DIAMOND
NORWICH Toppers: THE DODGERS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SOME CHICKEN
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS / THE RECORDS
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
ST HELENS Railway Hotel: THE EDDY
SUNDERLAND Boilermakers Club: HOT STUFF
WHITLEY BAY Jonah's: STEVE BROWN BAND

BRIAN B'S LIVE PAGE

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm to 11.00 pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Thurs 3rd, Fri 4th and Sat 5th August
THE ENID
Plus friends & Ian Fleming

Sun 6th August (Adm £1.25)
RACING CARS
Plus friends & Mandy H

Mon 7th & Tue 8th August
STEVE HILLAGE
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd
Advance tickets to members £1.40
Non-Members at the door £1.60

Wed 9th August (Adm £1)
NEW HEARTS
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

Thur 10th & Fri 11th (Adm £1.50)
WILKO JOHNSON
SOLID SENDERS
The Young Ones & Ian Fleming

Sat 12th August (Adm 75p)
THE BUSINESS
Reaction & Ian Fleming

Sun 13th & Mon 14th August
THE VIBRATORS
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd
Advance tickets to members £1.25
Non-Members at the door £1.50

HAMBURGERS AND OTHER HOT AND COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE

READING FESTIVAL
AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND SEE PAGE 38

HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS PRESENTS ★ at the Lyceum

PENETRATION

with special guests
The Fall
Ed Banger and His Group Therapy
+ **Punishment of Luxury**
Sunday 20th August £2 in advance £2.25 on door
Doors open 7.15 p.m.

Tickets available from the Box Office, Lyceum Ballroom, The Strand, W.C.2 01-836 3715. The Harvey Goldsmith Box Office Chappells, 50 New Bond Street, London W1 01-629 3453 (20p Booking fee).

THE PORTERHOUSE

20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts. Tel. 704981
Friday August 4th
SASSAFRAS
Saturday August 5th
JAB JAB

TELEPHONE 01-387-0428/9

MUSIC MACHINE

Playing times 10.30 pm and midnight.
CAMDEN HIGH ST. OPP. MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE. N.W.1

Wednesday August 2nd £1.00
PRESSURE SHOCKS
+ Giro
Free admisstion for one with this advert before 10.30 pm

Friday August 4th £2.00
RICH KIDS
+ Support

Saturday August 5th £2.00
SUPERCHARGE
+ Support

Monday August 7th £1.00
JOHNNY MOPED
+ Support

Tuesday August 8th
A Benefit for the National Council for One Parent Families
STEVE GIBBONS BAND
+ The Slits + Autographs + John Cooper-Clarke
Advance tickets £1.50 from Box Office

Wednesday August 9th £1.00
WHIRLWIND
+ Support

Thursday August 10th £1.50
TANZ DER YOUTH
+ Cabaret Voltaire
+ Special guest Patrik Fitzgerald

Thursday August 3rd.
I Individual
GLORIA MUNDI
+ WARM JETS + Jerry Floyd playing R.C.A.
Sounds by Iggy, Lou Reed, Gloria Mundi, etc.

Wednesday August 23rd & Thursday August 24th
THE MIGHTY DIAMONDS
+ Their own backing band from Jamaica
Icebreakers
Advance tickets £2.50 from box office

LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING
8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

THE RED COW
HAMMERSMITH ROAD. W.6

Friday 4th to Thursday 10th inclusive 75p

JOHN OTWAY

Tickets available in advance from the bar at lunchtimes and early evenings at the Red Cow. Tel. 748 5720

FAREWELL FESTIVAL
Thurs 3rd August 75p
DEAD FINGERS TALK

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

Thurs 3rd August 75p
BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES
Fri 4th August £1
THE BOYFRIENDS + Backbeats
Sat 5th August £1
SONJA KRISTINA'S ESCAPE
Sun 6th August 75p
THE EDGE + The Inmates
Mon 7th August 75p
SORE THROAT
Tues 8th August 75p
FISCHER Z + STARJETS
Wed 9th FREE
HANK WANGFORD BAND
Thurs 10th August 75p
CHAMPION

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01-603 6071)

THE BRIDGE HOUSE

23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday August 3rd Free
John Grimaldi's Cheap Flights

Friday August 4th ..... Free
V1
(featuring Denny Ace Ex-Iron Maiden)

Saturday August 5th 50p
BLIND DRUNK
Is Matt Vinyl a Small Face?

Sunday August 6th 40p
REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD

Monday August 7th Free
TRANS-AM

Tuesday August 8th Free
THE TICKETS
+ Support

Wednesday August 9th Free
Angelino Palladino

Thursday August 10th Free
ZAINE GRIFF

HOLLIES

TIDAL BASIN TAVERN, TIDAL BASIN ROAD, E16
(off Silvertown Way) 01-476 7791
Open Monday to Saturday until 2 am — Midnight on Sunday

Thursday August 3rd
APOSTROPHE
Friday August 4th
DOGWATCH
Saturday August 5th
THE EXTRAS

DINGWALLS

01-267 4967 Camden Lock, Chalk Farm Road, London NW1

THURS 3
PSALMS
SAT 5
LANDSCAPE
SUPPORTED BY
THE 'A' SIDE
WED 9
TRADITION
8pm-2am·Live Music·Licensed Bar·Disco·Restaurant

BOGNOR ROCK *RISKS IT!*

If dry
STAA MARX
will be playing outside
THE SQUIRREL
Hurtmore (off A.3 near Godalming)
Saturday Evening Aug. 5th
If wet they'll be inside getting pissed

LANDSCAPE — MUSIC FOR THE NEARLY SUNBURNT

AUGUST
Sat 5: Dingwalls, Camden Lock, London NW1
Fri 10: Plymouth Arts Centre
WORKERS' PLAYTIME — LUNCHTIME OPEN AIR GIGS
Mon 14: South Bank Bandstand 1 pm
Wed 16: King George's Park, Wandsworth, 1 pm
Fri 18: W.H. Smith's, EC1, 1 pm
Sat 19: Alexandra Palace, 1 pm
BIG CONCERTS IN MEDIUM SIZED PLACES
Sat 19: Riverside Studios, Hammersmith, 8 pm
Fri 25: Hampstead Town Hall, 8 pm
Mon 28: Swan Theatre, Worcester, 10.30 pm

EVENT HORIZON
01-703 7677/01-870 2061

LAST BASTION! THE WHITE HART PUB
246 HIGH ST. ACTON

TRANSMITTERS
+ BLITZ
+ ROTTING KLITZ
& D.J. JERRY FLOYD
WEDS 9th AUG 8.00pm
Please come early

WEDS 16th AUG.
EATER
+ UK SUBS & D.J. JERRY FLOYD

ROCK 'N' ROLL DANCE
Saturday August 5th
ICKNIELD HALL, LETCHWORTH
with
★ **MARTY WILDE** ★
+ WILD CATS + DYNAMITE
& THE CRAZY CAVAN DISCO SHOW
8 pm — Midnight. Adm. £2.50
Bar-Snacks
Details Hitchin 812051

ROCK AGAINST RASCISM

FESTIVAL AGAINST THE NAZIS
HARWICH, ESSEX
with
STEVE HILLAGE
NIK TURNER'S SPHYNX
& Many Others
SATURDAY AUGUST 5th
Rally starts 11 am.
Harwich Green.
Further details tel.
Harwich 6216.

PEGASUS

109 GREEN LANES, LONDON N.16.
01-226 5930

Thursday August 3rd 50p
WHITE CATS
Friday August 4th 50p
THE EXTRAS
Saturday August 5th 50p
BIG CHIEF
Sunday August 6th Free
BLAZER BLAZER
(Ex STREET WALKERS)
Monday August 7th Free
FISCHER Z
Tuesday August 8th Free
PEKOE ORANGE
Wednesday August 9th Free
MONOS

HOPE & ANCHOR

UPPER STREET ISLINGTON, N.1

Thurs 3rd August 75p
THE EDGE
Fri 4th August 75p
SOULYARD
Sat 5th August £1
THE INMATES
Sun 6th August 75p
SPEEDOMETORS
Mon 8th August FREE
SUCKER
Tues 9th August 75p
IGNATZ
Wed 10th August 75p
STAGECOACH
Thurs 11th August 60p
THE VICARS

FOR FULL DETAILS OF ADVERTISING
Ring Brian B on 01-261 6153

Blast Furnace and THE HEATWAVES

THE NASH VILLE
Thursday August 3rd

A.J.'S CLUB

High Street, Lincoln.

Friday August 4th
TOMMY & THE HOTROCKS

Saturday August 5th
BITCH

LIVE PAGE

BLITZ

LAST BASTION
WHITE HART PUB
246 HIGH STREET,
ACTON

Wednesday
August 9th

GIGS WANTED

Please telephone
01-579 5950

HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS PRESENTS
★ at the Lyceum

ANNETTE PEACOCK
with Mick Ronson and friends
+ Tanz Der Youth + Blazer Blazer
Sunday 6th August £2 in advance £2.25 on door

COMING SOON
Country Joe MacDonald
+ Meal Ticket

Doors open 7.15 p.m.

Tickets available from the Box Office, Lyceum Ballroom, The Strand, W.C.2 01-836 3715. The Harvey Goldsmith Box Office Chappells, 50 New Bond Street, London W1 01-629 3453 (20p Booking fee)

INJECTIONS
STATE ROCK
Sat. 4th August 8pm
Hambro Tavern, Southall
Sole Rep. BLANCMANGE
01-845 1447

THE STOP

appearing at the

ST. GERMAINS HOTEL
St. Germans Road,
Forest Hill

Sunday August 6th

TELEPHONE 01-387-0428
MUSIC MACHINE
Playing times 10.30 pm and midnight.
CAMDEN HIGH ST. OPP. MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE · N.W.1
Tuesday August 8th
A benefit gig for the National Council For One Parent Families
STEVE GIBBONS BAND
AUTOGRAPHS THE SLITS
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ON

The Clash

MUSIC MACHINE, LONDON

TIME HAS come today. Third of four Music Machine gigs and — surprise! — the ritual bottling of Suicide appears to have been omitted for the nonce. Alan Vega is up by the mike, moving jerkily from pose to pose like a series of still-photo slides vaguely in synch with the music — pose CLICK pose CLICK pose — while Marty Rev stands solid and immobile beside his control post and the drum machine gets louder and lOuDeR and LoUdEr and LOUDER AND LOUDER AND LOUDER AND . . .

And very suddenly they're off. Some of the audience consider the whole set to have been a bad dream and forget about it, others seem to have enjoyed it in a perverse sort of way (what other way is there to enjoy these guys, anyway?) and the general impression is of one of those nightmares that, thankfully, fade after you've been awake a few minutes.

Suicide might well be creepy and chilling and all the other names ... and if their intention was not so patently to Lay Theatre Of Spookery (brrr) on the masses they might actually have achieved their desired effect. As it is, I'd take Throbbing Gristle's "United" over anything Suicide have laid down, but anyway . . .

As of right now (GMT), The Clash are one of the few bands who can not only make you feel that they're the best rock band in the arena while you're actually watching them, but leave you with that same feeling even after your ears have stopped ringing. While it's ludicrous to assign such a heavy responsibility to any one band, The Clash are certainly one of the magic few who move you and shake you as well as just rocking and rolling you. I mean, I had a cold that night and felt well on the rough side of dreadful; didn't think anything could make me want to dance that night. The Clash did, for which we are mostly truly thankful.

It was the first time I'd seen them in over a year, which allowed the weight of all their changes to hit at once. Success, acceptance and comparative maturity has certainly not mellowed their attack or blunted their blade: their emotional power is now matched with a confident, co-ordinated strength which is well nigh overwhelming in its impact.

Anyone who honestly expresses a preference for the unco-ordinated, unfocussed aggression of their early days is talking out of nostalgia and I-was-at-the-Roxy-and-you-weren't elitism: *this* is the heyday of The Clash.

Consider: from their first explosive chord each member of the band seems possessed by an inner strength that both draws from and feeds into their collective power. Mick Jones feeds in a Jewish/Celtic sensitivity and elegance and a thinking man's sense of dynamics; Paul Simonon is the rumble of energy from the engine room and the feeling that all that sound is coming straight from him and that he only has an amp on stage to look good; Topper Headon combines science, power and commitment in a manner perfectly befitting a student of the martial arts and Strummer is . . .

Focus. Not so much a front man as the man in the middle of a front line; the band work through Strummer to get at the audience. His convulsive movements and barking vocals bespeak his position: that of a man holding a live wire.

The Clash are an ambitious band: not in the conventional Rod Stewart sense of ambition (i.e. being as rich and famous and important and fawned-over as is humanly possible), but ambitious in terms of the projected goals which they have set themselves.

The goal of The Clash is — quite simply — to be the Ideal Rock Band. To display confidence without being arrogant, to be macho without being sexist, to demonstrate strength without ever bullying, to indicate what they consider wrong with the world without whining, to suggest solutions without preaching, to be fashionable and unique without flaunting wealth and encouraging elitism, to play dynamite rock and roll music for dancing and other stuff without getting distracted by bullshit and flummery, to appear larger and stronger than real life without ever suggesting to the audience that there's any reason why they can't do it too . . .

Daunting goals, therefore.

The Clash have come too near to making fools of themselves in the past by making loud claims which they couldn't fulfil to wear their integrity so ostentatiously on their sleeves again, but ultimately they haven't copped out and anything which they would have liked to achieve which rockbiz inertia has prevented them from realising has at least been an honest failure. Plus they keep trying, they don't hesitate and the better they get the better they do. And vice versa.

I have respect for these guys, and you should too (all you jerks who put them down in the Bag the other week; have the grace to be ashamed of yourselves). Nothing they do is slipshod, except for one single presentation point. Mr. Strummer: please step inside these brackets for a second: I-man want a quick word in your shell-like.

(Joe, your Telecaster nearly always goes out of tune, plus you break a lot of strings. You could get the Tele seen to — after all, there's no reason why the condition isn't curable — or, better still, get a spare guitar so that in case of future guitar catastrophes, you've got something functional to move onto. The Clash are long past the stage where it's acceptable to bash away at a detuned axe. Okay?)

Best bits: the segue into Da Ramones' "Blitzkrieg Bop" at the end of "Police And Thieves" (itself so much improved since they started playing it that it's nigh-on incredible), the astonishing power of "White Man In Hammersmith Palais" and the sheer triumph of the closing "Garageland".

And, of course, the encore: the pudgy menace of jammer-about-town Steve Jones, adding weight in more ways than one to a storming "London's Burning", his guitar smouldering like a t'ai-stick fuse linked to a time bomb: his occasional starfish jumps demonstrating just how out of practice he is as a live performer these days.

And then Jimmy Pursey careening on stage to sing with Strummer on "White Riot": it's very easy for a jammer to come on fresh and rested and vibed up when the band is shagged out after a hard set and steal the show. It's to Pursey's credit that he didn't try any cheap upstaging tactics on the by now almost exhausted Clash, but it wouldn't have worked even if he had tried. *No-one* upstages The Clash.

There's a lot of jamming going on these days: always a healthy sign.

It's quite possible that Britpunk will just go down in rock history as another craze movement like glamrock or Merseybeat or the Blues Boom or whatever; it'll be forgotten except by devotees and historians. But just as it would now sound ludicrous to describe David Bowie as the greatest of the glamrockers, soon it'll sound stupid and irrelevant to tag The Clash as the best of the punk bands. Bowie is a master who defines his own terms; so, in their way, are The Clash.

Britpunk may, therefore, slip into oblivion, but rock and roll is never going to forget The Clash.

Hell, they've only just started.

Charles Shaar Murray

T.V. SMITH. Pic: ROSS HALFIN

Gobba

The Adverts

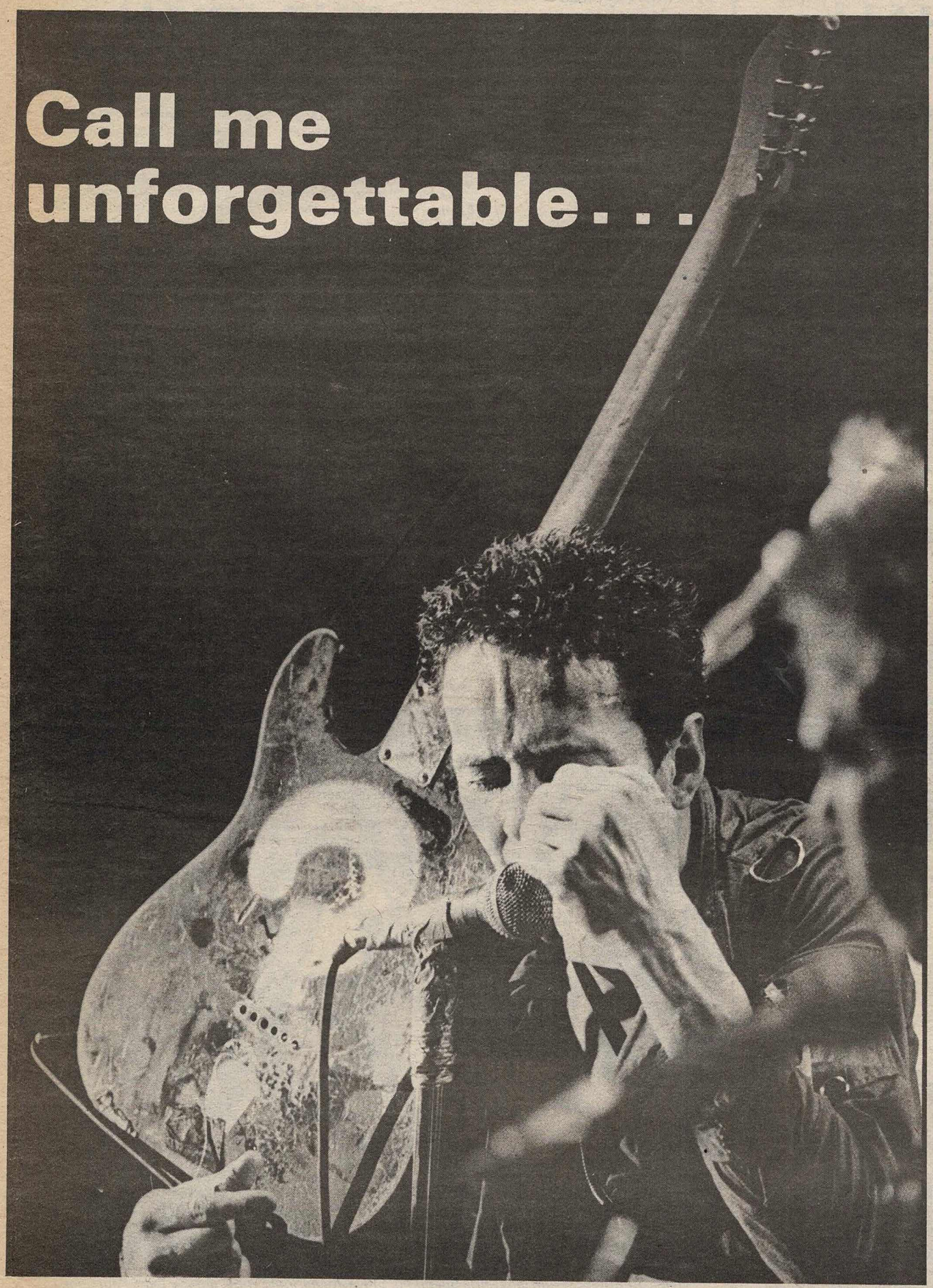
MARQUEE, LONDON

IT WAS a hot muggy Tennessee Williams night, the kind of night custom-made to stand, steaming demurely in 104 degree heat, in the familiar sweaty old Marquee and watch the familiar sweaty old Adverts stumble through their set. They didn't disappoint me.

It's amazing how little The Adverts change. They got a new drummer but he sounds just like the old drummer, and there they are, the same ramshackle outfit jerking their way through some of the most commercial — yet uncommercially realised — songs to come out of the punk rock explosion.

Tim's songs are very poppy

THE TOWN



STRUMMER. Pic: PENNIE SMITH

So by writing songs about featherweight romance gleaming through a haze of Cherryade, the band come across as sufficiently pop, while at the same being blatantly ironic.

Also, they give themselves a lot more freedom musically. They don't stick to just the standard revival format, they use rhythms to suit the lyrics, as in the stumbling offbeat of "Shy', or the Latin-based "The Lonely Guys".

Both Paul (drums) and bassist Dennis Smith are always inventive, shifting through sharp and fairly complex figures under Tot's rhythm and keyboards, while Boswell's brilliant guitar playing slaps streams of notes over the melody like layers of icing sugar.

They've got no pretensions about the way they're heading. They're a self-styled singles band, with all the right ingredients, and exactly why "Lipstick" and "Stolen Love" aren't blaring from trannies at this very moment. I can't imagine. Also, their set offers at least a couple more equally strong 45s in "NW6" and "Ich Liebe Dich". The only thing that's holding them back is the odd bunch of duff harmony vocals.

Altogether, it was a night of facing the unfamiliar. As ardent Clash fans filed out, murmuring appraisals of Pop Music, the two rifle-bearing squaddies who eased their way into the dressing rooms made me think The Red Cow was like a holiday camp.

Mark Ellen

The Catch 22 of Cabaret Voltaire

Cabaret Voltaire

SHEFFIELD

CABARET VOLTAIRE performances, if I can make a sweeping generalisation, are always interesting but never satisfying. Interesting because they're perpared to *probe*, often at the cost of comfort and listenability, and unsatisfying because their probes are never definitive statements, more a case of throwing out ideas and finding that, yes, they hover!

Indeed, I'd go so far as to say that when their ideas fall to earth and their probes sure shots, then will the Cabs be finished (as in artistically redundant).

Throwing the audience in at the deep end, they open tonight with "Photophobia", a new number featuring a long, decidely strange monologue from bassist Stephen Mallinder over a series of investigatory echoed squeaks from Richard Mallinder over a series of investigatory echoed squeaks from Richard Kirk's clarinet.

Unfortunately, this and the next piece, the quite-possibly-commercial "Talkover", suffer from a sound balance which is, at best, unsympathetic.

Things improve somewhat for the next couple of numbers, a duo of drug songs, "Heaven And Hell" and "Capsules", dealing with drug-use as, respectively, double-edged hedonism and mental crutch.

Both are structured around a telling robotism which is both danceable and menacing, and the lyrics — as with the majority of their material — are clipped, minimal phrases which forgo narrative continuation in favour of brief, impressionistic hints at an overall thematic structure.

In some cases this method can cause confusion. "Do The Mussolini (Headkick)", one of the older numbers in their set, and a local favourite for some reason, could easily be misconstrued by the casual listener, as could the slow, ponderous "Oh Roger", in which Chris Watson's vocals serve as bare statements of fact, albeit tinged with a latent undercurrent of condemnation.

The most successful pieces of the night came towards the end of the set (by which time the sizeable hostile element of the audience had departed, exasperated) in the shape of "The Set Up" and The Seeds' "No Escape", both object-lessons in simplicity.

"The Set Up", especially, showed how the interplay of a simple high-register guitar figure and equally simple organ riff can produce a piece of almost hypnotic intensity. (Unsurprisingly, it's been chosen as one of the tracks for their forthcoming Rough Trade EP).

They're still beset by problems — the difficulty of successfully presenting the visual side of their performance, the difficulty of finding a PA which can adequately convey their particular dynamics, etc., etc., — but I firmly believe that Cabaret Voltaire could well turn out to be one of the most important new bands to achieve wider recognition this year. Wait and see. . .

They Must Be Russians are yet another drummerless trio (that makes four at the last count, in Sheffield alone), and they seem to be a parody of all the principles of the past two years. I hope for their sake that they *are* a parody, as otherwise they're a bit lost. It's been suggested that they are, in fact, a direct piss-take of the Cabs, so it's quite apposite that they should be support band tonight.

Quite fun in their own slipshod way, they do tend to go on a bit too long, spending a disproportionate amount of time haranguing dissenters up on stage to do better, and generally playing Devil's Advocate to experimental rock music.

Their versions of "Waiting For My Man", "Boredom" and "Louie Louie" are, however, hilarious, the latter an experience to, er, treasure. In spirit, they're definitely a garage band, in that their sense of humour and emphasis on immediate transient experience overwhelms what little sense of aesthetics they possess. Good luck to 'em!

Andy Gill

Gobba On Gaye

but for some reason the band can't play them well enough because they are too difficult. Gaye still spends the entire set staring in rapt concentration at the frets of her bass, making sure she gets the notes right. The result is a situation where they spell out the right words but the writing is shaky.

There are changes of course, one of which is that Howard's guitar licks have improved a lot. He suprised everyone with a superb high metallic one-note-at-a-time solo on "No Time To Be 21".

Gaye's bass sound is now closer to that of J-J Burnel than before — she has achieved that "boiling" sound she always wanted.

I think they are the only group left who yell "1-2-3-4" before each number. . .as Tim jumps like an electrocuted cat at the mike, writhing and twisting, slow motion drowning and, despite the intense heat, pumping out energy till the audience are all pogoing like it was November 1976.

Some of the new numbers were good, particularly "Television's Over" which shows a more poppy and lyrical direction. They did "Back From The Dead" which Tim co-wrote with Kid Strange.

"Backstreet Boys" provoked a spate of gobbing which steadily grew worse through the set until Gaye finally left the stage midway through the encore because she couldn't stand it any more.

Good old Adverts, I hope that they one day learn to play better but until then I'll still dig them. The songs are so good, the vitality and energy is there.

Miles

Advertising

THE POUND, BELFAST

THE GIG was in one of Belfast's 'Red Zones'. This means that if the troops find an empty car parked anywhere, they blow it up. But apart from a bomb scare in our hotel, and four sniper shootings not a quarter of a mile away, all was quiet on the Northern Front.

It doesn't take much imagination to see why the inmates of this bleak and half-decimated town are currently welcoming Punk Music and all its connotations with open arms.

What they least expected on Friday night was the sound of Advertising.

In the murky confines of The Pound, (a cross between a Bier Keller and a sheep dip), the sight of Simon Boswell's red suede winklepickers, Tot Taylor's beaming smile, and Paul Bultitude's pretty blue specs, stirred up a little confusion in the ranks.

But it was all so incongruous, it actually worked.

A recent marketing formula has proved that by mixing mop tops, bop riffs, starched shirts and a tube of Macleans, it's possible to flog some very bland ideas in the name of Pop.

Advertising's approach is very different. It's no less contrived in its own way, but it's got about half the limitations. Their whole theme is the parallel between consumer trash and teenage emotion — they're both banal, but undeniably attractive, and induce the same kind of set reactions.

The Jam

GUILDFORD

A HOMECOMING gig this. And then some. The Jam are from Woking, and this Civic Hall date only a few miles down the road was suitably packed.

The Jam still hit with a white hot, no bullshit intensity that, in the rock and roll mainstream, only The Clash and maybe Parker and The Rumour can approach.

Right from the opener "Billy Hunt", a fluid rocker in the mould of "In The City", it was obvious that Weller is in commanding form, moving in epileptic frenzy as the Townshend dive bombs were fired, arms flailing, from the resonant Rickenbacker.

The stiff-limbed Foxton and decidedly laid-back Buckler are relentless in their rhythm backing, although it is Weller alone who prevents the performance from seeing clinically antiseptic.

Both sides of the new single are previewed, "A-Bomb In Wardour Street", another variant on the "I Can't Explain" riff, and "David Watts", a relatively obscure — and on this hearing — unremarkable Ray Davies composition.

Of the rest of the newer stuff, "Mr Clean" was the one immediately outstanding piece on first hearing. Other titles included "The Place I Love", "To Be Someone" and "It's Too Bad".

Snatches of this newer stuff certainly possess some of the loosely transcendental ambience apparent on a couple of the "Modern World" tracks (notably "Tonight At Noon" and "Life From A Window", neither of which were played here).

Of The Jam's contemporaries, only Penetration have hinted at anything similar.

It's also indicative of their present self-confidence that they feel able to tackle a song like "Away From The Numbers" live. (Right up to the last short tour, Weller had been unwilling to take such a reflective, personal opus out of its studio context.)

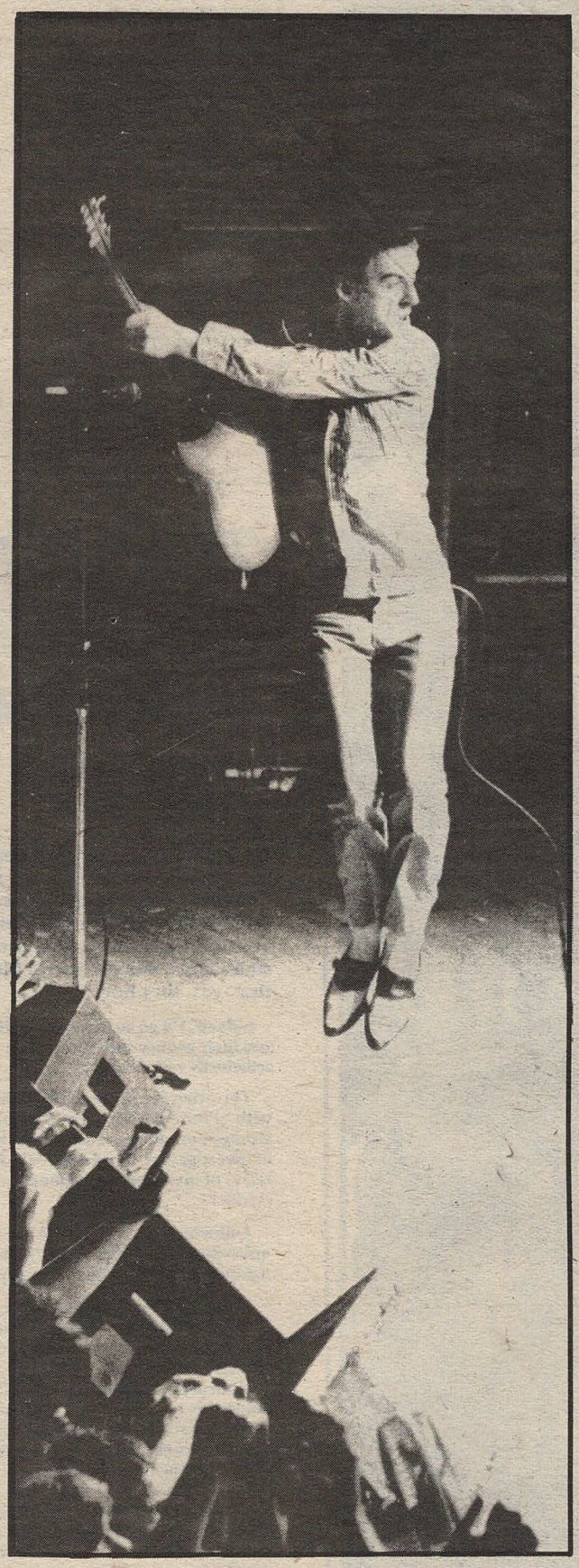
As ever, his stage raps and introductions are defensively (unnecessarily?) sardonic and wryly cynical; "This is a song I wrote when I was on acid maaaan" . . . "This is about the coming apocalypse, and if you don't know what that is, check out the bible baby'." . . . "I'm dedicating this one to the bourgeoisie, maaaan" . . .

My main reservations I'll confine to the backdrop, the support band and the disco ...

One, I doubt if even Rolf Harris could bring himself to perform in front of the hideously painted tower block that rose ungainly on a canvas behind the drum rostrum. (Clash City Backdrops nah suit the Mod City Rockers?)

Adrian Thrills

A-BOMB IN THE CIVIC HALL



PAUL WELLER. Pic: PENNIE SMITH.

The Greedies

ELECTRIC BALLROOM, CAMDEN

A FEW steps sidewards of Camden tube you'll find the Electric Ballroom, newest place in town. Run by ex-Thin Lizzy road manager Frank Murray, the hall is customarily employed for Irish ceilidhs and the like — and the old dears at the box-office look close to panic as the punkish hordes surge in for this, the sell-out opener.

Basically what we're here for is, in the quaint terminology of olden times, a "Supergroup", The Greedies by name, brainchild of one Philip Lynott and sequel to an earlier one-off conception of his, The Greedy Bastards.

Kicking off, however are Manchester's The Drones; to me this is coarsely sub-Stranglerish punk-pop and really nuthin' special but they go down OK with a crowd in benevolent summer spirit.

First of 'The Stars' to take the stage are Thin Lizzies Lynott, Gorham and Downey plus the once and future (?) Lizzy Gary Moore from Colosseum. (Brian Robertson is in the audience, incidentally, and that's where he elects to remain.)

From a superbly flowing version of Wonder's "Jesus Children Of America" through "The Boys Are Back in Town" to a sultry "Don't Believe A Word" the atmosphere is electric and pushing ecstatic.

We take De Ville's "Spanish Stroll" with a roar of recognition for Lynott's sly insertion "*. . . got a Sex Pistol in his pocket*" and, sure enough, there's Paul Cook at work alongside Brian Downey at the second drum-kit.

Enter fellow-Pistol Steve Jones to lead the swelling ensemble in his own "Black Leather" whilst bringing the complement up to seven is number two bassist Jimmy Bain, ex-Rainbow.

"This next one's for George Davies," quips Lynott as the Juggernaut rolls into (what else?) "No-one Is Innocent". If you can imagine the power of Lizzy and multiply by two . . .

Come the encore the stage is starting to resemble the D-Day landings; a solid rank of thrashing guitars now augmented by Chris Spedding, nattily boiler-suited for "Motorbikin' ". And, finally, it's All Together Now for the suspiciously-familiar "Pretty Greedy": "We're so greedy, oh so greedy, WE'RE BASTARDS!"

After the ball is over it's left to DJ Andy Dunkley to pacify the punters; "I reckon you've just seen a classic rock'n'roll gig". And ne'er a dissenting voice was raised.

And the Electric Ballroom? It's a decently-sized affair with audibility and visibility of the finest. There's an expansive bar (it's an Irish ballroom, after all) though not an expensive one, and two more lounge-bars upstairs with glassed-in viewing galleries. A more auspicious debut could hardly have been hoped for.

Paul Du Noyer

LYNOTT 'N' THE LUCK OF THE IRISH

Kangaroo Kourt

BRIDGE HOUSE, CANNING TOWN

FOUR MONTHS after his ill-starred Palladium comeback Alex Harvey has re-surfaced, unpublicised, leading Kangaroo Kourt — which includes a two-man brass section.

This time around the key is low, almost subdued, with a set that's maybe 90 per cent rock chestnuts or big-band vaudeville ("Shakin' All Over", "I Ain't Got Nobody").

As if intent upon re-learning his craft from scratch Alex eschews theatrics, using his free moments to listen and look with studious concentration.

Tending the roots is so obviously the order of the night that critical appraisals are, at this stage, superfluous.

Paul Du Noyer

THE GREEDIES: (From left) Chris Spedding, Steve Jones, Phil Lynott, Jimmy Bain, Paul Cook. Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

A SHITKICKER'S WALTZ

Cambridge Folk Festival

CHERRY HINTON HALL

OLD HIPPIES don't die, they just go to folk festivals these days. With ticket sales limited to 10,000 for the event, last weekend's Cambridge Folk Festival, the 14th, looked like being a success for all concerned. Blackbushe badges were prolific and although the icing on the Cambridge cake was spread more evenly in terms of a consistent line-up, the charismatic cherry was missing from the top, but more of Billy Connolly anon.

With everything going on around the festival site all I can offer, for what they're worth, are my 'Impressions of Cambridge'. Apart from the two main tents, there were all manner of club tents, workshops and impromptu ensembles playing just for the hell of it, everything from Dutch bluegrass groups in cowboy hats to Irish pipers. The Cambridge Folk Club did a fine job in the club tent with a variety of local talent.

NA FILI were playing as I entered the arena, a three-man Irish folk group playing traditional tunes on Uillean pipes, whistle and fiddle and competing against low flying aircraft and the fluctuating crowds shifting round the site. They wile away the early part of Saturday afternoon in a most meritorious manner with a selection of airs and jigs.

JOHN RENBOURN AND STEFAN GROSSMAN played some mighty fine guitars in the second tent with other members of the Kicking Mule stable. It's a recent collaboration of these two virtuosi, with one joint album to boot (if that's how you get your kicks!) and sounds like the basis of a fruitful and fascinating symbiosis (well, it is a university town).

RICHIE HAVENS was the first of the big American names to appear. From where I was I couldn't see if he had his teeth in or not, but he sounded okay. His strident, polemical songs were not as well received during the sultry afternoon as his individual interpretations of other composers' material.

Havens, and guitarist Paul Williams, covered, among others, Van Morrison's "Tupelo Honey", George Harrison's "Here Comes The Sun", Dylan's "Just Like A Woman" (the composer couldn't make it — he was too busy opening a Top Hat emporium in Greenwich Village) and Dan Steely's "Do It Again".

Havens finished with something about "Golden Apples Of The Sun", which was conspicuous by its absence. What you got was a polyurethane sky which kept the sun from bursting through and a cloying closeness as a substitute for weather.

Cambridge is a great opportunity to see a number of acts over one weekend that would probably take you a year to check out in the clubs. Obviously the crowds gather for the big names, but there was enough of your 'traditional' folk music to satisfy even the most puritanical folkie. The arguments for and against trad folk and electric have long since, thankfully, blown in the wind, and what you got at Cambridge was the gamut of the current folk scene — which is flourishing.

FIVE HAND REEL were the band who got the unusually lethargic Saturday afternoon crowd going, and not simply because they were the first electric band. The redoubtable Dick Gaugham and fiddler Tom Hickland were in fine voice as they played a set which drew from their three splendid RCA albums.

As they proceeded the sky grew ominous and it looked as though we might be denied the rest of the afternoon's music, but wisdom prevailed, and The Reel Thing ended with a stirring series of Scottish pipe tunes — "No. 1, No. 2 And Who the Hell Was Ally McLeod Anyway"? — which got everyone banging their empty cans together along with this band who gave the afternoon the spark it needed.

Their PA, incidentally, was really remarkable for an outdoor event — perfectly balanced. And, in fact, the stage changeovers and organisation were swiftly executed throughout, causing a minimum of delay between the acts. Congratulations to festival organiser Ken Woolard and his staff.

SHIRLEY AND DOLLY COLLINS came on earlier than advertised, which meant I missed the ladies, much to my annoyance, but it's very rarely they turn in a duff set.

HAMISH IMLACH was a welcome guest and entertained the delighted crowd in his own inimitable style. Songs like "Johnnie Cope", "Cod Liver Oil And Orange Juice" and "The Oldest Swinger In Town" (with the great line *"When you go to the disco they offer you a seat"*) were great, and Hamish's between-songs patter kept us amused:

"You must have heard of the Scottish cure for seasickness? Stick a £5 note between your teeth".

Billy Connolly look out. If this guy ever got the exposure he deserves there'd be some strong competition.

NATTY MEK LIKE A PUPPET?

Culture

RAINBOW, LONDON

LET'S HOPE a live album doesn't result from this sad night when reggae's greatest vocal trio played their second London concert and well-and-truly blew it.

Recently, I've come not to expect anything earth-shattering any more, but I still hoped Joseph Hill would do a Winston Rodney / Burning Spear on me and make the whole exercise worthwile. Alas, one more fallen idol is thrown onto the pile of shattered myths and legends exposed.

How disillusioning it was to watch three presumably sincere Rastamen all dolled-up in army-uniform-as-stage-gear, prancing around like a bunch of fashion poseurs waving Ethiopian scarves.

All this in front of an excitement-starved audience who, it struck me, couldn't tell a good rendition of a song from a Woolies cover version. The logic: It's Culture, therefore it must be good. Not so natty.

A song-by-song run-down of their set would be totally pointless, since all ran to the same tedious pattern. Take a number (preferably one of the least interesting of the 30-odd they've recorded), get the pale imitation of the real Revolutionaries to perform a plodding version of the tune, then add J. Hill and pals dancing like mad merely as crowd showmanship and not to the rhythms.

Throw the gist of the words over the top (Joe's voice obviously suffering from the strain of the northern dates). Eventually let the whole thing meander off into what seemed like 20 minutes of idle jamming; Jess Yates / "Take Your Pick" organ swamping the sound.

Finally climax with another dose of out-of-time puppet gyrations, then cue mild, passive, half-hearted applause and fade. Depressing.

By the sound of it this was virtually the same set they had played on the previous dates (minus "Work On Natty"). Only two songs worked even half-decently — "Stop The Fussing And Fighting" and "Natty Never Get Weary", both mainly because the trio put some real emotion into the singing, instead of just going through the motions, and they're excellent catchy tunes anyway.

The latter was one half of the encore, the other half being the perfunctory "Two Sevens Clash", during which a fight broke out behind me.

So much for the biblical quotes and mass singing-along-to "Stop The Fussing And Fighting".

Life of contradictions . . . it's always the same.

Tradition, by comparison were great, earning a genuine reaction from those who chose not to prop up the bar.

John Gray

Patrik Fitzgerald

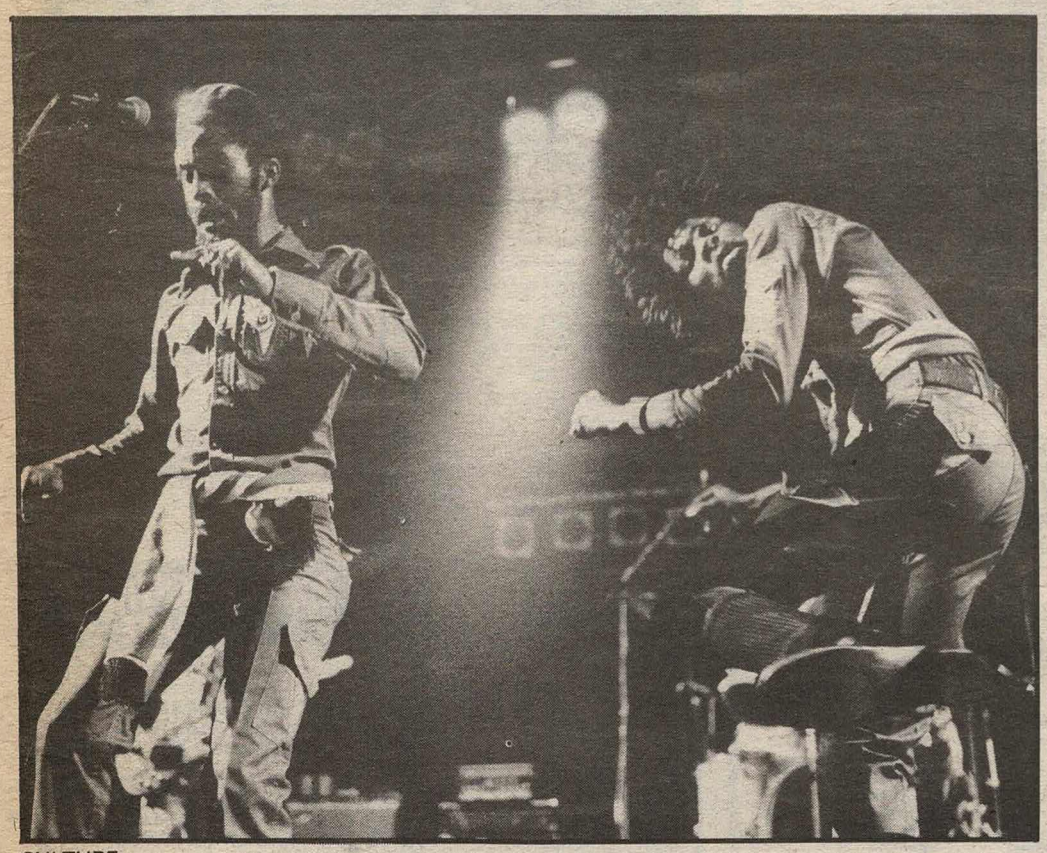
SHEFFIELD

PATRIK FITZGERALD's just about the least ostentatious performer I've ever seen. So low-key is his entrance, in fact, that all but a handful of the audience are oblivious to his requests (polite to the last, natch) for aural elbow-room, resulting in the most chatter-awamped set it's been my misfortune to be party to.

Things aren't really helped by his delivery: those near enough to hear are treated to a steady, spartan ***thrum thrum thrum*** *and a stream of rapid-fire lyrics that occasionally recalls Rolf Harris doing "Ive Been Everywhere, Maaan", especially on the earlier songs such as "I'm A Reject".*

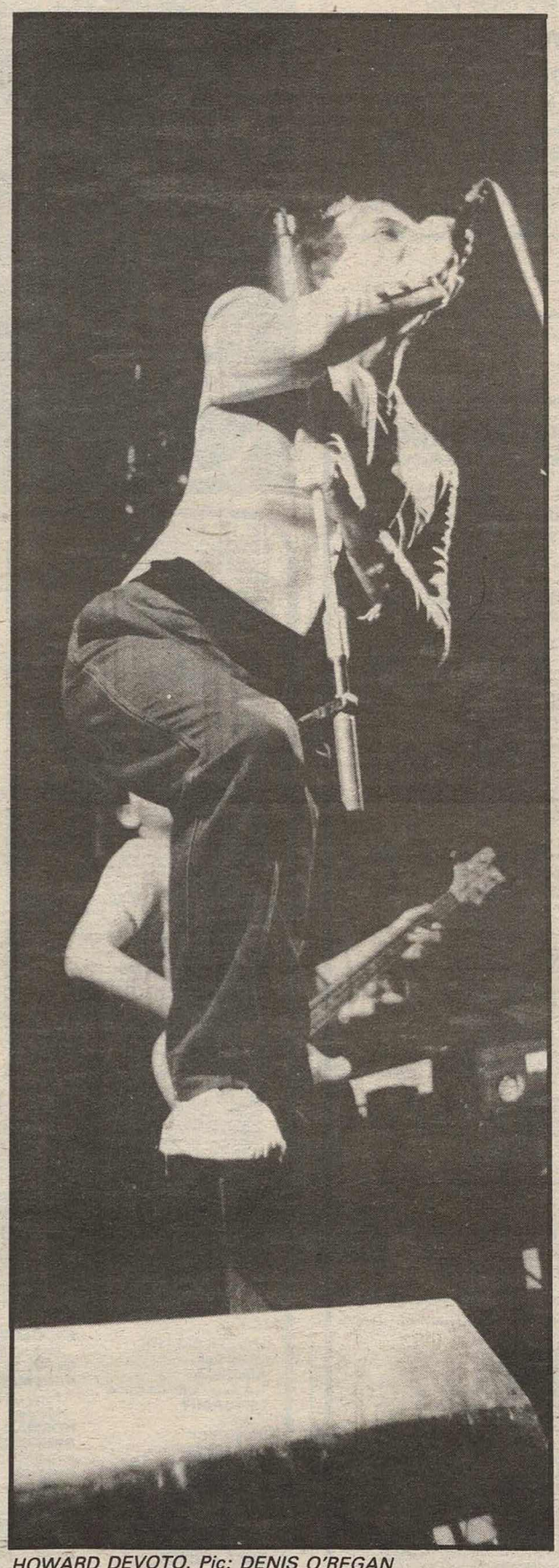
Monotony aside, though, it has to be admitted that he exudes a genuine warmth and ingenuousness almost completely absent today.

Andy Gill



CULTURE

MAGAZINE, MYTHS AND MIRAGES



HOWARD DEVOTO. Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

Magazine

LYCEUM, LONDON

HOWARD DEVOTO seems to trust in the redeeming value of make-believe. To see him perform is to see a man who wishes his body were someplace else, leaving his voice to assume a performance of its own, disembodied.

For the first few moments of Magazine's performance, he craftily played on this "My Tulpa" style image. An uncannily similar Devoto look-alike slinked onto the stage, sang, slinked off into the audience.

Another Devoto slinked onto the stage — to spook some people, to lead the less attentive (or further back) in the audience to guess, perhaps, that the two were in fact one — the old ploy.

Did the real (Real) Devoto slink off into the night? Leave someone who reflects all the public myths and mirages?

Devoto is the first performer to effectively mirror my ever-present sense of doubt apropos rock music in the live arena (emphasis on viewing), rock musicians in the PR stocks (exchange of versions), and rock criticism.

With Devoto it's been a blatant case of too much conclusion too soon. No one is irresistible, or irreversible; no glaze is definitive, nothingness is derivative. No one is prepared to *wait*. Devoto seems to plot songs which are suspicions, questions; it's perhaps appropriate that I'm very suspicious of him.

He makes melodrama out of sensibility, I have to make sense out of doubt, both his and mine . . .

So to a steamy night (it's so hot in here) at the Lyceum, there to examine the essence of Magazine (what are they trying to hatch?)

In the humidity Magazine's equipment falters — Jackson's drums particularly. The set, the balance, equilibrium are patchy, fussy, shadowy as ever.

The songs pour out doubt, light, drought, affectation, disguise. And there's boredom (big) dummies, and despair as extras.

Visually Howard still doesn't make it altogether worthwhile to leave one's shell and go out and be seen.

He isn't 'intellectual'. To consider his lyrics is to use your intellect, but it's hardly gruelling. What irony in that line from "Motorcade": *"My friend says listen/To the stupid things they're making you say"*. They ask such stupid questions!

A sense of doubt is a healthy thing. This review is an excuse for me to talk about Devoto. Magazine are an excuse for Howard to do the some thing. I enjoy both, but then I'm fairly immature.

Ian Penman

IN CAMBRIDGE?

J.J. DION AND SILKIE MILLER were sort of comperes and sort of performers — two Americans who sang trite songs about railways and children, or, just for a change, both together, as in the lamentable "Daddy What is a Train?"

THE RED CLAY RAMBLERS opened with an *"Is it rolling Bob"?*

It was, and they were. Reckless bluegrass played at a speed exceeding the safety limit, piano, mandolin, upright bass and banjo steaming along in the manner born. They varied their deliriously received set with Bessie Smith and W C Handy numbers and took the place by storm. Thoroughly entertaining.

DIZ DISLEY, made a welcome return minus moustache, and looking like Kenny Ball. But regarding his virtuosity on the guitar let there be no doubt. He was spellbinding. Not much wonder the esteemed Stephan Grappelli chose him for an accompanist; and see the way his fingers never leave his wrists!

Disley's no mean raconteur either ("A personal concoction of mine, Autumn Leaves, whiskey and Guinness: Two swigs, you change colour and fall towards the ground"). He had the entire marquee in stitches during his all too brief set.

He was joined by Jonnie Silvo for a storming "Dr Jazz" and a lengthy "Bill Bailey".

But hold on, you cry, what are all these jazz type things doing at a folk festival? Let us go, then, and see what's happening elsewhere.

CLANNAD are a five-piece Irish group playing trad Irish folk — but with embellishments! Intricate songs on flute, congas and harp (reminding me, at times, of John Renbourn's "Maid In Bedlam" sound).

I would have thought theirs was altogether too exquisite a sound for the main tent on Saturday night, and initially the subtle and charming melodies didn't go down too well. But the crowd warmed to them, and had there not been a hold up in the running schedule, I'm sure they'd have been called back for another encore. One to watch.

It was while they wrapped up their set, and TOM PAXTON began, that I questioned the wisdom of having the beer tent so near the main tent. Sure, I think "Pretty Vacant" is a great rock n roll song, but not sung by a bunch of legless idiots just as Paxton was in the middle of a sensitive version of "I Can't Help But Wonder Where I'm Bound".

A popular guest, ole Uncle Tom wove his way through "Jennifer's Rabbit", "Gone By Your Own Hand" (a tribute to the late Phil Ochs), a new song about Steve Biko, "Talkin' Vietnam Pot Luck Blues" and "Ramblin' Boy" (a real nostalgia trip, considering the furthest most people had to ramble was the car park!)

Paxton may lack Dylan's fire or Ochs' acidity, but his credentials are well nigh impeccable, with 17 years of consistently excellent material to draw from.

He seemed genuinely chuffed at the warmth of his reception and ended with a fine singalong "Last Thing On My Mind".

BILLY CONNOLLY topped the bill on the Saturday night, undeniably a popular favourite, but a curious choice for a folk festival which this year restricted the number of tickets — implying that there was no need for a crowd puller.

Anyway, Connolly regaled the crowd with familiar Connolly topics — such as farting, the Royal Family, curries ("Ghandi's Revenge") and the police, a re-working of Rolf Harris's "Two Little Boys".

He opened with 'The Shitkickers Waltz' a country and western song — "I love C&W, Dolly Parton's my favourite group" — and exhorted the audience to join in the chorus by the simple expedient of bellowing "SING" as he reached the chorus. Crude but effective.

I thought Connolly seemed surprisingly nervous, and he did have problems with the PA, but his delivery was as good as ever and the audience lapped it up.

I must admit to being disappointed. It was the first time I'd seen him, but I seemed to have heard most of the gags before from record or TV, and he was no funnier than a number of other folkies over the weekend.

Maybe it's his reliance on matters scatalogical which can get a bit tedious after a while, and he does rely unnecessarily on the shock value of 'shit' and 'fuck'. But the crowd loved him and he was as good a way as any of ending the day's festivities, making sure the crowd drifted homewards in an affale frame of mind.

That was my Cambridge 1978, only the tip of the iceberg really, but I enjoyed it.

Patrick Humphries

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999

NASHVILLE, LONDON

THE 999 poster on the wall of the Nashville is the end-product of 732 camera poses, and it begs: "Buy me, buy me, or I'll feel worthless." But I have no pity, because unless you oppose the cause of someone's pain you just ain't got a customer, buddy. And 999 don't seem able to fight for anyone — not even themselves.

In Holland a bunch of state-subsidised Hell Angel's trashed the audience and put the fear of Altamont up 999. Pablo La Brittain expressed outrage, but that only amounted to tongue-pulling when the psycho-bikers' backs were turned.

Now, honestly, could you see Joe Strummer settling for that?

Anyway, things were safer this time. The Nashville was a sold-out Sweat Congress when 999 hit the stage. Garments cleaned free courtesy of Heavy Perspiration Enterprises, and not a roll-on deodorant in the house.

The first number got rapturous applause. The second put 400 pogoers on floor 25 of Elation House, and because the angle of declivity in the Nashville is impracticable unless you got giraffes at the back and midgets in ditches at the front, all I could see of the stage after that was obscured by buttock.

But, I could still hear "Nasty, Nasty", which swings baby. *"What the Hell is wrong with you? / What the Hell you gonna do?"* Dialogue for a Saturday night rumble at the bus-stop, but totally humourless, like the rest of 999's show.

"Nobody Cares. Nobody Tries." If this is a confession nobody cares.

999 are really rockin' now, boy. Hey, a girl's jumped onstage and she's mauling Pablo. Ohmahgawd she'll destroy him. Isn't anybody gonna do something? Ahh, the roadie's in there now. He is trying really hard. Gosh, that's some wrestling match going on. Can he, can he do it? No, he can't get them any closer.

"This is something I hope you'll all understand and take to your hearts because you're rrom London," says Pablo, introducing "I'm Alive". And brother, if ya dig that you need a room for life at the Home for Lost Causes. It's just the NHS anthem for the clinically dead.

If anything excels it's "Me And My Desire" and the crowd-pleaser "Emergency". If 999 only had 10 more as good, the entire globe would remember their surnames.

Y'see I can't see the world shaking to "Dancing" unless they already got Russ Conway's concept album in their collection, and "Waiting For The Night" left my lugholes waiting for the end.

But natcho, they encored, and 999's fans will probably allow Pab's gang the right to preserve this musical genre, which is rapidly, and rightfully, hurtling into obsolesence. It's only rock 'n' roll — I want it better.

Herb Hyphen

Sea Level
Dixie Dregs

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

WHATEVER YOUR feelings about the zodiac, one has to agree that fate has not been too kind to Capricorn Records of late. The past two years have seen the once virile form of Southern Rock reduced to tatters in unfortunate assignations with airplane steel and pathetic forays into the Hollywood gossip columns.

Rather than attempting to preserve the corpse by resorting to pushing into the front line a bunch of washed-up cowboys like The Marshall Tucker Band, Phil "President by 1990" Walden has apparently decided that a change of corporate image was necessary.

Jazz-rock is now the name of the Macon game (a nice, *respectable* music), and after what one supposes was a prestigious appearance at the Montreux Jazz Festival, Capricorn's premier exponents of thinking man's MOR, Sea Level and the drolly titled Dixie Dregs dropped into London last week for a one-night stand at the Hammersmith Odeon.

With their origins in the Miami Philharmonic and the jazz department of the University of Miami (whose alumni include Michael Walden and Jaco Pastorius) it comes as no surprise to discover that **Dixie Dregs** play standard fusion music full of the appropriate influences of McLaughlin through to a boogied-up Weather Report (gulp) plus a considerable number of "classical" passages, normally the province of European sympho-rockers like P.F.M.

To be fair, they don't play it too badly, but their studiedly gutsy approach is more detrimental than anything else. Guitarist Steve Morse and violinist Allen Sloane screech busily up and down their scales and it was surely a black day when Mark Parrish was introduced to the Moog. Only the excellent drumming of Rod Morgenstein injected the all important ingredient of tension into the proceedings.

When they tried to stretch out during the "cosmic" "Night Meets Light" they simply meandered ineffectually through some minor chords till the music snapped like an overdrawn string of weak chewing gum.

To cap it all they also play (and here I quote) a couple of "avangarde country thangs" — Chick Corea meets The Waltons, I ask you!

Sea Level, the band formed by ex-Allman Bros keyboard player and guitarist, Chuck Leavell and Lamar Williams, predictably sound much closer to the generally accepted notion of a Southern band. Their rambling Allmanesque songs were spoilt however by keyboard and saxophone player Randall Bramblett's inability to fit rather insipid vocals around the insubstantial tunes, while William's slide guitar was banal in the extreme.

Once again it was the admirable efforts of drummer George Weaver (who has played with Bobby Bland and Otis Redding), aided by inexplicably ecstatic percussionist Joe English (of Mike McGear's brother fame), who provided the genuine energy and feeling in the performance.

Displaying their Latin side on "That's Your Secret" they recall "Caravansera" Santana; the rest of the set was divided into sections of Leavell rolling his eyes to the skies and tinkling sub-Oscar Peterson night club cocktail jazz, bursts of "pop" Weather Report and soulful Crusaders R&B jazz, while Bramblett added occasional touches of class with soprano and alto sax solos, and finally the area of funk/rock jazz into which Bill Payne has been disastrously dragging Little Feat.

The problem that both Dixie Dregs and Sea Level share is that, being basically an assortment of session musicians, they have skill to spare but suffer from a crucial lack of the discipline of discrimination present in true creative processes.

The difference between these bands and the people (Zawinul, Shorter, Carlton etc) to whose achievements they aspire, lies in the balance between artisan and artist.

David Housham

JAZZ DIARY

DAVID MURRAY'S Quartet gig at the Collegiate Theatre on August 11th has turned into a Quintet with the addition of a pianist, and scuttlebutt is currently fancying either Phillip Wilson or Steve McCall on drums in place of George Brown.

Hammersmith's Riverside Studios has a Fusion Festival from August 15th - 20th with Surrounding Silence and Keith Tippett on 15th, the Morrissey-Mullen Band with Viola Wills on 16th, Turning Point and the Gary Boyle Band on 17th, John Surman and Mike Westbrook on 18th, Landscape and Fran Landesman on 19th, and John Stevens' Away with Soft Head on 20th.

Advance notice for two events at the Swansea Arts Workshop, with Evans All-Weather Orchestra on August 25th, and Ken Hyder's Talisker on September 1st. The London Musicians Collective has Clive Bell, David Humpage, Colin Wood and Roger Turner on August 17th, and Marcio Mattos with Radu Malfatti on 8th.

Oxford Street's 100 Club has an American Blues Special on August 6th with Roy Brown, and a JCS presentation of Tony Coe's Axel with Michael Garrick and Lol Coxhill on 7th. In the Jazz Now series at the ICA, Charles Austin, Joe Gallivan and saxophonist Peter Ponzol will be covering the sound spectrum on August 20th, and at the Barry Summer School, the Barry Concert will take place on 27th.

In August 20 Blue Notes are to be re-issued by United Artists, including "The Amazing Bud Powell", Coltrane's "Blue Trane", Mobley's "Roll Call", Lee Morgan's "Sidewinder", Anthony Williams' "Life Time", Herbie Hancock's "Maiden Voyage", Ornette's "Golden Circle", Don Cherry's "Where Is Brooklyn", and doubles like Lester's "The Aladdin Session", the Paul Chambers-John Coltrane "High Step" and the Mulligan-Konitz "Revelation". About time too.

Brian Case

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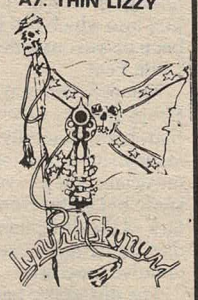

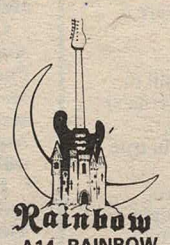

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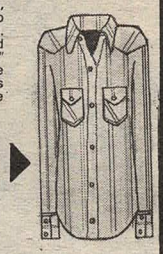
A fine cotton in the original tight fitting hip loons. **£2.15** + 35p p&p. Colours: Black, brown, maroon, navy. His 26" to 36" waist, hers 32" to 42" hips no his, waist 32" (hers 38" hips) 33" i/leg length). Please state an alternative colour. Also in a good quality cotton drill, his 26" to 29" waist, hers 32", 33" 34" hips. Colours: Dark green, navy, brown, olive green, purple, maroon. **£2.60** + 40p p&p. 2 pairs **£5.00** + 70p p&p. Please state 2 alternative colours.



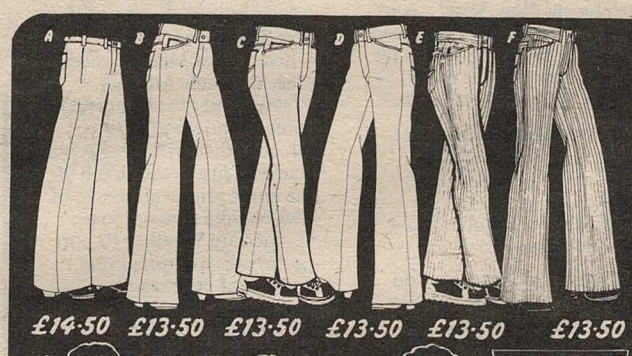
CHEESECLOTH SHIRT
Still seem the best buy for the cooler weather, in stripes, checks, plain white. **£2.55** + 25p p&p. Sizes 30" to 42" chest/bust. Please state which design and your size.
Postage outside UK double. **Please write your name, full address, colours and size clearly.** All goods can be exchanged or refunded if returned unworn within 10 days. (All goods dispatched within 10 days). Send PO/Cheque to

SHAPES (Dept. C), 252 High Street, Waltham Cross, Hertfordshire, EN8 N78
Our shop is open all week

WRANGLER LEVI'S

LEVI WESTERN JEAN 25" flares. 14oz. heavy denim. Sizes 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40. Inside leg 34 (and 36 up to waist 36). Prewashed. **£12.95**
LEVI WESTERN STRAIGHT JEAN 18" bottom. 14oz. heavy denim. Sizes 26, 28, 30, 32, 34. Inside leg 34. Prewashed. **£12.95**
WRANGLER WESTERN JEAN 25" flare. 14oz. heavy denim. Sizes 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40. Inside leg 32, 34, 36. Prewashed. **£12.95**
WRANGLER WESTERN STRAIGHT JEAN. 18" bottom. 14oz. heavy denim. Sizes 28, 30, 32, 34. Inside leg 34. Prewashed. **£12.95**
WRANGLER NEEDLECORD WESTERN JEAN. 23" flare. Sizes 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38. Colours Navy, Black, Dk. Brown, Beige. Inside leg 34. **£12.95**
WRANGLER SWEATSHIRTS made in America. Colours Red, Green, Lt. Blue, Navy. Sizes S, M, L. Crew neck **£6.95**, hooded **£9.25**, hood and zip **£10.75**.
LEVI, WRANGLER OR FALMER STRAIGHT LEG CORD JEANS. 18" bottoms. Colours: Black, Brown, Navy, Beige. **£12.95**
WRANGLER DENIM SHIRT cowboy style, pearl buttons. Sizes 14, 14½, 15, 15½, 16, 16½. Prewashed. **£9.95**
FALMERS FAMOUS BAGGY JEAN pinch pleats on back pockets, two front flap pockets. 14oz. heavy denim. Sizes 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36. Prewashed. Inside leg 36. **£13.95**
INEGA BAG JEAN two button back pockets, front ticket pocket. 14oz. heavy denim. Sizes 26, 28, 30, 32, 34. Inside leg 36. Prewashed. **£13.95**
POST FREE U.K. & EIRE. CHEQUES & P.O.s to JEAN CONNECTION, 188 ELTHAM HIGH STREET, ELTHAM, LONDON, S.E.9.
If paying by Access or Barclaycard please quote number.

Falmer Inega



£14·50 £13·50 £13·50 £13·50 £13·50 £13·50

£9·95 £3·75 £9·95

Levi's Lee JEANS Wrangler

Callers Welcome at Whistle 169 Clarence Street Kingston-Upon-Thames Surrey.
Whistle 21-23 Earl Street Maidstone Kent. and of course Croydon.

TROUSERS
A.LEE DENIM BAGGY JEAN Flattering baggy style in 14oz heavy indigo denim, washed and pre-shrunk. Sizes 26,27,28,29,30,31,32,34,36,38,40. Inside leg 34 & 36.
B.WRANGLER DENIM FLARED JEAN Style 11.0016. 26" flare. 14oz heavy indigo denim, washed and pre-shrunk. Sizes 28,30,32,34. Inside leg 34 & 36.
C.LEVI'S DENIM STRAIGHT JEAN Style 527 02. 18" bottoms. 14oz heavy indigo denim, washed and pre-shrunk. Sizes 26,27,28,29,30,32,34. Inside leg 32,34,36.
D.LEVI'S DENIM FLARED JEAN Style 52102 22" flare. 14oz heavy indigo denim, washed and pre-shrunk. Sizes 26,27,28,30,32,34,36,38,40,42. Inside leg 32,34 & 36
E.LEVI'S NEEDLECORD STRAIGHT LEG 18" bottoms. Black, Navy, Grey. Sizes 26,27,28,29, 30,32. Inside leg 34 & 36.
F.LEVI'S NEEDLECORD FLARED JEAN 26" flare. Black, Navy, Grey. Sizes 28,30,32,34,36. Inside leg 32,34,36.
TOPS
G.WRANGLER RAILROAD SHIRT 100% cotton pin-stripe. Pearl press-studs. The more you wash it, the nicer it looks. Blue or red pin-stripe. Chest sizes Sm (36) Med (38) Lge (40/42) X-Lge (44/46).
H.LEVI'S T-SHIRT 100% cotton plain t-shirt with Levi's motif on sleeve. Black, Red, Navy, White, Light Blue. Sizes Sm (34/36) Med (38) Lge (40).
I.LEVI'S CHECK SHIRT 100% cotton flannel, western style. Navy background, Red background, Black background. Sizes 14,14½, 15,15½,16,16½,17. (Please state alternative colour).
Make Cheques and Postal Orders payable to:-

Matchplace Jeans Ltd
Dept NX, 8 Station Road, West Croydon, Surrey.
ACCESS & BARCLAYCARD please quote number
Post & Packing free UK, Eire and BFPO

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gringo

NEW ADDRESS

SUMMER SUPER-BARGAINS!!
RECYCLED WESTERN DENIM !! **CUT PRICE LEVIS !**

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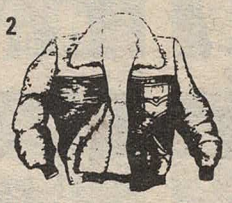
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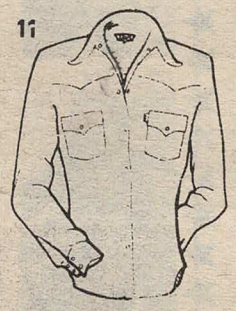
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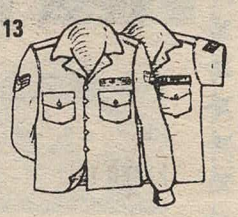
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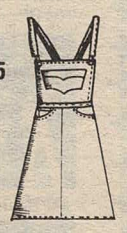
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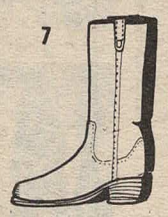
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1. **LAPEL JACKET.** Old/new Denim, centre vent, copper studs. Sizes 32" to 42". **Only £11.95 plus 45p p & p.**
2. **DENIM BOMBER.** Old/new Denim — heavy metal zip, fur fabric lining. Sizes 32" to 42". **Only £10.95 plys 45p p & p.**
3. **DENIM SHIRT.** Smart fitted shirt, old/new Denim, great for summer! **Only £9.25 plus 45p p & p.**
4. **DENIM SKIRT.** From old Levis/Wranglers. Great summer wear! **Only £6.95 plus 45p p & p.**
5. **PATCH FLARE JEANS.** Recycled Levis/Wranglers, etc. Old/new Denim. AMAZING VALUE! Sizes 26" to 38" waist, 34" or 36" leg. **Only £8.95 plus 45p p & p.**
6. **DENIM CUT-OFFS.** Cut off Levi/Wrangler jeans for summer. Give your old jeans a reprieve and buy ours!! 24" waist to 36" waist **Only £3.95 plus 45p p & p.**
7. **GENUINE COWHIDE BOOTS.** (Mens) Real leather soles and heels. (Light or dark tan). Sizes 7 to 11 plus ½ sizes. **Only £19.95 incl. p & p!**
8. **MIRROR SHADES.** Pear shaped mirror sunglasses. **Only £3.95 inc. p & p.**
9. **THE ORIGINAL LEVIS (501).** Made from original Levi Blue, shrink-fit Denim, button flies, straight legs. Order actual size. **Our amazing price £13.95 inc. p & p.**
10. **CUT PRICE LEVIS.** Limited period only. Buy now for summer. (Time to fade). Sizes 26" to 36" waist, 34" to 36" leg. Levi 26" flare bag. Levi 22" flare. Levie 19" straights or Levi drainpipes. **ALL AT AMAZING PRICE OF ONLY £12.75 INC. P & P!!**
11. **NEW LEVI SHIRT.** Indigo Denim with bronze press studs. State neck size. **ONLY £9.95 PLUS 25p P & P.**
12. **ORIGINAL GRINGO LEATHER WAISTCOAT.** Great with Denims! In black, brown or "Jeans" blue leather. Nickel studs on black copper studs on brown and blue. Sizes 32" to 42". **ONLY £9.75 INC. P & P!**
13. **USAF & ARMY SHIRTS.** Genuine US Army/Airforce, M*A*S*H style shirts. Short or long sleeve. Green. All good condition. **GOOD VALUE AT £5.50.** (Short Sleeve) **AND £5.95** (Long sleeve) **PLUS 25p p & p.**
14. **LEVI NEEDLECORD STRAIGHTS.** Sizes 26" to 36" waist, 34" to 36" leg. Colours, black, gold, clive, dk. green, navy. **OUR PRICE! £12.75 INC. P&P.**
15. **LEVI DENIM DRESS.** Heavy denim bib-front dress. Sizes 23"-30" waist. **ONLY £7.95 PLUS 45p P&P.**

MONEY BACK ON ALL GOODS IF NOT SATISFIED
We apologies for any delay caused by our move but everything is now back to normal.

NEW ADDRESS

BARCLAYCARD VISA

PHONE CARD NO. FOR QUICK SERVICE

We welcome Access

NOW!! — T-SHIRTS ONLY £2.50 INCL. P & P!
SWEAT SHIRTS ONLY £4.75 INCL. P & P!
Colours: Red, White, Denim, Navy, Yellow, Black, Sky Blue
* STATE DESIGN, NAME AND NUMBER ★

G1 STONES

G2 DYLAN

G3 DOWN

G4 BUM

G5 SIGN (State sign) (Glitter)

G8 MOUTH

G9 PEACE

G10 ROD

G6 WINGS (Glitter)

G7 EAGLES (Glitter)

G11 ELVIS

G12 SUPER

G13 BOWIE

G14 QUEEN

G15 ZEP

G16 COOL

G17 TULL

G18 PAUL

G19 FRAMPTON

G20 JIMI HENDRIX

SPECIAL OFFER
Spend £20 plus, have a FREE T-shirt *(name design etc.)*

GRINGO CASUALS CO., 62 MIDLAND RD, BEDFORD, BEDS

ORDER FORM

Please state alternative colour & size where possible

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

Cheques/ PO/Cash £

QTY	SIZE	NUMBER	ALT. CHOICE

GRINGO CASUALS CO DEPT 87, 62 MIDLAND ROAD, BEDFORD, BEDS Telephone (0234) 58355

NEW ADDRESS

POSTAL BARGAINS FROM: PERMAPRINTS (DEPT N.M.205) PO BOX 201, 96 NEWINGTON GREEN ROAD, LONDON N1 4RR TELEPHONE 01-607-0558

PUT COLOUR ON YOUR CHEST

with Permaprints 1978 range of designs

679 IDIOT

214. BIONIC COCK
Heavy Cotton Fleece Lined SWEAT SHIRTS ONLY £4.20 EACH (OR £8 ANY 2)

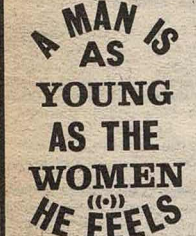
687 CHARLIE'S ANGELS
Cap Sleeves only £2.65 each (or £5 any 2)

T-SHIRTS ONLY £2.20 EACH (OR £4 ANY 2)

All designs shown below are available all garments.
Details as follows.
Colours: Red, Yellow, Blue, Black and White.
Sizes: Sml, Med & Large
(679 Type T-Shirts also available in child sizes: 26", 28", 30" & 32")
When ordering state size, colour and one alternative colour.

324. YES (Glitter)

148. LED ZEP



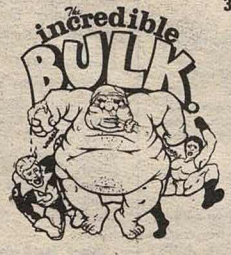
317. AS YOUNG

SEX
MAY NOT BE PERFECT BUT IT SURE BEATS SITTING ON AN EGG

318. EGG

315. NEW HAWKWIND

297. BLONDIE



348. INCREDIBLE BULK

331. RAINBOW (Glitter)

305. BEE GEES (Glitter)

296. BOB DYLAN

FOR ADULTS ONLY
CENSORED
CONTENTS UNSUITABLE FOR PUBLIC VIEWING
VIEWING BY APPOINTMENT ONLY

314. CENSORED

310. EARTH BAND (Glitter)

250 PUNK PANTHER

240 LYNYRD

232. REALITY

349. EAGLE (Glitter)
Also available in Glitter
325. NEW GENESIS
334. DEEP PURPLE
344. RUNAWAYS

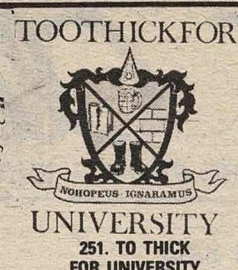
350. NEW RAINBOW (Glitter)

756. RAINBOW

714 LORD OF RINGS

299. TUBES

303. CLOSE ENCOUNTER



251. TO THICK FOR UNIVERSITY

134. GENESIS

186. STATUS QUO

288. E.L.O.

Also available in Glitter
328. HAWKWIND
326. SUPERTRAMP
341. BEATLES

309. SABBATH (Glitter)

311. A.C. D.C. (Glitter)

YOUR OWN SLOGAN ON LEATHER WRIST BANDS
As shown ♦
but with your own name, slogan, group, etc. Up to 16 letters printed
Only £1.20 + 10p P&P

New Lines from Permaprints

All designs shown in this advertisement are now available as

COLOURFUL BUTTON BADGES

Badge No. 260

Large size 2½in dia.
Metal badges complete with pin fastener, and de luxe PVC finish.
ONLY 40p EACH
or £1 for any three + 10p P&P to total order.

When ordering state on order form: Badge and Ref No. of Design.

LEATHER WRIST BAND

1½in wide, tan leather, embossed with the following titles: W1 Hawkwind, W2 Yes, W3 Genesis, W4 Led Zep, W5 E.L.O., W6 Status Quo, W7 Rainbow, W8 Floyd, W9 Blondie, W10 Queen, W11 Dylan. W12 Black Sabbath, W13 ACDC, W14 Kiss, W16 Elvis, W19 Bowie, W20 Stranglers. **ONLY 90p each + 10p P&P to total order.**

NOW AVAILABLE

from PERMAPRINTS
TOP QUALITY NICKEL
ROCK BELT BUCKLES

3" × 2" Buckle, adjustable to all standard width belts

COLOURFUL TITLES AVAILABLE
B20 Genesis. B21 Led Zep. B22 Status Quo. B23 Sabbath. B24 Floyd. B25 Lynyrd Skyn. B26 E.L.O. B27 Stones (mouth design). B28 F. Mac. B29 Wings. For Buckle only send £1.95. for Buckle + 1½" Leather Belt, send £4.25 (includes P/P)

DEATH IS NATURE'S WAY OF TELLING YOU TO SLOW DOWN
312. SLOW DOWN

PASSIN' THRU' LONDON?
VISIT OUR SHOP AT
292 HOLLOWAY ROAD, LONDON N7

Trade and Abroad enquiries welcome

Calling all clubs, groups, etc. Have your own design printed on T-shirts (min quantity 20)
Write in for full details.

PLEASE ADD the following for Postage and Packing: One garment add 25p (50p for abroad); Two or three garments add 35p (70p for abroad); For four or more garments add 45p (90p for abroad).

ORDERS TO: PERMAPRINTS LTD.
(Dept. N.M.205, PO BOX 201)
96 NEWINGTON GREEN ROAD, LONDON, N1 4RR

Name ..... (PRINT CLEARLY)
Address .....
.....
.....
please send the following. State which garment required Ref. No. and title of design also size and colours for each garment
.....
.....
.....
OTHER ITEMS .....
.....
I enclose £.....

(Dept N.M.205)

When ordering if not enough room on order form give full details on separate piece of paper

Genuine Roadie Key Clips . . . .
Avoid the hassle of bulging pockets & key loss by clipping your key to your jean belt loops. With fail-safe locking action. *Send cheque or P.O. for 75p to:* **Dept. N.K.; Beechen Green Products, Badger's Mount, Sevenoaks, TN14 7AG**

65p + 10p P&P

WHITE FUR COATS... £22.50 + £1.10 p/p, sheepskin lined, chest 34-40", men ALSO 36" long. FUR SHOULDER BAG £6.50 + 75 p/p.AFGHAN COATS! Brown EMBR sheepskin, knee l. 40" £26.50.

BIG-BOY JEAN CO.
48 MANOR VIEW, LONDON N3.

MAIN LINE PUNK

PVC MOTORBIKE JACKET
In shiny black, pink or snakeskin
Sizes: 30" to 44" chest/bust **£9.90** + 60p P&P

FAST DELIVERY
P.V.C. STRAIGHTS
In shiny black, pink or snakeskin
Mens sizes: 26" to 38" waist. Girls sizes: size 8 (32" hips) to size 20 (44" hips) **£6.90** + 60p P&P

ALSO AVAILABLE
DRILL STRAIGHTS In Khaki, grey or green
Mens sizes: 26" to 38" waist. Girls sizes: size 8 (32" hips) to size 20 (44" hips) **£5.90** + 60p P&P

PEG LEG TROUSERS
in a choice of 3 colours: grey, green and khaki. Mens sizes: 26" to 38" waist. Girls sizes: size 8 (32" hips) to size 20 (44" hips) **£5.90** + 60p P&P

CORD STRAIGHTS
(Similar to famous name makes)
In navy, brown
ALSO IN DENIM ONLY **£5.90** + 60p P&P
Men's sizes 26" to 40" waist.
Girls sizes 8 (32" hip) to size 22 (46" hip)

Send cheques, postal orders or cash to
MAINLINE (N),
51 Two Mile Hill Road, Kingswood, Bristol.
Callers welcome Fridays and Saturdays only

SEE-THRU BRIEFS
Men — Give her a thrill! Completely see-thru sheer nylon briefs.
Colours: Red, Black, Purple. One size.

£1.75 +20p p&p

TRILOBAL BRIEFS
Sexy, satin, trilobal briefs for the man with fashionable taste. Very soft to the skin. *Colour: Blue, Coffee, White, Purple. One size.*

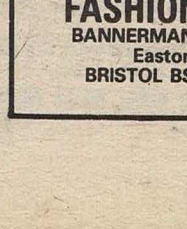
£1.75 +20p p&p

POSING POUCH
A soft satin posing pouch. Backless and VERY daring. *Colours: Red, Black, Purple. One size.*

£1.50 +20p p&p

Two briefs or more — post free.
Free Glamour Catalogue with order
Glamour Catalogue only — 50p *(refundable with first order)*
CASS MAIL ORDER (RV 1)
102 Manor Road, Hastings, Sussex

APOLLO TOUR MARKETING
IAN DURY
SEX & DRUGS & ROCK & ROLL
T-Shirts



£2.50
Top Quality: Red lettering, dark blue face and green scarf, printed on white T-Shirt. £2.50 plus 30p post age and packing

ALSO
"Grow Your Own" T shirts.
Gold design on black shirt.
£2.50 + 30p P&P
- *State exact chest size*
- *Don't forget your name and address*
- *Please allow 14 days for delivery*
- *Send cheques/P.O. or cash to:*

APOLLO TOUR MARKETING
BASEMENT STUDIO (NME),
33 NORTON ROAD,
HOVE, SUSSEX, BN3 3BF.

TRADE ENQUIRIES WELCOME

FOR DETAILS OF MAIL ORDER ADVERTISING

Ring

ANDY McDUFF

or write

NME, Kings Reach Tower, Stamford St., London, SE1

CANNABIS LEAF
Unique Jewellery for you in fabulous precious metals
OUR FAMOUS LEAF PENDANT. 1¼" high

Solid Silver on Real Silver chain	£7.00
1¼" Solid Silver on Silver Plated chain	£4.50
¾" Solid Silver on Real Silver ear hook	£1.95
1¼" 9 Carat Gold on Real Gold chain	£36.00
¾" 9 Carat Gold on fine 9ct. Gold chain.	£17.50
¾" 9 Carat Gold on Real Gold ear hook	£8.50
Popular Solid Silver Leaf Ring	£7.00

(Send size or we make it adjustable).
Join the rush and send money to:—
ATLAS
82 GLOUCESTER RD., BRIGHTON

PUNK
STRAIGHTS IN SHINY BLACK P.V.C., WITH ZIPS.
Men's 26" to 38" waist.
Girls' sizes 8 to 16.
ONLY £5.99 + 61p P&P
FAST DELIVERY
THE CHEAPEST AND THE BEST IN THE U.K.
Also available
Shiny Black P.V.C. Mini Skirt
£3.99+ 61p P&P
Tube Skirt
ONLY £4.99 + 61p P&P
All the above are also available in red or navy P.V.C.
Send cheques, P.O.s or cash to:
KANDA FASHIONS(N)
BANNERMAN ROAD, Easton, BRISTOL BS5 0RR

★ MORE NEW POSTERS ★

DEBBIE (No 3).....£1.10

FARRAH L.A. £1.10

J TRAVOLTA (No. 7) £1.10

DEBBIE (No. 1) £1.10
COLOUR PHOTO KEY RING — DEBBIE **70p** incl

KATE BUSH £1.10

4 GLOSSY B/W PHOTOGRAPHS
DEBBIE OR OLIVIA £3 inc
Sets of 8 5×3 col photos
DEBBIE, BOWIE, QUEEN £3 each
LIZZY, RUNAWAYS £3.40 inc
●●●LEATHER WRIST BANDS
Hendrix and Bolan (male size), Sabbath, Kiss, Status Quo, Queen, Yes, Zeppelin, Sex Pistols, Clash, Rainbow, Runaways, Blondie
70p inc p&p
Add 30p (1-2 posters) + 5p each poster
CARDS & POSTERS
22 MOOR STREET, BIRMINGHAM 4

Also available **£1.10** each (plus post) New Runaways (2), Sat. Night Fever, New Kiss Live, Cheryl Ladd 1 (hot pants) 2 (blue negligee), Olivia N John in Grease, New Debbies Nos 4, 5, 6, New Lynda Carter TV Wonder Woman No. 1 Face, No 2 Lying Down, Bee Gees 1-2, Tobias, Yes, Rainbow, Genesis.

DISGUSTING
T–SHIRT OFFER
JAPAN
THE T-SHIRT WE MADE FOR THIS CONTROVERSIAL ACT HAVE TO BE SEEN TO BE BELIEVED.
THEY'LL DISGUST YOU
So just send £2.50 to:
Japan T-Shirt Offer,
Masatoshi
80 Chancery Lane,
London WC2A 1DD
Applicants must be over 18.
(If not get your mother to buy it).
Or for the same price a Non Disgusting T-Shirt, for non disgusting fans.
It just say's
JAPAN

BOOTLACE TIES £1.25 EACH incl P&P
Skull / Crossbones, Gun / Holster, Steers Head, Rock Dancing Couple
FLUORESCENT SOCKS
Lime Green, Orange, Pink, Lemon, or Blue
Post orders to: Jack Geach, Bridge Supply Co., 25 Station Road, Harrow Middx, HA1 2UA
65p a pair Incl. P&P
S.A.E. for Catalogue

HEAVY LEATHER WRIST BANDS
Brass studded, real machismo-punk style, 2½" wide with heavy duty press studs. **Only £1.65.**
Printed wrist bands. Have your name, favourite group or slogan punched onto it. Up to 12 letters — no studs, but same quality and same price.
Also **Heavy metal wrist bands,** cast out of solid brass. Nice 'n' chunky, only **£1.75**
Fast service, get it straight from:
SEAGULL TRADING COMPANY
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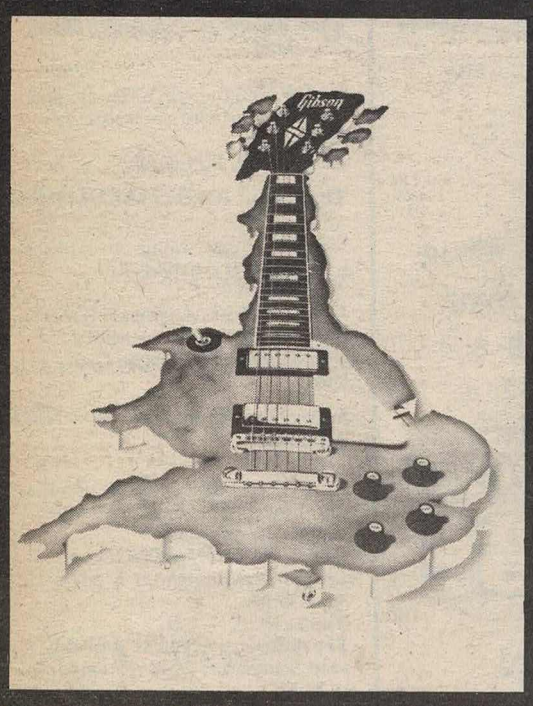

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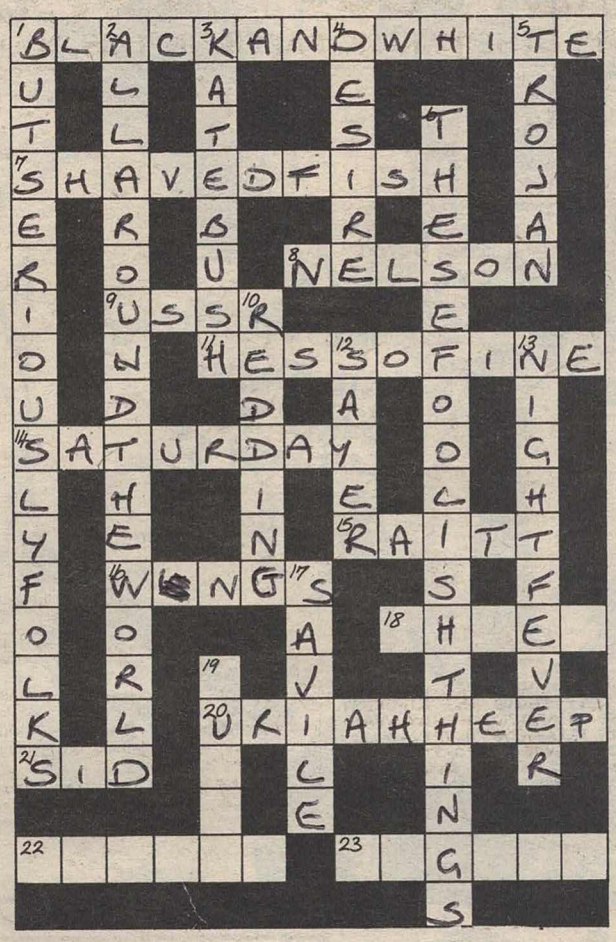

ACROSS

1 Monochromatic Stranglers, vinyl-wise (5,3,5)
7 John Lennon's Greatest Hits album — Wilkinson Sword meets Birds Eye products! (6,4)
8 An *admiral* guitarist *(ouch!)*
9 Chuck Berry's was "Back In The USA". The Fab Four went east . . .
11 Chiffons golden oldie — this is the song George is supposed to have plagiarised for "My Sweet Lord" (3,2,4)
14 and 13 . . . Followed by Sunday morning groin strain no doubt! (8,5,5)
15 Bonnie without Clyde, U.S. folkie variant
16 Cultural clue: Paul McCartney's connection with Mercury the ancient God geezer (*Eat your heart out Melvyn Bragg! — Ed*)
18 &19 10cc LP — sleep on it!
20 i.e. harp hue (anag. 5,4)
21 He . . . uh . . . did it . . . huh . . . his . . . erh . . . way!
22 &23 And *some girls* give a guy such a hard time, eh Mick?!

DOWN

1 Has Joe Walsh been taking lessons fron David Frost?! (3,9,5)
2 Jam 45 — produced by F. Laker, packaged by Cooks! (3,6,3,5)
3 Singing shrub! Female of the species . . . (4,4)
4 Lustful Zimmerman? On which he sang his song for Sara . . .
5 Now defunct, they were a pioneering U.K. reggae label
6 Biriani Ferry's archetypal crooning tune — airline tickets, romantic places, cigarette traces and that kind of stuff . . . (5,7,6)
10 Defunct soul legend, went down in a plane crash
12 "Long Tall Glasses" was one of his earlier hits
13 See 14
17 Exhibitionist DJ lurks where there's a vile smell!
19 See 18

ANSWERS
ACROSS: 1 "Tonic For The (Troops)"; 6 The Boyfriends; 9 "(That's All Right) Mama"; 10 "Road Runner"; 12 "Planet (Waves)"; 13 Rutles; 14 "Ohio"; 15 "Grease"; 16 Michael (Jackson); 18 Chris Thomas; 21 Magazine; 22 & 23 "Radar Love"; 26 (Michael) Jackson; 27 Chess. **DOWN:** 2 "I Get Around"; 3 "From East To West"; 4 (Gerry) Rafferty; 5 Taste; 6 "That's All Right (Mama)"; 7 "I'm In You"; 8 "Nice 'n' Sleazy"; 11 (Elvis) Costello; 13 Roger McGuinn; 17 & 19 "Haitian Divorce"; 20 "(Tonic For The) Troops"; 21 Miles; 24 Ears; 25 Act.

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KEEF

From page 33

rockers like "Respectable", "Lies" and "When The Whip Comes Down".

Richard: I think one of the things that has helped people get into this album so quickly is that none of the tracks are over-long . . .

Jagger: . . . and despite the fact that all the songs aren't of the 1-2-3-Go! variety, there's continuity about the new material.

The Rolling Stones seem to have been totally rejuvenated both on record and on stage.

JAGGER: TELL that to the *Manchester Evening Guardian* or whatever . . Some of the British reviews have been un-be-lieve-able . . . things like "Death Knell For The Stones!" . . .

Richard: Who's she?

Jagger: I mean, "Some Girls" is our biggest album in years and some of those provincial newspapers . . . the least said the better. You sometimes wonder if they've actually heard the bleedin' album.

Richard: A lotta reviews are influenced by whether or not they got in the room with you.

Jagger: This is the standard of journalism over here . . . When we started this American tour some of the papers used to give out a set list of songs that we played on the '75 tour accompanied with criticisms of each number . . . most of which we never played at all this time out. They'd write that The Rolling Stones started off with "Honky Tonk Women".

Richard: False.

Jagger: . . . played "Get Off Of My Cloud" . . .

Richard: False . . .

Jagger: It was obvious that the guy never went to the concert. He probably sold his tickets, wrote it at home and hoped we did the same show as before.

Richard: Arse-holes!

Jagger: Tell yer what I have noticed on the Southern dates — and that is that the audiences seem to be very young indeed.

. . . which reminds me of that really great quote by Johnny Rotten . . . no, it was The Clash . . . "NO STONES IN '77" and No Sex Pistols In '78, eh! Hold on though, when you think about it, you gotta admit that it's very funny . . . typically English. Really.

Richard: From what I can see, that whole thing hit its demise when it tried to get out of England . . .

Jagger: But in the beginning, it had a lot to do with the press . . .

Richard: . . . and that English attitude of once you go abroad you are turning your back on the English audiences. It's very psychological.

There were a lot of interesting new bands in England during the '76-'77 period, but unfortunately only a few could successfully transfer their live stance to record.

Richard: A lot of what happened in '77 was more theatre than actual music.

Jagger: Yeah. But we didn't really make any gas-out records in early '77 either. We were just fuckin' around. But we had 'em all in the back of our minds and by the time we reached Paris we'd stored up a lot of songs which we then began to write. When we were doing the mix-downs for "Love You Live", we'd tell the engineers to get on with the mix while Keith and I and whoever was around just started playing the new material.

Richard: That's true. While we were in Paris Mick and I wrote more songs together than we had done in ages.

Jagger: And those who like the album all say it's the best since "Exile", right?

. . . Well I did like "Exile" very much. It was like four single-sided albums — hopefully, something for everyone. It wasn't really meant to be played all at once. But people didn't understand, especially the English reviewers. They seem to have this weird idea of The Rolling Stones as being this band and we've never been *that* band, but they imagine we are. We can do *that* band if we wanna . . .

A fantasy of the band that did "Satisfaction", "Paint It Black" and all that stuff?

Jagger: Most d-e-f-i-n-i-t-e-l-y . . . but at the same time they conveniently forget "Lady Jane", "Ruby Tuesday" and "Play With Fire", which is more or less the same period.

By the same token, it's only after-the -event that many people are beginning to appreciate "Tumbling Dice".

Jagger: Ummm . . . my pet theory is that if you play a particular song long enough on stage, then they mumble to one another, "Oh, that's a good song". It's like you've endorsed your own material simply by playing it on stage.

Perhaps Linda Ronstadt's cover of "Tumbling Dice" motivated people to check out the original again?

Jagger: Who knows! Maybe our version wasn't a particularly good mix. "Have You Seen Your Mother" was a great track, but a bad mix. I dunno?

SO WHAT'S TO become of The Rolling Stones record label? Will it be exclusively reserved for your own releases?

Jagger: Well, we've got Peter Tosh and we hope to sign up other people as they come up. To be honest, we don't expect to sell millions and millions of Peter Tosh albums, but we'll do our best.

Peter Tosh being on Rolling Stones Records and supporting on selected American tour dates could motivate many kids who otherwise wouldn't listen to reggae?

Jagger: Hopefully yes, but that's not the reason we signed him. See, *he* got us involved rather than vice-versa. Basically, the Tosh band are rhythm guitar players and use synthesizer lines to play lead and harmonies. So there we all were up in Woodstock, Tosh didn't have a lead guitarist. Keith and Woody were available and so Tosh suggested that why don't they play on a couple of things. Keith and Woody are very familiar with the whole reggae thing so it turned out really good.

HAVE YOU contemplated issuing a Stones' single complete with a dub? "Miss You" would have been ideal even though the rhythm isn't reggae.

Richard: (Laughs) Andrew Oldham used to do that with us years ago.

The production seems much brighter than before.

Jagger: Well . . . Keith and I are one of the . . . yer know, two of the nicest people we know. Seriously, the studio was really great to work in and the engineer, Chris Kimsey, was on top of things so Keith and I didn't really have to work too hard during the actual cutting — we just worked hard on the mixing. And what you have is the basic sound that came off the original tape.

We had all these tracks and so Keith and I agreed that the *first* ten to come out completed would be the ones on the album. That was the only way we could do it.

You seem to be very proud of this new album.

Jagger: Naturally — and why shouldn't we be!

Graphic by DANNY BAKER

PAPER BAG

If you want any of *your* garf printed in The Bag send it to NME, 5-7 Carnaby St, London W1.

THE TROKKOIDS: TOTAL CONTEMPT! (16th June 1967).

As rhythm typewriter player with The Trokkoids, I would like to take this opportunity to thank Pennie Smith and the wonderfully banal Boney M for allowing us to appear with them in the photo on page 9 of July 8th's *NME*. The band and myself were thrilled and delighted by this startling new departure in subliminal advertising.

Perhaps now you will forget those miserable Akron wimps and send Mr and Mrs Parsons out here to investigate the fabulous young, raw and vital Hounslow sound of The Colossal Doughnuts, The Anoraks, The Exploding Alligators, The Condemned, The Erotic Barristers, The Delinquents, The Wrestling Parrots, The Milk and, of course, ourselves — The Trokkoids.

Our music is inspired by the soaring grandeur of the Gillette clock tower, the mysterious beauty of Brentford Girls' School and the heady, intoxicating excitement of the Great West Road at noon, and our songs — "3 Blind Antelopes", "Sombo Sombo" and "I Am Ceasing" in particular — have, we feel, achieved a satisfying synthesis of the forceful urgency of the queue in the Busch corner Chip Shop and the terrifying, desolate splendour of the 117 bus service.

These songs are performed on the forthcoming film and will be available on our first album "Confront The Void" which is currently being mixed to be distributed in free cassette form to schoolkids in the area on our own Disappointment Records label. Free gigs are continuing with The Colossal Doughnuts as support band as part of the 'Rock Against Teachers' campaign and a live album recorded in the bogs of a local school will follow.

BILL BADGER, The Trokkoids, Hounslow, Middlesex.

Can't wait — U.M.

WHY MUST Nick Kent draw comparison between the visible emotion of David Bowie and Bob Dylan? As he grew up with Bob Dylan then Dylan's songs will mean more to him just as Bowie's will to those of us who have grown up with him. And purely because Bowie does not choose not display his emotions to the extent of Dylan does not mean that he has any less to show; his lyrics show great feeling. So please do not judge a man on superficiality only.

WALRUS.

Right. Just because I'm fat and ugly, people actually think I *am* fat and ugly. — U.M.

IS IT TOO late to say that I have worked out who Klark Kent is? The mysterious masked figure in last week's *T-Zers* is none other than the Numero Uno journalist himself.

See, you said Nick Kent was laying down some vinyl in the studios *(Actually, that was a misprint — it should have read he was laying down some linoleum. — Ed.)* a few weeks ago and it is entirely plausible that a journalist often given to deep cynicism — and who joined the fledgling Pistols — should live out his fantasies singing "I Don't Care".

R. SOLE, Bridgwater, Somerset.

Listen, sunshine, I don't have to hide behind any crass pseudonym. It's obvious this masked man is using my surname in a vain attempt to woo my audience. A pox on the bounder. For Mr. Sole's info, my own recordings will be released in the near future, under my own name, and the more discerning pop fan will be greeted with sounds that dwarf all comers. — NICK "I suffer for my art" KENT.

LEAVING THE Hammersmith Odeon on the 21st, having seen Buddy Guy, Junior Wells, etc., I was acutely embarrassed, disgusted and disheartened by yer average British "Blues Fan".

The Chicago All Stars played a spirited, amusing set, carrying on to back Koko Taylor, much to the audience's delight. I had no inkling of the pathetic and soulless reception about to be meted out to the top billing. Sitting down to 'play off' each other and lay down some earthy 'country blues', Buddy and Junior came up against an amazing "We only like heavy music" reaction. Having insulted Junior Wells with cries of "Stand up!", the crowd forced Buddy to leave the stage, saddened by their insensitivity. The out-of-time clapping which accompanied the faster numbers was reminiscent of a sadly true statement in Charles Keil's *Urban Blues:* "The difference between white and black culture can be summarised concisely as the difference between white march music, in which the accents fall on 1 and 3 of a 4-4 measure, and negro dance music, which emphasises 2 and 4, the 'off beats' or 'back beats'. Some negro artists who find their way into white concert halls still find it necessary to 'hip' those 'stiffies' in the audience who insist on clapping their hands in a martial manner."

What would have been a superb Blues Festival was marred by an obviously ignorant and pretentious audience who probably would have been better off at a Status Quo gig. I just hope those assholes don't show up at the B.B. King concerts later this year.

LAID-BACK LENNIE

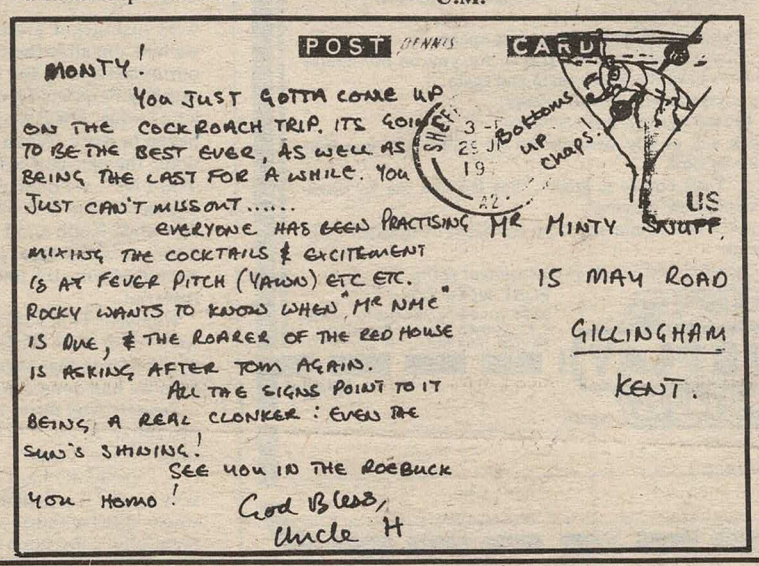
P.S. Please may we have our '60s back?

No, Lennie, you may not but, postcript aside, CSM reckons your letter pretty much sums up his own feelings about the affair - U.M.

WENT TO A gig the other day, a bloke in front of me bit the ear off another geezer who threw a bottle — anyway, all hell broke loose. Bags of flour and horse dung flew about, stink bombs were let off near the exits, a guy ran amok with a sawn-off chain-saw, a flame thrower was in use in the upper circle, a kitchen sink just missed me and landed on a girl in front. Those at the back shouted kill those at the front while those at the front replied ya boo sucks to you and sod off!

From an intelligent potato (PETER SHAW), Cheshire.

That was the Andre Previn/LSO/Beathoven bash, right? — U.M.

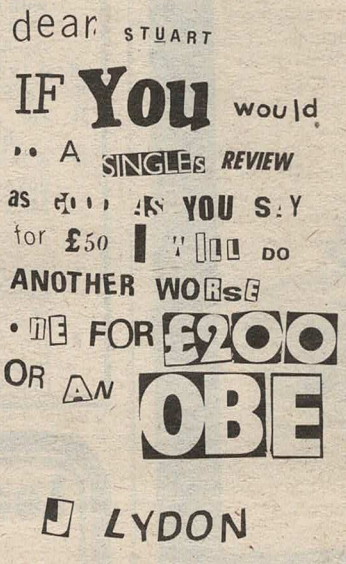

POST CARD
MONTY!
YOU JUST GOTTA COME UP ON THE COCKROACH TRIP. ITS GOING TO BE THE BEST EVER, AS WELL AS BRING THE LAST FOR A WHILE. YOU JUST CAN'T MISS OUT.....
EVERYONE HAS BEEN PRACTISING MIXING THE COCKTAILS & EXCITEMENT IS AT FEVER PITCH (YAWN) ETC ETC.
ROCKY WANTS TO KNOW WHEN "MR NME" IS DUE, & THE ROARER OF THE RED HOUSE IS ASKING AFTER TOM AGAIN.
ALL THE SIGNS POINT TO IT BEING A REAL CLONKER : EVEN THE SUN'S SHINING!
SEE YOU IN THE ROEBUCK
YOU HOMO!
God Bless,
Uncle H
MR MINTY
15 MAY ROAD
GILLINGHAM
KENT.
BOTTOMS UP CHAPS!

I WOULD like to highlight a problem which has been previously ignored in your journal but one which is very relevant to teenagers like myself — what to do about acne. I have tried practically everything: creams, jellies, injections, pumice stone, dieting and mud packs but no matter what I do with my skin remains smooth and clear. What can I do? Is it possible to have an acne transplant with CSM as donor, or, if this is not possible, can I buy acne?

QUASIMODO

How much do you want? — TOMMY EX-RAMONE

Anyone for blackheads? — SID VICIOUS



I LIKE rock and roll, but I don't like the people who play it. I like rock papers, but I can't stand the people who write for them. I like the letters, but I don't like the images I get of the people who write them. I like money, but I don't like the people who have it or the things you have to do to get it. But I'll still buy the *NME* and I'll still go to watch bands live, and I'll hate myself for it.

Long live Rock and Roll, Rock and Roll is still born.

CATWEASLE, Wigan.

See a doctor. — A DOCTOR

MY MATE Bob Little wears read plastic sandals and loves Avis. He also like Hovis.

Should I start to worry about him?

TERRY THE LONER (King of the Condor Moments), Cucumber Castle, Folkestone, Kent.

Don't cause yourself unnecessary vexation, but may I suggest you fix up your chum with a pen pal, someone, say, who's just had their record collection nicked in Germany or something. — A DOCTOR

I HAVE a great problem. By a sudden attack in Frankfurt my whole record collection was stolen. There were two records I loved anytime: "My Baby Loves Love" from White Plain and "Tracy" from Cuff Links.

Those records are oldies from 1971. I bought them in Amsterdam. In Germany they are still unknown and not to buy. Can you help me? I'm so unfortunate and sad. I can pay one pound for each single.

My financial situation is not the best. I live from welfare and music is the greatest joy for me.

MARTIN MAY, Gutenbergster 10, 5000 Cologne 30, W. Germany.

I think it may be best for your state-of-mind situation if you avail yourself of other singles. White Plain and Cuff Links are damging to your health. If in doubt, consult Herr Doktor. — U.M.

NO ONE loves me anymore/I just jump about till my feet are sore/Then I sit and cry and cough/Till my knees and throat drop off . . .

Who am I?

POOKIE & THE SWALLOWS, Bridgnorth.

At a guess, I'd say some relation of Len Scribble. — U.M.

THINK THAT when I'm lookin' back to the happenings of '78 I'll just remember how the best festival was Bracknell, Wigwam split thanks to most of us, and Pavlov's Dog weren't allowed to lose any of CBS/Dylan profits.

A NUCLEAR STARPOSER.

C'mon, it's only August, anything could happen yet — Jimmy Pursey might flog his dog, Boney M might fold, Ardiles might not show up . . . — U.M.

DON'T Mick Farren and his sense of humour know that Jimmy Hill and his beard are two of the funniest things on telly? Ruddy Coleman's the one we want rid of.

TRIG LOFFEY, F.B., Stoke Mandeville.

I'm still suing you, Farren. Faded actor indeed — KIRK DOUGLAS.

THAT "Sense Of Doubt" by David Bowie comes right out of the very last piece on "Threshold Of A Dream" by The Moody Blues. You can't deny it. No wonder "S.O.D." is a hit! Or a miss . . . or a bliss . . .

SPOTCHA, Observer No. 3, S.W.½, London.

"Rubbish!" yells Angus Mack. "I've got all the Moodies' albums and I know it's not so . . . woops a daisy . . ." — U.M.

I ALWAYS thought a Headbanger was someone who screwed Tina Weymouth.

PUZZLED, Edinburgh.

Thankyou. A GYNAECOLOGIST.

PSST! Anybody wanna buy a ticket for Charlton? Anybody? ANYBODY??

MATT VINYL, London S.W.6.

Not until they're drawn against Gillingham in the League Cup. — U.M.

I am not understanding this — NIKKI LAUDA.

I'VE READ the enemy for about a year now, but never read *Sounds*. What's the difference?

PAUL (OH NO) SHERIDAN, London to Birmingham 'n' back.

3p — U.M.

You're fired. — ED.

The difference is you've probably read *Sounds* but don't remember it. — U.M.

I THINK your weekly mag is pretty crappy.

THE VOICE OF REASON, Godalming, Surrey.

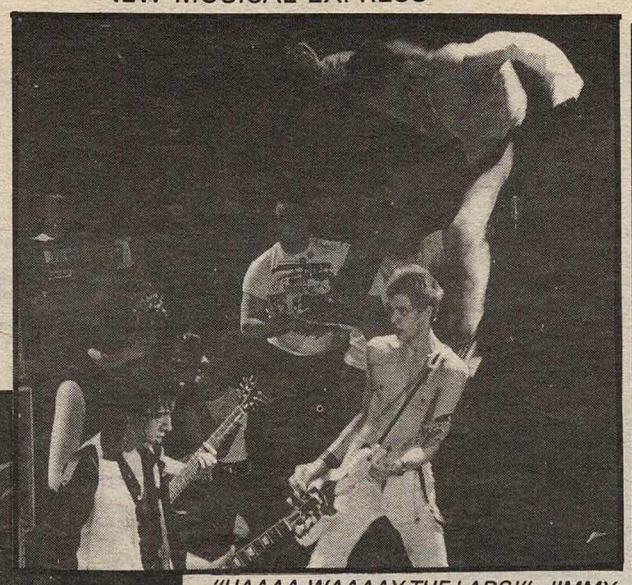
Thanks. — U.M.

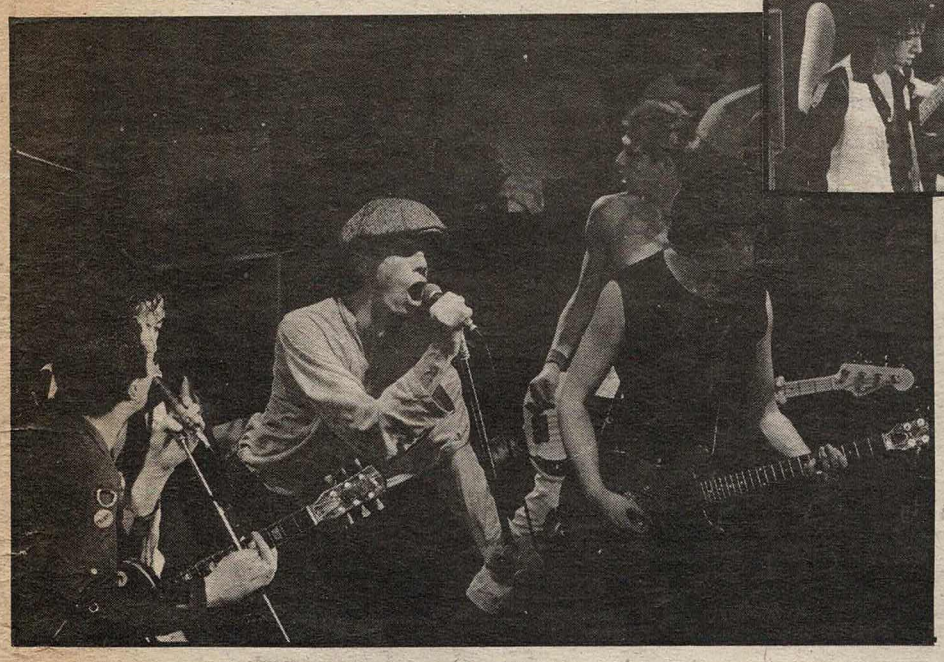
Done by

Uncle Monty

T-ZERS

GETS THE HUMP





"HAAAA-WAAAAY THE LADS!": JIMMY PURSEY (above) attempts a Kamikaze-style landing on PAUL SIMONON at THE CLASH's Music Machine gig last week, straight out of the Kama Sutra (position 83), we reckon. CSM has his own thoughts published on the matter, page 36. Notice how MICK JONES, ignoring Mr Sham, tries to keep the sweat of his matted brow away from his fret. STEVE JONES (no relation, left) — part-time Pistols and full-time, er, bloke — imitates Mick, but by this time even JOE STRUMMER (shunning camera) can but stare aghast at Jimmy's splendiferous titfer. Where'd you get it, Jim? Maybe the answer's in the SHAM piece, page 22. Who knows?

Pix by JUSTIN THOMAS

THEY'RE AWFUL PEOPLE. They're horrible. They're trash!" snarled **Michelin-mouth Jagger.** But who could he be talking about? The National Front? The Inland Revenue? The Barbaric Hordes? "I'd never live in England again, not when people like that are living there. Why should I?" Strong stuff and Jagger's codpiece was well and truly tangled. Who could this invective be directed at? Surely not Albion's spikey-topped contingent? "They were brought over to New York to see us, and all they wanted to do was get drunk," complained the Rolling Stone, at last making it absolutely clear that his venom was directed at none other than the English music press.

Seems that our Michael was a mite cheesed off at "Some Girls" not receiving the same gushing reviews in the U.K. that it attracted elsewhere. Jagger was being interviewed by a girlishly giggling **Anne Nightingale** on Radio One's Saturday lunch-time prog *Rock On.* Neither were in sparkling form. The future *Old Grey Whistle Test* presenter was content to quizz Jagger about the Stones' penchant for checking into hotels under assumed names *(Real Bernstein and Woodward stuff. — Ed.).* Jagger only perked up when the subject of the British music press was broached. "I don't know if we should play England if they don't want to hear us," he spat ...

One band that does play Britain is **The Clash,** who last week brought their UK tour to a climax with a season at Camden Town's Music Machine. The band were joined on the closing night (Thursday) by **Steve Jones** and **Paul Cook** *(How unusual — Ed.)* for two encores, Cook playing a second set of drums. **Jimmy Pursey** also swelled the ranks for a final "White Riot"...

The previous day Pursey had gone to the dogs *(Ha-bloody-ha — Ed.)* at Wimbledon Greyhound Stadium. First race out of the traps (the 7.45) was the "Sham 69" stakes sponsored by "Mr Jimmy Pursey". The lad bashfully presented the trophy, but looked less chirpy later when his own dog **School Graduate** came in fourth. Pursey is a former Wimbledon Stadium employee ...

Alert *T-Zers* readers will recall that **The (Count) Bishops** recently had their guitars taken while rehearsing at West Kensington's famed Nashville. The Bishops have now had all their instruments bar one returned. Nashville manager **Dave Y[illegible]g** has been charged with the theft. The remaining absent ace-tar is a bright coral pink Strat, and anyone who knows its whereabouts should contact The Bishops via Chiswick Records ...

Meanwhile there is talk of a biographical movie of the late, great and wonderful **Otis Redding.** The title? Sweet Soul Music, what else? Shame **Frankie Miller** and **Graham Parker** look the way they do. Otherwise, they'd be just the job for the lead role. *(Is this a joke — Ed.)* Atlantic Records are planning to re-promote Otis in a big way in the not too distant future ...

Squeeze now back home from their mammoth USA tour, the longest yet by a British new wave combo, with 44 new songs up their sleeves. They plan to start recording soon ...

Hastings Hopefuls **The Hollywood Killers** had to play two sets at the Rock Garden when **Chris Miller** had a disagreement with the other **White Cats** and buggered off home. Chris was 23 Sunday last ...

Missing, believed lost — promised **Ramones** double live elpee for European ears only ...

Congratulations to the one and only *Beano* which celebrated its 40th year of publication last week. Long may it run ...

The Jolt's Jim Doak was half-way through a song at Exeter Top Rank last week when 220 watts of electricity sent him crashing unconscious to the floor. Hero of the hour was **The Motors'** — headlining the gig — **Bram Tchaikousky** who applied heart massage to the luckless Joltperson. Doak later recovered in hospital. Cause of the accident was defective wiring in the house lights system. Wisely, The Motors decided to postpone their set until the next night ...

Seems that between posting their entries and receiving their prizes certain **Blockheads** have upped and moved house. As a result that we've had records returned, undelivered. Those concerned are: **Alan Greig** (Othneys), **John Lee** (Liverpool), **Brian Leggett** Ilford), **Sheridan Grey** (Bristol) and **John Piper** (Cleveland). If you're out there, send us both your old and new address and we'll mail your winnings pronto. Mark your envelope "Lost Blockheads"...

Dennis Wilson, candy-shirted veteran of the sun-kissed **Beach Boys,** made a surprise appearance at the Central Hotel pub in London's East End last Thursday. Rolling up in a brand new Roller, he proceeded to dazzle the patrons with his suntan and an impromptu version of **Nat King Cole's** "When I Fall In Love". "You're definitely sure this is an East End pub?" enquired Wilson of the barmaid ...

Also in Ol' London Towne's pubs last week were the **Tom Robinson Band** who sneaked rootswards with a gig at The Brecknock hostelry. *NME* was represented by **Graham Lock** who reports that TRB ran through 15 songs, half of them new ones. "Tom screamed, snarled, exhorted, grinned and sang with great style," said Graham. Included was Tom's paean to Liddle Towers. Another impromptu Robinson gig — this time at The Kensington — was blown out because drummer **Dolphin** was out of action. TRB were billed as **The Escorts.** Instead **No Dice,** who're also managed by **Steve (Punk Floyd) O'Rourke,** filled in, with Tom and guitarman **Danny Kustow** helping out ...

More pseudonyming — this time in America where **Aerosmith** billed themselves **Dr Jones And The Interns** *(How else do they expect to draw a crowd — Ed.)* in Hollywood. What the Stones do one day, Aerosmith do the day after ...

They called it the Alimony Tour, but **Dylan's** recent visit seemed more like an extended shopping spree. The Zim was out shopping at Number One in Kensington High Street when he took a fancy to £2,000's worth of leather jackets. The girl behind the counter doubted whether the scruffy little fella with the three heavies could make with the dough and called the shop's manager, seeing as how Bob wanted to pay by cheque and all. "I think you'll find Mr. Dylan's credit is all right," said one of the assembled bodyguards. You've got to be kidding, smirks *T-Zers,* hadn't he heard about the divorce settlement ...

And Dylan got himself into more financial hot water after borrowing the top hat from the doorman at Kensington's Royal Garden Hotel the day of the Blackbushe spree. Dylan was billed £76 for the tifter. At that price *T-Zers* reckons they should change their tailor. In the interim **Moss Bros** obliged by sending the Royal Garden another topper ...

Expect a drastic change in the barnet favoured by the nation's heavy metal brigade — **Status Quo** have had their locks trimmed!! And their new album features Quo with their new haircuts. *(Wow. Look, haven't we got anything better than this? — Ed.)* ...

In Chicago, home of de blooze, **Jagger, Ronnie Wood** and **Keef** dropped by a blues club to spy **Muddy Waters.** In time-honoured fashion the three Stones joined Muddy onstage ...

According to Scots fanzine *Cripps* **Britt Ekland** spotted dining in an LA eaterie with **Bay City Roller Les McKeown.** "Britt really does seem to have something about tartan, doesn't she?", suggests *Cripps.* You will recall that Ms Ekland was **Rod Stewart's** unofficial cash adviser for a short time ...

Positive atmosphere at **Culture's** British finale at the Rainbow last week spoilt by sticksmen *(Who? — Ed.)* rifling for wallets and bags ...

There is now an anti-**National Front** organization affiliated to the **AntiNazi League** called **Vegetarians Against The Nazis.** Wonder if they know that **A. Hitler** (deceased) was a vege only man ...

Fleetwood Mac's Christine McVie won't be having any little Macs. She's been sterilised. *(S'pose Linda Ronstadt's had a breast transplant, too. — Ed.)* ...

Well-known roots rag *Vogue* will have in its September ish snapshot of **Bowie** taken by **Snowdon ...**

For their gig at New Orleans Superdrome, the **Stones** broke the world record for attendance at an indoor rock gig. 80,000 punters were there to see the Stones, **The Doobie Bros** and **Van Halen.** Seems you could fit Earls Court into the dressing room ...

Billy Idol on recording in the States: "I don't know what the knobs are for. It (the studio console) looks like a washing machine to me. I hate washing machines." Hopefully, **Ian Hunter — Gen X's** producer? — doesn't share his aversion, as Hunter and **Tony James** were seen exchanging conspiratorial glances at last week's **Clash** gigs ...

On Peter Tosh's first for Rolling Stone Records, **Keef, Woody** and **Mick** make guest appearances, Jagger doing a guest vocal on old **Temptations'** tune "Don't Look Back"...

Although **Lowell George** *(Wasn't he the one that had something to do with Little Feat? — Ed.)* long-awaited solo album on WEA release schedule, there's no sign of the tapes yet ...

Charlie Watts can be heard on "Jammin' The Boogie" album, recorded by pianist **Bob Hall** and **George Green** at Swindon Arts Centre ...

Some schnurdo spreading rumours that **The Beatles** have played an on-the-quiet gig at a Crystal Palace pub. Well, everybody else seems to be doing it these days ...

In Greenwich Village, scene of much Bohemian action — remember? — there's a campaign to stop record shops stocking punk / new wave platters. Some reckon it could bring down the tone of the place *(Difficult Ed.).* Best known of these outlets is **Blecker Bob's** shop. Recently he was told to take down a canopy which featured a punk graphic ...

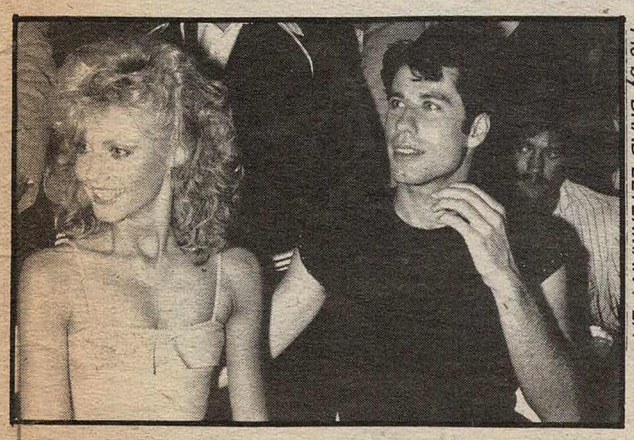
Donovan spotted at **Joanne Mackell's** *(Everybody knows who Joanne is — Ed.)* Rock Garden gig. He didn't stay long, though, Maybe he was haunted by an old framed *Melody Maker* interview of his on the wall ...

Generation X's guitarist **Bob Andrews** producing Fulham-based heavy metal outfit **The Bastards From Hell** *(Wonder what image they're trying to project — Ed.)* ...

Ex-**Deaf School** crooner **Eurico Cadillac** is now writing love songs for that fat geek **Demis Roussos ...**

And finally, one close to home, this. Disco act **Heatwave** are threatening to take out an injunction against our very own **Blast Furnace And The Heatwaves,** 'cause they think punters are confusing the two. Said Blast: "I'd rather be compared to an off-duty policeman than with those ..."

Cartoon by STEVE BELL



Pic by BRAD ELTERMAN / LFI

A GREASY RECEPTION: "Hey, is that really Monty Smith doing Gasbag on Page 46?" asks Olivia Newton-John. John-John Travolting says, "Yes, and isn't he yummy?" Well, golly gosh, it's probably more believable than the movie.

BETTER BADGES

New Releases	This Week	Last Week	TOP TEN
20p Rocket to Russia, The Normal, Sonics Rendervous Band, Rock Action, Ants Phys-ic-al, Ants Valaise.	2	(3)	CLASH POLICE
25p Kaya, Joe Gibbs, Black Slate No. 2, Steel Pulse No. 2, Aswad, T.V.O.D., Cosh the Driver, No One is Innocent, Sid Vicious My Way.	3	(—)	C.C. ROCKER
30p Doll By Doll, Jackson Pollock, So Many Fools (Siouxsie), Here & Now.	4	(5)	STEEL PULSE
	5	(10)	SHAM 69
	6	(—)	COMPLETE CONTROL
	7	(8)	MY WAY — SID VICIOUS
	8	(—)	MAGAZINE
	9	(—)	SIOUXSIE
	10	(—)	BOOMTOWN RATS

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